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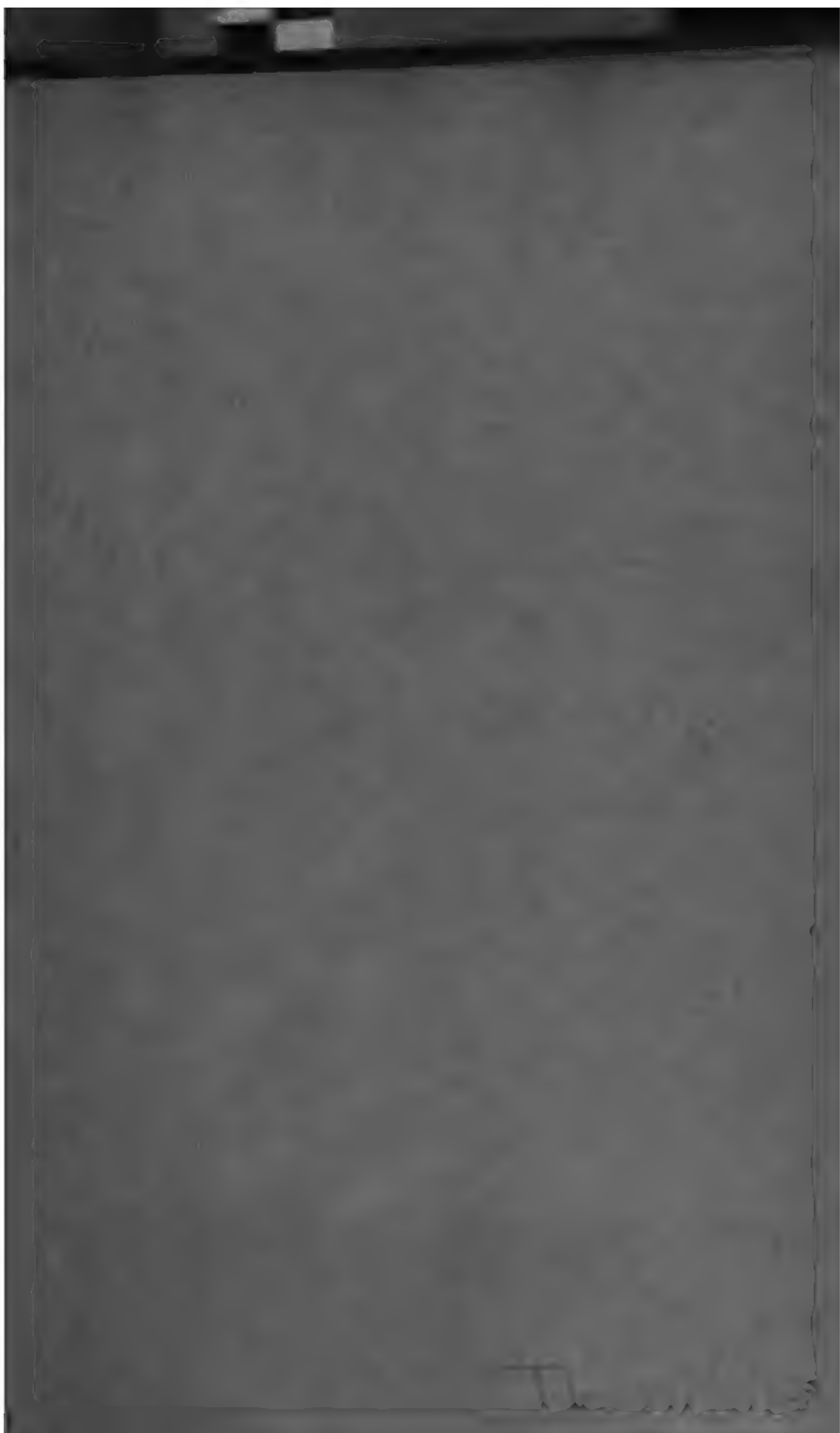
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A MAGAZINE

OF

CATHOLIC LITERATURE

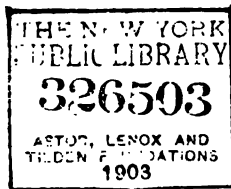
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OUR LADY OF THE ROSE
(After the painting by Th. Grosse.)

DOMINICANA

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JANUARY, 1902.

No. 1

THE CHRISTMAS TREE, OR THE TRIUMPH OF THE SACRED HEART.

SISTER M. XAVIER, VISITANDINE.

Henry Edgar Westford was the third of his race to hold and possess the beautiful domain of "Briarly," a country residence in the vicinity of Baltimore and about a half hour's fast drive from the city. Situated on an eminence, it commanded a fine view of the city, the Patapsco river and a portion of the historic Chesapeake bay, while the surrounding country afforded some of Nature's finest landscapes. It was formerly owned by the great patriot, Carroll of Carrollton, and was purchased from his heirs early in the nineteenth century by Joshua Westford (the grandfather of Henry Edgar), who bequeathed it to his only son, the father of Henry E. We shall see how it came into the possession of the last mentioned.

Henry Edgar Westford received his education in Georgetown College and graduated with the highest honors and distinction, when the institution was in its highest celebrity, previously to the acquisition of its crowning glory, the "University," now of world-wide fame and admiration. The very name of "Georgetown College," or "University," carries into every clime and nation the significance of all that embodies what a young man can claim from science and art, religion and dogma. Harry Westford was no unfair specimen of its teachings. While at the college he became acquainted with Miss Aline Seldon, a young lady whose family moved in the highest circles of our great metropolis. The congeniality of their tastes and ideas soon grew into a

friendship that led to a willingness to share the joys and sorrows of life and to walk hand in hand in the narrow path that leadeth to perfection. Miss Aline was, at the period of their meeting, a pupil in the Georgetown Visitation Academy, and under the direction of the cultivated and accomplished Sister Mary Bernard Graham, whose ancestors played a conspicuous part in the early dramas of our country. From the daughters of S. Francis de Sales Aline learned to know his spirit of sweetness that accorded so well with her own natural gentleness of disposition. She imbibed from her alma mater a great devotion to the Sacred Heart and a tender affection for our Immaculate Mother. Those devotions formed the basis of her pious after-life. Harry Westford acquired from the sons of the great Loyola a due appreciation of their holy Founder and the saints of his Order. From the study of their writings he drew the wherewith to meet all classes of men in a manner that rendered him successful. After his graduation at Georgetown he entered upon the study of law under the celebrated T. Parkin Scott, Esqr., who at the time was one of the leading barristers of Baltimore. When the usual studies were completed Harry was admitted to the bar with unanimous applause, and on the same day he received from his parents the transfer of their dearly loved "Briarly," newly repaired and furnished, they retiring to one of the city homes, more suited to their declining years. But

one thing was now wanting to complete the earthly happiness of the young lawyer. Twenty-four hours had not fled when he was in the midst of the Seldon family in Washington, pouring out the joy of his soul to the one most interested in his welfare and who was willing to add to his joy without long delay. He took advantage of the position, and suggested private marriage at once, as both were unwilling for the pompous wedding the parents of Aline had planned. With the consent of her father and mother, they made due arrangement with the pastor of S. Matthew's for early confession on the morrow and the nuptial mass at eight o'clock, with none present but the family of Aline.

"We can," said Harry, "purchase in Philadelphia and New York whatever apparel, etc., we may need for the festivities that will follow our marriage, and without the trouble of a long preparation."

On reaching Baltimore about noon, he left his bride at Barnum's Hotel, and went to announce the proceeding to his parents, who were not only surprised but in readiness to commend him for his unworldliness and love of private life. They met their new daughter with parental affection, and asked but one favor of the two, an extensive reception on their return. The usual festivities followed, and we found the new occupants of "Briarly" well settled by the end of four weeks after the marriage. Would that the young folk of the present day could be as indifferent to pomp and show and fix their life-time destiny with the short but due preparation of Mr. and Mrs. Westford. They had weighed well the responsibilities they promised to assume.

Life passed on smoothly, piously and successfully. Harry attended strictly to his profession, Aline to the duties of her household, and God's blessing was with them.

At the opening of our story the junior household consisted of three, viz., Henry Edgar Jr., aged about fourteen; Mary Aline, a beautiful girl of twelve, and Ann Charlotte, whom we shall know as Tottie, or Tot, a bright sunbeam to gladden all

hearts. It was a charming family; harmonious love dwelt among them.

December had set in, clear and cold, and the children were already making plans for Christmas, when one evening, after tea, their father said to them:

"My darlings, I have something to tell you. You know your mother has been very ill, and is yet in a very precarious condition, though the danger is said to have passed. She will not be down for Christmas, and I think it better not to have a tree. I will allow you to go into town some day before Christmas and select your gifts. With Lizzie's assistance you can have a fine time. Now, what do you say?"

Henry and Mary responded eagerly:

"Yes, indeed, papa; we prefer not to have mamma worried, and can make out very well with Lizzie and you, and if mamma is well enough we can have grandparents and our little cousins, or go to them—can't we?"

Tot sat leaning upon her father's arm, and was silent.

"Well, Tottie," said the father, "you are not telling me what *you* think."

"Papa," said the child, "I never saw a Quismas without a twee, and I don't know how it would look, but I would not have poor mamma worried—indeed I wouldn't."

"And how many Quismasses have you seen, Miss Tot?"

"A *giccat* many, papa—a *gweat* many."

"Yes," said the father, "you have had five summers and five winters. How many do they make, Harry?"

"Five and five are ten, sir," said Harry.

"Then Tot is ten years old. Is that so, Tottie?"

"No, papa, I isn't ten. I is only five my last birthday," said Tot, with some uneasiness.

"What fine grammar she uses," said Harry.

"Never mind," said the father, "Tot will go ahead of you all when she begins grammar. Won't you, Tot?"

"Now, my children," continued Mr. Westford, "I do not wish anything to be said to your mother. She is too weak to listen to

any talk of Christmas, but I trust she will become stronger in a few weeks. We must keep on praying."

Night prayers in common followed, and all went to their quiet rest. Tot slept in her sister's room, in a neat little bed drawn close to her sister's. When all was quiet, and Tot was supposed to be asleep, she called to Mary, in rather a smothered tone, as if afraid of being heard:

"Sissie, are you not 'spointed about the twee? I know I am."

"Yes, my darling," answered Mary; but do not worry. It will all come right, and we'll have a fine time down town. Now try to go to sleep, Tottie, and dream of all the pretty things we are going to see."

Tot was soon in dreamland, with sugar plums dancing from the boughs of a beautiful tree and little birds delighting her with their songs, etc.

At breakfast the following morning, Mary told Harry and Tot she wanted them to go with her into the library and hear a secret she had for them. Tot clapped her hands with joy, exclaiming, "A sequet! a sequet! how I do love sequets!" and off the trio dashed to the library.

"Hurry up, old Solomon, and give us your wisdom at once, for I have made an engagement," said Harry.

"Well," said Mary, "I wish to tell you I have never asked anything of the dear Sacred Heart without obtaining it, and now I want you to unite with me in asking for a Christmas tree."

"Oh, Mawy," said Tot, "how can the Saqued Heart give us a twee when It is in heaven and we down here. It cannot send a twee through the clouds, can it, Mawy?"

"Oh, no," replied the sister, "but our Lord can inspire some one to send us one all ready fixed with pretty things."

"Inspire, Mawy? What is that?" said Tot.

"Darling, it means to put into some one's mind to do it for us, in honor of the Sacred Heart."

"If that's the only dependence," said Harry, "I give it up. A tree is not going to come that way, I can tell you."

"We'll see," rejoined Mary, with her look of faith and confidence. "You know

that little badge of the Sacred Heart Aunt Minnie sent me from the convent. Well, I have placed it on my little oratory, and all I want you two to do is to go there at least three times a day and say, 'Dear Sacred Heart, please send us a Christmas tree!'"

They agreed, and Tot for several days spent most of her time before the oratory, making the aspiration with all her heart, feeling sure she would be heard and heeded. As the dear little sunbeam was in the habit of spending much of her time in her mother's room Mrs. Westford noticed how often the child went in and out, always saying she went to "Sissie's room." Mrs. Westford at length inquired of Lizzie what was going on in Mary's room, and what it was that kept Tot running about so continually. Although Lizzie was in the secret, she could truthfully say she saw nothing new in Mary's room, and that nothing was being prepared there for Christmas, etc.

One afternoon Tot ran to meet her father, saying she had a secret, and it was that he would get a picture of the Sacred Heart in a gilt frame for Mary, and she added:

"Now, papa, don't tell any one but mamma. It is to be a 'surprise party.'"

After trying in several stores for such a picture, and being told that none could be had without a previous order, Mr. Westford directed his steps to the Orphan Asylum, with the intention of bestowing his annual alms. The first object that met his gaze, in the show-case, was the precise thing he had sought in vain. Calling the Sister in charge, he inquired if the picture was for sale.

"Yes, indeed, sir," she replied, with a joyful face. "We have not a cent for the dear little orphans, and could not bear the idea of having no tree for them. Therefore, we appealed to the Sacred Heart, and one of our Sisters painted two Hearts for that intention."

"Get me the other one," said Mr. Westford, "and I will give you a hundred dollars for the two. Let me have one now, and keep the other until I call or send for it."

Handing her a check, with the request of hurrying a little, Mr. Westford soon

found himself bearing away what he considered a great prize, one that would rejoice the heart of his little sunbeam, and later his elder daughter, upon whom his fondest expectations were fixed. The second picture he intended for his niece, Lillian. His only sister, Clara, was his senior by two years, and had married John G. Le Roy, a shipping merchant of credit in Baltimore and the neighboring cities. Having but the two children, the elder Westford did not wish to separate them by distance. Consequently, on the occasion of Clara's marriage, he presented her with a handsome residence adjoining her brother's, and the two families lived as but one, which gave happiness to the devoted parents in their old age, and we may imagine the union that existed between the children of brother and sister.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

A week before Christmas Mr. Westford inquired of Harry when their school would close.

"Papa," said the boy, "Mr. Stone says if we promise to go back on the seventh of January he will break up on Friday next, so that we can have Monday and Tuesday before Christmas."

"Of course," said the father, "you all promised with the intention of keeping your word. Then I think Monday will be a suitable day, if fair, for your frolic in the city. Go round, Harry, to your aunt Clara and tell her that we shall expect Jack and Lillian to be with you. Ask her if she can come to stay the day with your mother, as she must not be left alone so long. Tell her I will see to everything else."

Turning to Lizzie, Mr. Westford said:

"Isn't it time for your annual letter to Ireland, Lizzie? If you bring me what you have, I can put it with our gift and your parents will receive it by Christmas."

Lizzie had been in the service of the Westford family for many years. Her parents emigrated when she was quite a child. They did not like the climate of America, and returned to their home on the Emerald Isle. Lizzie had become so attached to the Westfords that she preferred to remain with them, knowing, too,

that it would greatly help her family. She received good wages and many a handsome donation; consequently, her yearly tribute was worth sending.

The long-looked-for Monday arrived and found the children in readiness for the drive. Precisely at 10 a. m. the carriage turned into the broad avenue leading to "Briarly." The faithful old uncle Dave was never prouder of his handsome span of bays; their new covers of red cloth embroidered and trimmed with bright yellow, the silver-mounted harness and polished trappings, gave them a royal appearance. The old man, in his best attire, a fine whitish gray overcoat, with large double capes and high hat with gilt band, sat as stately as a king, bowed and grinned as only Uncle Dave could. The young people were in waiting on the portico, all shouting, "Hurrah for Christmas! Hurrah for Uncle Dave!" etc. The two boys were sounding the horns loudly.

Uncle Dave called out: "Young masses, I'll be obleeged to you if you'll leave dem ere horns behind you to-day, as my horses ain't used to such things, and if they gits skeered I may not have the stremph to hold them in. Den you know what capers dey'll cut."

Uncle Dave's word was law with the young folks. Dave Jr. had driven up in the buggy with his fine black ponies as sleek as moles. As soon as his grand-dad held in the reins young Dave jumped out to open the door of the carriage and to lower the steps for the ladies. When they were safely in, he mounted by the side of his grandad. Harry and Jack took the buggy, determined to lead the way. All dashed off in real Christmas style, and a jolly party they were. The mothers of the children looked on from the windows with joy and pride until the vehicles turned into the high road and were lost to sight.

They directed their way first to the office of Mr. Westford. He came out to the carriage with his hands full of yellow envelopes, one of which he gave to every one of the party, not forgetting Uncle Dave and his grandson.

"Now, uncle," said he, "take good care

of the youngsters and make them behave themselves."

"Massa," replied the old man, "you may depend on me, sar, for dat, for you knows I did it befo' any of dem was born, sar, and yerself in de bargain; no fear of Uncle Dave, sar."

In a few minutes the party arrived at the toy store, the clerks of which appeared to be in expectation; the mechanical and automatic toys had been wound up and were in full play when the children entered; the medley could not be described; Tot was almost stupefied and held closely to Lizzie, as if she knew not what would come next. The first thing that caught her eye was a squirrel going round and round on a wheel; at each turn he dropped a nut and picked it up on his return, all the while making a curious noise with his teeth as if cracking nuts. It is impossible to give an idea of the scene of that forenoon among the curiosities. Each child desired to give all the others a gift from his or her purse. Lizzie, seeing the difficulty of selection, proposed that each should choose four articles to be paid for by the others. "I'll begin," said Harry, "come up, Jack, and make your haul on my envelope; then you, Lillian, Mary and Tot. Now, don't be squeamish and diffident. Choose up." When the children had gone through the process of selection, Uncle Dave was called in and told to make choice of five articles, in compliment to the five under his charge. The old man shook his head and said: "This choosing is a hard job." His first choice fell upon two darkey fiddlers, who, when wound, played a jig that brought the remembrance of early days. Young Dave was also given the privilege of a gift from the five young people, and his first choice was a blacksmith working on horseshoes.

At the expiration of three long hours, that seemed short to our party, they took their leave for the confectionery, where another hour was spent in discussing the choice of bonbons, every variety of which was placed before their wondering gaze. The boys had charged Lizzie to lay in a store and allow them the use of the pantry for at least one week. A supply of

oranges and bananas for the orphans was directed to be sent in the name of Mrs. Westford, candles and cakes in the name of Mrs. Le Roy, besides fruits, etc., for friends of the two families.

All the children clubbed together for gifts to the two mothers, fathers and their grandparents. As they were to lunch with the last mentioned, they presented their offerings in person, and the dear old grandma was delighted with her lovely fruit-bowl and silver cover of filigree that resembled very fine lace work; the grandfather's gift was a smoking set, with two boxes of finest cigars; the same was purchased for the fathers, and for their mothers each a beautiful work table of brass and onyx. Uncle Dave fed and rested his horses; he and young Dave partook of a refreshing luncheon, and about 4:30 the vehicles were drawn up before the Westford mansion on Charles street and the party took affectionate leave of grandparents to make their way homeward. It was near dark when they arrived, and so tired out were they that they begged to be allowed an early rest, with a promise of telling all particulars on the morrow. It was quite a task to collect the many bundles, etc., stowed away in the covered seat of the buggy and in the carriage. Lizzie undertook the charge, and all was found to be right.

The day following being Christmas eve, every one was astir and on the qui vive for what might answer to so many rings of the bell; but we shall see that much can be secretly kept from "Little pitchers that have big ears."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

About ten days before the advent of the joyous festival Mr. Westford, according to his daily custom, stopped to see his parents. Almost the first inquiry of his mother was:

"Who is to superintend the children's tree, Harry?"

"We have agreed, mother, on having none this year, as Aline is too weak to attend to it. Do you not think it wise?"

"No," answered his mother. "I think they should have it by all means, and now I have an idea. I have been thinking of

what I would give the darlings, and here it is before me. I shall go to Mr. Feast and order the handsomest tree that can possibly be had, and you must help me, Harry, to carry out my plan. I wish it to be a surprise to the children. How can we manage it?"

"Indeed, my dear mother, that is very kind of you, and I fear it will be too much for you to undertake. I assure you the darlings are very well satisfied with the present arrangement."

"That is not the thing, Harry," rejoined the old lady, with warmth. "The children must have a pleasant Christmas, and I am sure I never omitted having a tree for you and Clara from the time you were born. Will Clara have one for her children?"

"Of course not, mother. She never allows hers to get ahead of ours, you know."

"Well, then, I shall include her children with yours. I will go this very evening to see Mr. Feast. When must I tell him to go out and take measures, etc., for there is no time to lose," said the grandma.

"Let me see," answered Mr. Westford. "The children will be at school all next week, and I think it will be well for Feast to go out on Monday, between nine and twelve. I shall let Aline and Lizzie into the secret. Then, as I think the children will spend the greater part of Monday before Christmas in the city, he can send out all the materials that day and begin the work. We will lock all the entrances to the lower rooms, so as to prevent intrusion. The back parlor we can reserve for the gifts that may come into the children, and have the front parlor for the tree. If the evening is fair on the eve, I contemplate a nocturnal drive into the city, to let the children enjoy the illuminations of the stores, streets, etc. Therefore Mr. Feast can go out on the morning of the eve and remain undisturbed until he finishes, even it should take his workmen till dawn, but I suppose he can get through cleverly by nightfall."

Mr. Westford took a loving farewell of his mother, feeling that she was dearer to him than ever.

And now, leaving good grandma with Mr. Feast and their arrangements for the tree, we can take a look at the happy family in their coat-wrappings, etc., for the drive into the city.

Mr. Westford had engaged Uncle Dave to bring out his carriage at six o'clock on the merry Christmas Eve. The old man was as much in the spirit of the times as the young people, and desired to be accompanied by two of his little grandsons. Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy drove up in their open barouche and took in Harry Westford, leaving space in Mr. Westford's carriage for Tot to sit with more ease than in her papa's lap. Lillian passed into the carriage of her uncle. Turning into Baltimore street, they were dazzled by the brilliancy of the lights from every available point. The moon was just rising in the glory of her fullness, reminding the Christian of what that orb must have been on the first Christmas night when she rose to give welcome to the new-born King of the world. The streets were filled with vehicles of every sort, kind and shape, and so densely crowded that it was difficult to make headway.

"It is well," said Mr. Westford, "that we have Uncle Dave to-night."

The sidewalks were literally crammed and jammed. Urchins of every size and color were running among the carriages and firing off crackers whenever they could steal an opportunity. Uncle Dave kept a close eye on them, and with his upraised whip bade them defiance. The two carriages made out to keep side by side, and the occupants could exchange words now and then when the uproar would flag for a moment. At length they made a halt opposite the "Grand Toy Store," and such a sight had never been dreamed of by the children. Tot was dumfounded and knew not what to make of it. She whispered to her father:

"Papa, what is this place?"

Every toy in the store seemed to have its own peculiar light, but the most attractive object was a group of dancing figures, each representing one of the letters of the word "Christmas." When wound up the figures began to dance, tripping in and out and around each

other in the most grotesque style. Some whirled heels over head; others turned on one foot, with the other extended in a horizontal line, etc. All seemed to be trying which could be the most comical, and by the time the maneuvers were over they were again in line as "Christmas." Tot could not be kept still and begged to be allowed to go into the store and see what the figures were made of.

Her father said: "Oh, no, let me go in and see."

In fact, he made up his mind to have that toy at any cost. Going, he encountered two small children with little baskets on their arms, and inquired if they had any money to purchase any of the toys.

"No, sir," replied the little girl. "We have ten cents that mother told us to spend for bread."

"Come in," said Mr. Westford, "and each of you name something you would like to have."

The girl chose a doll, saying she "had never had one in her life." The boy wanted a ball and some pretty marbles. Both were unexpectedly gratified with what their poor little hearts had long craved.

Mr. Westford arranged to have the wonderful toy sent out to his residence before twelve that night, and it was a great surprise for the morrow.

The children never tired talking of that memorable drive, and in all probability they never enjoyed another such. The great town clock doled out its drawly ten, and with regret the two parties turned their faces homeward. The Le Roys remained at "Briarly" for the night, and the grandparents also were there to bid welcome to Christmas morning. Lizzie and Mr. Feast's men were hard at work until after twelve, but when we know what they accomplished we shall wonder if the angels of old did not give assistance.

The young people were glad to be in bed once more, and their slumber was undisturbed, save by the dreaming of the confused noises that they had heard and the wonders they had beheld. The elders inspected the tree and pronounced it to be

the handsomest thing of the kind they had ever seen. Mr. Feast had displayed his taste far beyond grandma's expectations, and the dear old lady really shed tears at the thought of the joy she had procured for her beloved grandchildren.

A little after dawn Lizzie rang the awakening bell, and passed through the corridors crying out, "A happy Christmas, a happy Christmas!" etc. The children bounded out of bed and were soon in readiness for the summons to their mother's room. It was an established custom to receive her blessing before descending to breakfast. When the bell rang the rejoicing was great, for Mrs. Westford was found seated at her usual place in the dining room, looking like her old self. When the children entered Mr. Westford uttered, with a tremulous voice:

"See, my darlings, your best of Christmas gifts—your mother."

"Tottie darling," said the grandma, "what is Santa Claus going to give you to-day?"

The child smiled very sweetly in replying: "Grandma, you know old Santle couldn't come this year, but he's coming next—Isn't he, papa?"

"Oh, yes," quickly answered Mr. Westford, while giving Lizzie a sign to go and light up.

But little breakfast was taken. All seemed too anxious and excited to partake of the delightful waffles, sausage, etc., prepared with so much care. The children wriggled until at last Mr. Westford said:

"Now, hear me, children; you must be in readiness for the late Mass. I have already been to church, and can remain with your mother while you are away. And now I think you can be admitted into the back parlor, where you will find your gifts."

The door being opened, the children stood amazed. All around the room were lovely and useful articles from parents, grandparents, cousins and friends, from far and near. In a few moments distant music was heard. They looked at each other, as if to ask: "Are the angels here, for this is not like our parlor?"

The folding doors were thrown open,

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and there, in the center of the drawing room, stood a tree reaching to the ceiling. The apartment was transformed into a veritable garden; orange and lemon trees in full bearing; tropical plants and flowers of every species, actually filled the room, leaving sufficient space only for walking around the tree, which was on a platform of four steps, covered with moss and ferns. Here and there were little animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, guinea-pigs, cats, etc. Poultry of every mention, hens with their nests of eggs, and in one corner a peacock of natural size, displaying his fan-tail in all its glory; terrapins and turtles—even a few little mice could be seen peeping through the grass and looking as if they were afraid of being caught by some unkind hand or destructive animal. The boughs of the tree were laden with all sorts of fruit, candies of every shape and form, bugs and butterflies suspended by slender and almost imperceptible wires, that gave them the appearance of flying; birds in cages and among the foliage looked as natural as life. Iridescent lights were in every nook and corner, while lamps and reflectors of every color mingled among the shrubbery and around the room, imparting a soft but not dazzling light. Altogether, it was a fairy scene that must be imagined, and the children began to feel themselves in a strange land. The automatic toys were in full operation, some of them emitting sounds that seemed unearthly. From a magnificent and large music box was

heard the soul-stirring strains of the "Adeste Fideles," and not the least of the surprises was Tot's beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. It was a little below the center of the tree, surrounded by a circle of gas jets that cast upon the gilt frame encasing the picture a halo that could but remind one of the ethereal or supernatural light so often read of, but not to be enjoyed here below."

"Look!" exclaimed Harry Jr. "The Sacred Heart has triumphed!"

The children fell upon their knees in silent adoration until aroused by the sweet intonation of the joyous "Te Deum Laudamus," by Mrs. Le Roy, and which was taken up by the rich voices of Mr. Westford and his brother-in-law.

An arch at the lower end of the room bore in transparent letters: "A Gift from Grandma to Her Five Beloved Grandchildren."

The Christmas figures of the night before were placed on an elevated table and served for many an hour's delightful entertainment to young and old, and many were the visitors to see and enjoy the marvelous piece of workmanship and ingenuity. Exchange of loving greetings terminated that glorious Christmas morning of by-gone years, and we venture to say few have had the like in our day, because few prepare for the festival with the simplicity of piety manifested by the Westfords and Le Roys of the "Long, long ago."

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Christmas Bells, Christmas Bells, sweet is their pealing,

Telling the story so welcome to earth;
Joyous the strain of their melody stealing,
Heralding, gladly, the Saviour-King's birth!

List, from yon tow'r they are cheerily swinging,
Sending the message o'er land and o'er sea,

Spreading the tidings proclaimed by their ringing:

"Glory to God, and to man let Peace be!
"Glory to God Who hath brought us salvation!"

Hark! with what triumph each vibrant tone swells:

"Glory to God in His high, holy station!"
This is the tale of the sweet Christmas Bells.

ENGLAND.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

As swift as flies the news Charlemagne is dead,
 Out sweep in countless ships upon the main
 The bloody Normans by bold Rollo led,
 And pandemonium o'er the world holds reign !
 Nor bastioned wall nor high-embattled fane
 Nor stoutest ramparts stand before their might,—
 The citadels of Christendom are ta'en !—
 And panic-stricken Christians in their flight
 Are guided by their burning cities' fierce, far light !

II.

Shrewd France at length with Rollo compromised,
 And, with a princess, gave what lands he'd won;
 With all his gang the hero was baptized,
 And Normandy's proud history begun !
 Duke William was the fifth duke's bastard son;¹
 And since he donned his first real pair of pants
 Was schooled in arms; and now was looked upon
 For riding, swording, wielding axe and lance
 As far the handsomest and boldest Knight in France !

III.

Woe to the fool that braved the Duke to fight !
 In arms while Harold was a dudish boy,
 William was Europe's most accomplished Knight !
 But whom the god intends to clean destroy
 He maddens first to make his sport and toy.
 A like case comes just now to memory;—
 A dude hauled up by burly "Cop" Molloy;
 "What case?" inquired Judge Casey; "Case!" said he,—
 "Attempted suicide !—he wanted to fight me !"²

(1) Though it was on the title of "Bastard Son of Robert" that William had contended for the dukedom of Normandy, he seems, after the conquest of England, to have badly contracted the English disease of snobbishness; and forbade his subjects ever to presume to apply the sobriquet, of "*bastard*" to his High-Mightiness, now "William the Conqueror."

(2) A joke we once read in that most witty and humorous of fun-pokers—"Judge."

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IV.

Duke William let no grass grow 'neath his feet!
 While Harold was at York a banquetting,
 Into his presence dashed a courier fleet
 With news that poked him worse than hornet's sting,—
 "The Normans are in England, numbering
 "Full fifty thousand warriors white and black!"
 The English army was out plundering;
 And hard it was to get the rascals back
 And march them to their bloody doom at famed Senlac!

V.

Great Senlac was a theater for the "gods";
 And on its stage the high and mighty game
 Was for a Kingdom played—with "equal odds!"
 The hill-sides gently sloping from the plain
 Afford us a fine view of lake and main;
 Up near their crest, to escape the sun's rude heat,
 Or shelter find should it come on to rain,
 Beneath the shady frondage take your seat
 And, in safe distance, watch the battle at your feet!

VI.

From Northern end, supposing that's our place,
 The plain is in the foreground, and the lake
 Beyond; both armies now stand face to face;
 A gallant show, to right, the Normans make;
 Position on the left the English take;
 And while the former blithely sang and laughed
 The English, pale and sullen, seemed to quake,—
 Perhaps all "rocky" from the sack they'd quaffed
 The previous night;—more like from cowardice half daft!

VII.

The gallant Duke confronts his Norman line,
 And, like a soldier's, short and straight his speech:—
 "Normans! All know the English throne is mine;
 "And by your swords to-day that throne I'll reach!
 "Yon herd a lasting lesson you will teach;

(3) "The English spent the night before the battle drinking and carousing; the Normans praying and confessing their sins."—(Drane, *Hist. of Engl.*, chap. VI.)

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" While fruits of Victory with me you'll share,
" For I'll allot to every man and each
" Of your survivors lands and dwelling fair;—
" This, ' *by the splendor of Almighty God,*' I swear !"⁴

VIII.

Then sounded Norman sonnet, and light sprang
The Duke's bold archers out across the field
And up the slope till into range, when rang
Their countless arrows on the Saxon shield !
The vanguard of the English swayed and reeled;
For, past their shields, through many a coward breast
The arrows sped, and grim death widely dealt !
While deftly back to base the archers pressed,
Out rushed the Norman swordsmen to complete the rest !

IX.

While at close quarters, deadly thrusts and whacks
With their well-handled swords the Normans gave;
The English mostly plied the battle axe,
While ruder churls fierce jabbed with pike and stave;
Duke William's swordsmen all before them drave,
And had their bloody way cut wide and deep,
When out swept o'er the field, like ocean wave,
The Norman cavalry with thundering leap;—
Plunged through the English ranks and sabred them like sheep!

X.

The Duke was thrice unhorsed, but still fought on;
The English mowing down in long windrow!
When by a horde of cowards set upon—
Whose leader was, as far as we may know,
Your English histories lie and garble so!—
Bad Harold's wicked brother, Earl Leofwin;
The Duke escaped by dealing him a blow
That had the prowess of his Knighthood in,
And clove the beggar through the helmet to his chin !⁵

(4) Duke William's customary oath.

(5) If this be fancy, it is far from being improbable. The Duke was anxious to meet Harold and his brother Earls. To end the battle sooner and more humanely he had sent a challenge to Harold or any other English Earl to meet him in single combat. Harold took good care to keep out of his way; Earl Leofwin and Gurth, his brothers, were less prudent; and both were slain at an early stage in the battle, —which lasted from 9 A. M. until sundown, October 14, 1066.

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XI.

The English, badly hammered, roar and yell,
 As if by frantic cries and stunning noise
 They'd scare away the inexorable hell
 They're getting from Duke William's Norman boys!
 High up the slope, where his false flag deploys
 In safety, hear bad Harold curse and shout!—
 The coward little else than lungs employs—
 As if by damning of his English lout
 He'd save his army from inevitable rout!

XII.

For now the Norman bowmen word receive
 "To concentrate their aim, while shooting high,
 Toward Harold and his staff." The arrows cleave
 The air like rockets, yet descend more spry
 And with tenfold momentum from the sky!
 While upward peering like a duck in rain,
 Earl Harold got an arrow in his eye;
 And on the instant the base wretch fell slain,—
 The ugly missive having pierced him to the brain!

XIII.

"Dot settled it!" as brave Oom Paul would say;
 The English, panic-stricken, take to flight!
 In hot pursuit the Normans smite and slay
 Where'er they find them through the livelong night!
 Through London run, stark mad from nameless fright,
 The English merchants who advanced the cost
 Of this the Anglo-Saxon's sad, last fight;
 Their hopeless wail from street to street is tossed:—
 "Lost! Lost! All's lost! All England is forever lost!"

As Father Faber beautifully puts it,
 "The Circumcision braids upon the front
 of every coming year of life the Name of
 Jesus, our dear life's Lord, and it braids
 it in those red snow drops of His Infancy,
 the first blossoms of His Precious Blood."

Life is short, bestrewn with difficulties
 and crosses. Profit by them at every mo-
 ment. "The night cometh when no man
 can work."—*Ven. Louis of Granada*,
O. P.

But does thou love life? Then do not
 squander time, for that is the stuff life is
 made of.—*Franklin*.

Very soon there will be an end of thee
 here; consider thy condition elsewhere.
 A man is to-day, and to-morrow he is
 gone. Oh! the dullness and hardness of
 man's heart, which thinks only on what
 is present, and looks not still more on the
 things that are to come!—*Thomas a Kem-
 pi, Following of Christ*.

S. RAYMOND OF PENNAFORT, O. P., PRIEST.

(1175-1275.),

This great Saint was born in Spain, at the Castle of Pennafort, six leagues distant from Barcelona, A. D. 1175. He belonged to a noble family, allied to the former Counts of Barcelona and to the kings of Aragon. Entering the ecclesiastical state, he left his native land to go and study at the celebrated University of Bologna. Having taken his doctor's degree in civil and canon law, he began to teach with great applause in that city. After some time, the Bishop of Barcelona persuaded him to return to Spain, and made him one of the canons of his cathedral. But Raymond thirsted after a closer union with God, and on Good Friday, A. D. 1222, at the age of forty-seven, he begged to be admitted into the Order of Saint Dominic. It is said that he was moved to take this step partly by remorse for having once dissuaded a young man, who consulted him, from joining a religious Order.

From this time he increased in holiness of life, and was the means of leading very many to leave the world and take the Dominican habit. He became Confessor to King James of Aragon, and was greatly distinguished for his skill in settling cases of conscience. At the command of his superiors, he drew up a book on this subject, which was the first ever written of the kind. It bears his name, "Raimondina."

The Moors were at this time exercising great cruelties upon their Christian captives in Spain. On the night of the 1st of August, 1223, as Raymond was praying for these unhappy prisoners, our Lady appeared to him and told him that it was her will that a religious Order should be founded for their relief. On the same night, the Queen of Heaven made a similar revelation to King James of Aragon and to Saint Peter Nolasco, a penitent of Saint Raymond's who for some years had devoted himself to this work of charity, and who was destined to be the founder

of the new Order of our Lady of Mercy for the redemption of captives. Its statutes were drawn up by Saint Raymond, who with his own hands gave the habit to Saint Peter Nolasco. It resembled exactly that of the Order to which he himself belonged, save that the mantle was white and the scapular emblazoned with the royal arms of Aragon.

Saint Raymond was now summoned to Rome by Gregory IX., where he became Confessor to the Holy Father and Grand Penitentiary. In obedience to the Pope's command, he collected all the Decretals, *i. e.*, the decrees and replies of the Sovereign Pontiffs to questions which had been submitted to the Holy See, and he added explanations to those the meaning of which seemed obscure. He accomplished this gigantic task in the short space of three years. The Pope twice named him to an Archbishopric, but the Saint each time succeeded in obtaining his release from an honor which would have been painful to his humility.

After the lamented death of Blessed Jordan, the first successor of Saint Dominic, Saint Raymond was elected Master-General of the Order by the Chapter of Bologna, 1238. During the two years of his government, the Saint made some admirable regulations, and divided the Constitutions into two parts, the first relating to the religious life of the Brethren and the second to their external life, their duties and offices. At the General Chapter of 1240, he prevailed on the electors to accept his resignation on the plea of ill-health and infirmity; but so great was the grief of the entire Order at losing their saintly superior, that a subsequent General Chapter inflicted severe penances and absolution from office on all those who had accepted this resignation.

The Saint lived thirty-five years after he had given up office, leading a most holy existence in his convent at Barcelona. Almost every night his guardian

angel awoke him before Matins and summoned him to prayer. He labored incessantly to procure the conversion of the Moors, as well as of Jews and heretics, and it was at his request that Saint Thomas Aquinas composed his *Summa contra Gentiles*. He accompanied King James of Aragon in his expedition to the island of Majorca and boldly rebuked him for giving public scandal. Finding his remonstrances of no effect, the Saint prepared to return to his Convent at Barcelona. The King endeavored to retain him on the island by force; but Saint Raymond, in presence of a multitude of spectators, threw his mantle on the sea, fastened the end of it to his staff, which served as a mast, and kneeling upon it, as if in a boat, he crossed in this way to the mainland, accomplishing the passage, a distance of about a hundred miles, in six hours. On reaching Barcelona, he

quietly took up his mantle, which was perfectly dry, and returned to his Convent. The doors were closed, as it was the hour of the midday *siesta*, but the Saint found himself miraculously transported within the walls and thus escaped from the acclamations of the admiring crowd who had witnessed his landing. The King was so touched by the miracle that he renounced his evil courses and thenceforth led a good life.

Saint Raymond was universally regarded as the greatest ecclesiastic of his time. At length, worn out by age, infirmities and penances, he happily departed to our Lord on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1275, being in hundredth year. Numerous prodigies were worked at his tomb, whence issued a miraculous dust which restored health to many persons. He was beatified by Pope Paul V., and canonized by Pope Clement VIII., 1601.

THOUGHTS OF HOME ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

K. D.

Alone, alone in my room to-night,
By the smoldering embers dying light;
Alone with the thoughts that, thick and fast,
Crowd over my mind, of the vanished past—
Of the past with its memories glad and gay,
Of home and friends, now far away;
Of days of mirth and nights of glee—
Ah! these are the thoughts that come to me,
Keeping vigil drear in the fading light,
In a strange land, on Christmas night.

With mine eyes closed fast, lest the tears
might come,
My mind flies back to that distant home;
And again I feel the warm hand clasp
Which long ago I loved to grasp;
And I hear those voices soft and sweet
That in days gone by I loved to greet;
And I join in the dear old songs they sing,
Though every chord fond memories bring
Of those who sleep in one silent grave
In that green churchyard where the cold
winds rave,

And fill mine eyes with scalding tears,
For they 'mind me now of vanished years.

O friends at home, did ye think to-day
Of her who is now so far away?
When ye heard the Adeste's sweet notes
peal

Through that loved old aisle where she
oft did kneel,
In youth's bright day, in those olden
times,

Ere yet she had dreamed of foreign
climes,
And with joyous heart joined in that
hymn.

But my heart grows sad and my eyes grow
dim,

For I heard it to-day, when no friend was
near,

No smile to soothe and no voice to cheer,
And I breathed a prayer that the day
might come

When I'd stand once more in my child-
hood's home;

And it filled my heart with a strange new
joy

In fancy to see my loved home in Fermoy.

A GLIMPSE OF RELIGION IN MONTREAL.

AGNES C. GORMLEY.

The year of grace, 1901, a party of American tourists made Montreal their Mecca, and a fair city it is—the settlement of saint and Chevallier. There is a distinctive atmosphere about the place that reminds us of our own aristocratic Washington; but though that “city of magnificent distances” is the pride of our Union, its foundations cannot take us back to such history as Montreal gives in the names of Cartier, Champlain, the knightly Dollard, and the chivalrous Maisonneuve. Every inch of the ground is saintly, historic or romantic, and, unconsciously, we feel we are in “an ampler ether, a diviner air” made sacred by the footsteps of heroes.

Many of the old spots bear traces of their ancient glory, such as Chateau Ramezay, Seminaire S. Sulpice, and Notre Dame de Bon Secours, and wherever the march of progress has levelled the old piles, marble tablets religiously mark their graves.

Its situation, on an island in the St. Lawrence, with Mt. Royal rising in the rear, is unusually fine, and needs to be viewed from the summit of the mountain to be seen in all its symmetrical beauty. Spread out before us in panoramic array, we then behold crowded together, more institutions—religious, educational and charitable than is probably found in any one city on the face of the globe. Rightly has it been named the city of churches, for they greet us on every side.

One of the first things to strike the traveler is the material used for the masonry of these huge institutions. Gray, uncut limestone, native to the place, with trimmings of a lighter shade, prevails; yet one cannot complain of sameness, for the architecture is as varied as it is beautiful.

We began our tour of the city with its foundations—Hochelaga, the Indian settlement, found by Jacques Cartier in

1535, now the site of the famous McGill colleges. These buildings, overlooking a magnificent campus, are finely equipped, especially for technical work, and commanded our entire approval since a woman's department is annexed.

But one naturally turns first to the churches here, for are they not the beginning of the city's truest history? S. James' Basilica, modelled after S. Peter's, is a striking edifice, the high, white walls and rounded dome seeming to intensify its vastness. Some frescoes, religiously typical, and a unique chancel call forth many exclamations of praise.

Notre Dame is another large church and attracts many visitors by its imposing ceremonies. It was our privilege to attend High Mass here on a Sunday morning, and the experience lives with us—a blessed, golden memory. The choristers are all males, and as the mighty strains of their rich, vibrant voices rose and swelled, it seemed to our enraptured ears as if here indeed was “the bass of heaven's deep organ” blowing to “the song of the angel throng” and that on wings of love and desire we had reached the new Jerusalem that would not pass away. Thank God for divine moments like this, when fleshly trammels and things earthly have slipped from us, and we are all spirit, mute and athrill as the angels must be in the presence of God.

The coloring of the main interior of Notre Dame is too sombre to be artistic, but it owns many paintings and fine frescoes, especially in the rear chapel, which is a complete contrast to the outer church. The multifoil window in the roof here, is most attractive.

S. Patrick's of Irish frequenting, is very elaborate. The walls are in soft dun-sand cream tints all barred and starred with gold, and two “storied windows, richly alight” reaching from roof to floor,

seem like imprisoned rainbows in the mellow light of afterglow.

Descending to the poorer localities along the river, we enter Notre Dame de Bon Secours, the foundations of which date back to 1657. The shape still retains much of the character of old French provincial architecture, notwithstanding the necessary improvements of time.

The Jesuit College and Church and the Notre Dame Convent have also many features of interest.

The Grey Nunnery and Grand Seminary are immense buildings. Our acquaintance with the latter was only a surface one, as the holy of holies has ever been debarred to women; yet, while exploring this fact, we were glad to acknowledge the closest, holiest friendship with the hearts and souls of those trained within its sacred walls.

At the Grey Nunnery which contains nine hundred inmates including religious, aged men and women, orphans and foundlings, we were treated to some interesting kindergarten work, and were lost in admiration of the wonderful system that regulates so vast a concern. The institution is partly conducted by charity and is partly self-supporting, the nuns adding largely to the income by the sale of their handiwork in embroidery.

Hotel Dieu, which is a hospital and cloistered nunnery as well, is an interesting building with high walls surrounding its immense premises. It was built by Mlle. Mance the founder of the Order, and

since the hour that the first stone was laid, it has blessed the whole city by its devotion and zealous works of charity.

The most striking building of the city, externally, is Victoria Hospital. Perched on the side of Mt. Royal, it is like an old baronial hall, with castellated roof and bastioned wings soaring into the air in a score of airy minarets. The management is under control of the city government, and said to be equal to any in the country.

Last, but not least of the sights of Montreal, is the winding drive up the mountain. Here, on the hillside, awaiting the dawn of the judgment day, lies another city, the most populous of all—the city of the dead. In death, at least, is the whole world kin, and the cemetery differs little from our own except in its religious setting. The wealthiest families are buried in tombs, which seem like miniature chapels set in the side of a hill. The facades of these tombs are, in many instances, types of classic architecture. Carved figures, set in cases along the drive, symbolize the way of the Cross, and finally lead to Calvary at the top of the hill, where Christ between two thieves hangs in awful, heartrending agony, giving one of the most realistic effects ever invented.

Everything, in this beautiful city of Montreal, is made to appeal to heart and soul and lead us in the narrow way, that shall permit us, too, like the good thief, to be one day remembered in Paradise. May such be our happy destiny!

Ah! dearest Babe! those tiny hands
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the holy world
This very moment bear.

Art Thou, weak Babe! my very God?
Oh, I must love Thee then,
Love Thee and yearn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men.

O sweet, O wakeful-hearted Child!
Sleep on, dear Jesus! sleep,
For Thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.

—Father Faber.

Have you heard the wondrous story,
Bethlehem's story, sweet and old,
Of an Infant's raying glory
From a manger bare and cold?

Icy winds of bleak December
Shook the stable, rude and worn,
Well remember how his Mother,
Where their king, the Christ, was born.

But the angels well remember
Mary, Virgin Mother, blessed
With a worship like no other
Mother her own Babe caressed.

—A Dominican Tertiary.

A LEGEND OF THE SYRIAN ROSE.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

At dawn of that wonderful Christmas
morn
When the "Light of the World," for its
sake, was born,
His angels witnessed a miracle fair
By the Child-God wrought, in the wilder-
ness bare.
When the first sweet glance of His Love
shone out
O'er the cold waste stretching His cave
about,
Lo! the air grew soft with a warmth be-
nign,
In the sunlike smile of the Babe Divine:
And where the lone desert had spread, all
grey,
In the wintry twilight of yesterday,
Fresh, emerald meadows now gave repose
To the dewy leaves of the Syrian rose.
* * * * *
When His race uplifted the Crucified,
And the "Life of the World" for its dear
sake died,
The angels saw, in that strange death-
hour,
The wondrous love of His Chri. a-
flower.
For the rose that oped when the Holy
Child
O'er the dreary plains of His Bethlehem
smiled,

Had followed the path of His footsteps
slow,
As feebly they toiled up the Mount of Woe,
Till its roots were planted, its petals clung
Round the Cross where the Blood-dyed
Victim hung—
But it withered and drooped, as His death
drew nigh.
And folded its leaves at its Lord's last
sigh.
And the Man-God smiled, in His Life's
own close,
On the loyal love of His Syrian rose.
* * * * *
At the dawn of that wonderful Day of
days,
When the "Light of the World," with its
deathless rays,
Streamed up from the tomb (for that
world a sign
That its life was won by a Life Divine),
Lo! His blest rose opened, to fade no more
Till the lengthened journey of Time is
o'er.
It smiles in the garden, it brightens the
vale,
And its sweet breath scenteth the summer
gale—
But, fairest at Easter-tide, e'er unclose
The wondrous leaves of that Miracle-rose,
And the gleam of its ecstasy seems to say:
"Rejoice! He is risen! 'Tis Easter-Day!"

SONG OF THE DYING YEAR.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

It's a song of desolation,
And its notes are filled with pain,
And in minor-tones of sorrow
It steals o'er the icy plain;
It is fraught with words of feeling,
And it's set in tones of prayer,
And it melts the breath of winter,
And it saddens all the air.
O Voice of the starry midnight,
From thy bed of ice and snow
Lo! we hear thy dying accents
And thy parting tale of woe.
And all eyes are dimmed with tear-drops,
And all anxious hearts beat slow,
While our gladdened thoughts so happy
Sweet recall the long ago.

It's a song of desolation,
And it rustles on the breeze,
And it lingers like an echo
'Round the naked, frozen trees,
That stand, lone and sad forsaken,
Like Time's watchers, wan and old,
Blessing sweet the old year dying
On its icy bier so cold.
Now the midnight song is ended,
And the requiem winds are still;
Now is hushed that song of sorrow,
And our gladdened pulses thrill,
For the old year's gone forever,
And its spirit lone has fled,
And the New Year, in its dawning,
Rings its joy bells overhead.

OUR HOLY FATHER AND THE ROSARY.

As promised in our November number, we here present to our readers the full text of the Apostolic letter of our Holy Father Leo XIII., issued on the occasion of the consecration of the new sanctuary in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of the Most Holy Rosary, at Lourdes, in France, in the month of October, 1901.

LEO XIII., P. P.,

To all the faithful who will read this letter, health and apostolic benediction.

The immortal benefits procured for the human race by Christ the Redeemer, remain engraven deeply in all our souls, and are honored in the church by a lasting remembrance which is united each day to a sweet testimony of love towards the Virgin Mother of God.

As for ourselves, when we cast our eyes over the duration of our sovereign pontificate and recall the series of our acts, we feel ourselves sweetly penetrated by consolation and gratitude, in view of the works which, under the impulse and the aid of God, Author of good counsels, whether we ourselves have undertaken to enhance the honors rendered to the Virgin Mary or have taken care to have them undertaken or promoted by the children of the Catholic Church.

It is to us a special joy that the holy institution of the Rosary of Mary, thanks to our exhortations and to our solicitude, is more known and is taken up the more in the practice of Christian people, that Confraternities of the Rosary are multiplied and become from day to day more flourishing, both by the number and by the piety of their associates; that the numerous and important works due to the patient labors of wise men have been published and disseminated afar: finally, that the month of October, which we have ordered to be entirely consecrated to the Rosary, is celebrated with extraordinary solemnity throughout the entire month.

But we should deem ourselves in a sense delinquent in our duty if, in this year,

with which the twentieth century has commenced, were we to overlook the favorable opportunity spontaneously offered us by our venerable brother the Bishop of Tarbes, the clergy and people of the town of Lourdes, who, in an imposing temple, dedicated to God in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of Most Holy Rosary, have erected fifteen altars to be consecrated to the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary.

We avail the more willingly of this occasion, which concerns the country of France, which is rendered illustrious by so numerous and so grand favors of the Blessed Virgin; this country, in fine, which glories in having once possessed Saint Dominic, father and legislator of his Order, and in which is the birthplace of the Rosary. In fact, no one among Christians can be ignorant that S. Dominic, having come from Spain into France, combatted the heresy of the Albigenses, who, like a pernicious pest, invaded at that time to the base of the Pyrenees and nearly all Aquitan; that, finally, by expounding and preaching the admirable and holy mysteries of our divine religion, he has in those places dispelled the darkness of error and rekindled the torch of truth. In fact, the object toward which the several series of mysteries which we admire in this devotion in whose meditation and frequent remembrance the spirit of a Christian can imperceptibly become imbued with the virtue which they contain, converge and furnish mutual support is that, gradually, one is induced to order and regulate his life in a career free from trouble, to bear adversity with calmness and courage, to cherish the hope of immortal goods which he will enjoy in his true country; finally, to obtain and increase his faith, without which one seeks in vain to cure or to ameliorate the evils which oppress us or to repel the dangers which everywhere threaten us.

The prayers which S. Dominic, guided and aided by God, was the first to com-

pose in honor of Mary, have been, by a just title, called "The Rosary." For, as often as, uniting ourselves to the angelic praise, we salute Mary *full of grace*, so often, by this eulogy repeated, we offer, so to say, to this Blessed Virgin, the roses which exhale the sweetness of the most agreeable perfume, so often is presented to our mind the eminent dignity of Mary and the infinite grace which comes to her from God through Jesus Christ, *the blessed fruit of her womb*; so often we recall the other extraordinary merits by which she has participated with her Son Jesus Christ in the redemption of the human race. Oh, how sweet then to the Virgin Mary, how agreeable to her is the angelical salutation, since, at the moment when Gabriel addressed it to her, she comprehended that, by the power of the Holy Ghost, she had conceived The Word.

But, in our days also, the old Albigenian heresy, under a different name and under the patronage of other sects, revives in an astonishing manner, with new forms and seductions of errors and of impious doctrines; it insinuates itself anew into these countries; it infects and contaminates with its base contagion Christian peoples whom it deplorably endangers to their loss and ruin. We see, in fact, and we greatly deplore the storm raised at the present time, especially in France, against religious communities, which, by their works of piety and charity, have deserved well of the church and people.

But while we lament these evils and while grievous afflictions fill our heart with bitter grief, we see with joy offsetting the evil evident indications of a better future. In fact, it is to us a favorable and happy presage—deign, august Queen of Heaven, to verify it—that we ought in the month of next October, as we have said above, consecrate in the sanctuary of Lourdes as many altars as there are mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary.

Surely, nothing can more effectually gain for us the favor of the Virgin Mary and merit for us the most salutary graces, than to surround with the greatest honors possible the mysteries of our redemption, at which we see that she not only assisted but in which she has

participated, and to exhibit before all eyes the series of these divine truths proposed to our meditation. Wherefor we are assured that the Virgin Mary, Mother of God and compassionate Mother of men, will be propitious to the wishes and prayers that the innumerable crowds of Christians from all parts will pour out in her sanctuaries, and that she will join and associate her intercession to theirs, so that this union of prayer offers, so to say, violence to heaven and moves the God of infinite mercies.

May, then, the most powerful Virgin Mary, who *has co-operated by her charity to the birth of the faithful in the Church*, be still the intermediary and patroness of our salvation. May she strike and crush the innumerable heads of the impious hydra which is extending more and more his ravages over all Europe; may she bring back tranquility and peace to restless souls; that, in fine, she hasten the return of individuals and societies to Jesus Christ, who can save ever those who approach God through His intermeditation.

Wherefore, full of benevolence for our venerable brother the Bishop of Tarbes and our well-beloved sons the clergy and people of Lourdes, we have resolved to answer favorably, by the present apostolic letter to all the requests which they have recently presented to us. And we have ordered that an authentic copy of this letter be addressed to our venerable brothers in the pastoral ministry, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops and all other prelates of the Catholic world, that they may be filled with the same joy and the same holy rejoicings as ourselves.

Wherefore, for the good, the welfare, the happiness of all, for the greater glory of God, the greater advantage of the whole Catholic Church, in virtue of our apostolic authority and by the tenor of the present letter, we charge our dear son Benedict Mary Langenieux, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, to duly consecrate, in our name and with our authority, the new sanctuary erected in the town of Lourdes and dedicated to God, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of the Most Holy Rosary. We grant besides to this most dear son the

privilege of wearing the pallium during this solemn ceremony, as if he were in his arch-diocese; and, finally, at the close of this solemnity, to bless, with the usual indulgences, in virtue also of our authority and in our name, the assembly of the faithful. We grant these favors, all

provision or regulation to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, near S. Peter's, under the ring of the fisherman, 8 September, 1901, of our pontificate the twenty-third year.

LEO XIII., P. P.,
(Al. Cardinal Macchi.)

In the highest, hark! the strain,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Who doth with Him peace, again
Joining earth and heaven, bring!"

Honor thus is paid aright
Unto this, Christ's natal morn;
At whose birth the grace so bright
Of a new-made law is born.

The appointed Mediator,
Our salvation's price to pay,
Not His share in human nature,
But its misdeeds, put away.

Not a whit less bright appearing
The life-giving star we see;
Nor doth Mary by child-bearing
Lose her spotless chastity.

What is this rock-stone so precious,
Quarried not by hand, but Jesus,
Scion of a line of kings,
Who, begot, without man's aid,
Of a pure yet pregnant maid,
From her fleshy nature springs?

Let the desert blossom forth;
Joy, waste places of the earth!
Jesse's rod doth flowers unfold.
Root it brancheth, branch it bloometh,
Virgin-born, a Saviour cometh,
As the law of old foretold.

David's self that root portended,
Mary is that branch descended
From that seed of royal line:
He, the Son unto us given,
In its flower a flower from heaven,
Since its fragrance is divine.

He, whose birth's due celebration
Forms the angels' proclamation,
In a manger-cradle lies;
Heavenly hosts therein delight,
Whilst the shepherds watch by night
'Neath the silence of the skies.

All things shouts of joy upraise
For the Virgin's Son most high;
Him the law and psalms, too, praise
With the rage of prophecy.

Angels', shepherds' salutations
Stars' and wise men's indications,
In their object all agree:
Haste those Eastern kings where, crying,
In a crib a Babe is lying,
Who the Gentile first-fruits be.

Infant Jesus, death-bound never!
For a time and yet for ever!
By Thy might mankind deliver
From this life's adversity.
When this mortal life is ended,
From this living death ascended,
By Thy clemency befriended,
Give us deathless life with Thee!
Amen!

—Adam of S. Victor.

A NEW YEAR'S RONDEAU.

SISTER M. DOMINIC, O. P.

All strong and sweet the merry bells
Of glad New Year to our world tells.
Hearts turn aside and seem to wait
What God appoints down ways of fate,
Where Hope, with all her graces, dwells,
And Fancy learns to weave her spells,
All rainbow-like, as seen in dells,

Where Fays ride forth on days of fete—
All strong and sweet.

If fickle fortune's ceaseless swells,
From gay to sad change joyous knells,
Then may we turn, with hearts elate,
To Mary, Queen, our Heaven's Gate,
And prove in things where love compels—
All strong and sweet.

"THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR."

A recent number of *The Churchman* contained what purported to be a description of the religious observance of the Feast of our Lady at the Shrine of Siparia, British West Indies. At first the article did not seem worthy of notice—so glaringly apparent are its absurdities, but we decided to communicate with the Reverend Father Oserda, the priest in charge of the shrine, so that we might be able cheerfully and authentically to deny the statements made in *The Churchman*.

To place our readers in intelligent touch with the "case," and as a matter of fair play to *The Churchman*, we present its article in full:

"Mariolatry, in spite of all the safeguards and distinctions that casuistical theology may draw between *Latría* and *Douliá*, is not very far from superstition. This was strangely, if it were not for the pathos of the thing we would almost say amusingly, illustrated in a letter from Trinidad in the British West Indies recently published in *The Evening Post*. Here, in the town of Sipara, is a famous Spanish shrine of the Divine Shepherdess, *La Divina Pastora*. Pilgrims may be found here every day in the year, but the great festival is from Easter Monday to the Saturday of that week. A pagan festival essentially, with little prayer or religious service of any kind, but with infinite feasting and revelry, in which Brahmin, Mohammedan, Confucianist and Romanist join in a catholic equality, all doing homage to the goddess who has indeed become all things to all men. Indeed, this is perhaps the only shrine in the world where Hindoo, Moslem, Chinese, Creole, Negro and Caucasian join in a worship whose creed has but one article—the beneficent power of the *Divina Pastora*, whom some call Mary and others Kali. This power is invoked in case of sickness, for the pangs of despised love, for success on the race course, and at the gambling bank. It is a brown-faced, slender image, about three feet high, studded thick with jewels, that literally cover her white satin robe, in which she is supposed to make excursions into the forest for solitary communion with the Great Spirit. Curiously enough, there is no priest here. It is a purely spontaneous affair. Pilgrims bring their food

with them, and, in the picturesque language of a Chinese shop-keeper near the shrine: 'Hundred people stay all night; no sleep; cook fowls; eat all night; make plenty feast; drink leetle rum, mebbe; sing, dance, hab mucha good time. Mornin' come; go church, mebbe; pray leetle to *La Divina*. She good; hme see all people mucha happy. All day men go forest, shoot; night-time, make more feast; make mucha noise; all ver' happy.' All this is very human, but it seems much more like pagan Japan than like Christian America and the subjects of Edward VII."

And now for our comments on this bit of *Churchman* "history":

The writer of the article evidently depended upon hearsay for the information that he has so generously emblazoned. Initiating his remarks with a ghastly pun upon devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, this "casuistical" discriminator between *Latría* and *Douliá* proceeds to "knock the eye" (i) out of the Shrine itself. Siparia (not Sipara, as the learned churchman has it), is the scene of an annual pilgrimage of Catholic Christians. The Monday following Easter Monday is set apart for the religious ceremonies. *The Churchman* has incorrectly given a continuous day of one hundred and twenty hours! (Easter Monday to Easter Saturday.)

The ceremonies consist in the celebration of Mass by the pastor and the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist by probably four or five hundred pious Christians—not pagans. A procession, in which the image of our Lady is carried, is a devotional practice on the Feast. Before returning peacefully to their respective homes these good people partake of a frugal repast on the roadside. Hence "feasting and revelry" could scarcely be "infinite."

"Curiously enough there is no priest here," continues the writer. "Curiously enough" he failed to see Reverend Father Oserda and the priest who assisted him during the religious ceremonies.

Possibly they were overlooked in the

motley crowd of "Brahmins, Mohammedans, Confucians and Romanists" who joined in "catholic equality, doing homage to the goddess." The troop of Hindoos, Moslems, Chinese, Creoles, Negroes and Caucasians which this imposing juggler has conjured up as an admirable illustration of *unity of faith* in Mary's intercession, seem to be equally afflicted with the "pangs of despised love," a passion for the "race course" and "success at the gambling bank."

Reverened Father Oserda has not heard of invocation to the Blessed Virgin at the shrine for these particular woes. Neither has it ever come to the knowledge of the zealous pastor that La Divina Pastora has ever made "excursions into the forest for solitary communion with the Divine Spirit."

As stated above, the statue of our Lady is carried in procession once a year by the devout people. On this occasion the richest robe that devotion prompts may be provided for the statue.

From *The Churchman's* description it is difficult to decide whether the statue is "studded with jewels" which protrude and "literally cover her white satin robe," or whether the robe is "three feet high" and the "brown face" is "studded with jewels." But this sapient writer addresses his remarks to those who are not utterly dense.

Reverened Father Oserda has at various times noted the presence of some Brahmins, Confucianists and non-Catholics as interested and edified *spectators* of the

devotions practiced in honor of Mary. This good pastor also notes that when the light of divine faith is granted to the Brahmin and Confucianist, he certainly joins the Romanist on grounds of Catholic—Roman "Catholic equality"—and ceases to be a Brahmin or Confucianist. He is not content with *imitations* in religious worship; he is devoid of tricks peculiar to the Anglican ape.

And this pseudo-Christian writer gives no authority for his declarations other than the "picturesque language of a Chinese shopkeeper near the Shrine."

Now, where John Chinaman can not conscientiously cut short the mortal career of a "rooster," so sacred in his eyes to the cause of truth, he blandly remarks: "Mebbe!" What an example to this "very human" tolerator of pre-Anglican devotions, who presumably has been drilled in the precept "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

But, in the "picturesque language of the Chinese shopkeeper," upon which this loyal subject of the Seventh Edward has enlarged his account of the pilgrimage of Siparia, we perceive but "spontaneous" expressions of approval from the Celestial who likes "to see people mucha happy.":

"Hundred people stay all night; no sleep; cook fowls; eat all night; make plenty feast; drink leetle rum, mebbe; sing, dance, hab mucha good time. Mornin' come; go church, mebbe; pray leetle to La Divina. She good; like see all people mucha happy. All day men go forest, shoot; night-time, make more feast; make much noise; all ver' happy."

STAR LED.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

The star hath risen in the far, far east.

They rise, the royal three, and haste to go—

And whither? Ah, 'tis this alone they know:

Onward until the wondrous star hath ceased

To guide them on. Speed they to regal feast?

Nay, nay; to where a little Babe lies low—

The prophecies have ever told it so—
Emmanuel in manger of the beast.

Near unto Christ, safe guided by the star!

And now in prayer doth mankind seek thro' ye,

With trusting faith, on all their journeyings

God's benediction. Patron saints ye are
O travelers, O blessed, heaven-wise
three—

Greater as Magi than as earthly kings!

EDITORIAL.

To all our readers, all of whom we hold as friends, our heartiest greeting for a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Milton's cry to Cromwell

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw,

the Filipinos to-day might well make their own. Probably they will, after "the little red schoolhouse," on the plan American, will have indoctrinated the brown men in the lessons of English literature, while affording them an insight into the various specimens of American "Christianity" that "zealous" men are exporting to them from our shores. Alas, that so much energy sadly needed at home should be unprofitably squandered abroad.

In the ancient Cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab, with the following inscription:

"Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
"Ye call Me Master, and obey Me not;
"Ye call Me Light, and see Me not;
"Ye call Me Way, and walk Me not;
"Ye call Me Life, and desire Me not;
"Ye call Me Wise, and follow Me not;
"Ye call Me Fair, and love Me not;
"Ye call Me Rich, and ask me not;
"Ye call Me Eternal, and seek Me not;
"Ye call Me Gracious, and trust Me not;
"Ye call Me Noble, and serve Me not;
"Ye call Me Mighty, and honor Me not;
"Ye call Me Just, and fear Me not;
"If I condemn you, blame Me not."

These sentiments are worthy of serious meditation, especially at the dawning of the new year, with its retrospects, regrets and resolutions.

Parish loyalty is a duty springing from the very nature of the thing. Parishes are instituted by the Church, and we are required to have a special interest in the good works proposed by those who have the care of our souls.

The merriest day of all the year is the

feast of Christ's Nativity. This is the gathering up in one unspeakable gift of God's many blessings to man. "He has so loved the world as to send His only begotten Son." Of this we are reminded, year after year, in the gladness which marks this time above all other times, for is it not their very fulness? Earth rejoices with Heaven; and so our happiness goes out to our fellow-men, not only in spiritual ways but in all the manifestations of mirth that come with the festive Yule-tide board, the family reunion, the meeting of long-separated friends, the gladness welling up from our hearts and for love of Him who came a Babe, embracing all men on this blessed day.

The true celebration of Christmas is in joy. But only the friends of Christ have a right to be glad. And they only are His friends who have learned the meaning of a manger-born Saviour, and who, while bearing in their own hearts the understanding of His infancy, His poverty, His suffering, endeavor to bring to His afflicted members the service and devotion that they would wish to bestow on Himself.

While this month tenderly reminds us in different feasts of our Blessed Lady, it also brings S. Joseph prominently forward. We cannot think of the Infant Saviour without a loving memory of His dear Foster Father. We cannot stand near the Crib without drawing near to Joseph, too. And all this means what Catholic faith so clearly teaches and what Catholic devotion so affectionately practises—the divinely appointed union of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. May they be in our hearts in adoring love as often as they are on our lips in reverent aspiration.

Never subscribe for a paper that is bigoted. Mark every sheet that has ever shown an anti-Catholic spirit. Blacklist every journal that attacks the truth, the clergy or the Church. Have your eye on the daily press and buy only such papers

as prove that they are friends of truth and honesty. Beware of unclean, sensational newspapers. Exclude them from your homes and guard the young from their contamination. Parents have a weighty responsibility in this.

The steady growth of the devotion of the Angelic Warfare or the Girdle of S. Thomas Aquinas, the principal feast of which is celebrated during this month, leads us to set before our readers a description of the shrine containing the original cord with which the angels girded the Saint.

The Reliquary was solemnly blessed on January 21, 1894, and deposited in the Gothic design, and constructed from the Church of S. Dominic in Chieri. It is of plans drawn by the gifted architect, the Reverend Father Pavonious, O. P. It is hexagonal in form—about six and one-half feet high. The case resembles a chalice. This is surmounted by a cupola of exquisite proportions.

In the center of the shrine a most beautiful angel holds in his hands a cord, which he is in the act of presenting to S. Thomas.

At the base of the reliquary six oval-shaped scenes in burnt enamel portray as many wonderful incidents in the holy infancy of this great servant of God.

The vocation of S. Thomas to the religious life, which he embraced after so many persecutions, and in which he attained so eminent a degree of perfection, is symbolized by the portraits of S. Dominic and some of his illustrious companions. These paintings adorn the corners of the shrine. Six angelic figures, endowed with every grace, representing the more noble virtues, are placed at the external base of the angular columns—guardians, as it were, of the virginal modesty expressed by the sacred cord. They proclaim to the world that only in company of angels can virginity be guarded unstained and inviolable. Above the capitals, and in front of the supporting columns that rise between the bend of the arches, appear most beautiful angels, who, while contemplating the holy youth emulating their own nature, extol with musical instruments the immortal beauty of the living chaste souls.

Close to the top of the miniature obelisks, and surrounded by clusters of turrets, is a most beautiful cupola.

In this ethereal dwelling place stands S. Thomas, his eyes fixed on heaven. His countenance reflects the rapt beauty of a celestial vision. In his hand he holds a book; from his breast the sun of uncreated truth radiates bright beams of life-giving faith, the steady glow of a living charity and the heavenly peace of divine hope.

The elaborate embellishment of this beautiful shrine combines in a high degree the inspiration of the theologian and the wonderful skill of the artist.

The time-honored custom of "making Christmas presents" has suffered of late years here in the United States, often degenerating into a mere display of money value in the giving of tokens which represent neither love nor friendship. At times, too, the supposed obligation of "giving something" leads persons to go beyond their financial means, thus perverting an occasion of love and mutual courtesy into a season of heart-aches, pinchings and deprivations. As in weddings and funerals, the tendency is towards unbecoming display, vulgar demonstration, emphasizing the want of religious delicacy and the encroachment of the spirit of worldliness and paganism. Let us return to the simpler ways, the ways that were more sincere, the ways that had on them a fuller sanction of our loving Infant Saviour, whose spirit should give to these glad times their dominant characteristics.

A new year's prayer that should go up to our Heavenly Father's Throne from every true American heart is one beseeching His Divine mercy in behalf of the Boers and all other persecuted races, and imploring this grace for the President that he will use his good and powerful offices to bring England to a sense of humanity and justice. The plea of the distinguished Catholic orator, William Bourke Cockran, urging such action by the President, finds a sympathetic echo wherever the plague of Anglo-Saxonism has not vitiated the virility of American public spirit.

many of our readers will co-
 with our apostolate for Catholic
 ire in Catholic homes by sending
 name of a friend to whom they
 make a year-long Christmas pres-
 way of a paid subscription to DO-
 NA? Such a gift would be a wor-
 minder of a delicate and refined
 hip blessed in Religion's name.

almost universal recognition of
 nas as a day of rejoicing in the
 States, suggests to the student of
 an history the happy change that
 ne from the dying out of New Eng-
 ongregationalism, with its former
 nism to the day of Christ's Na-

1 Thanksgiving Day was insti-
 t savored of an anti-Christian pro-
 p-ainst Christmas. That Catholics
 ot then accept such a celebration
 t a part of their loyalty to the
 . Now all this is changed. Cath-
 has so impressed itself on the
 mind and heart of the United
 that the homage paid to Christmas
 -even by the Jew—and the gradual
 iation of Thanksgiving Day solely
 estival of gratitude to Almighty
 ay well be taken as significant in-
 ns of the growing reign of Jesus
 our Divine Lord and Blessed Re-
 , and for this we praise and bless
 ly Name.

MAGAZINES.

ty-five years before Harvard Col-
 ras commenced in its original
 fashion, the Spanish authorities
 shed a University in Manila, with
 equipments then prevailing in
 At an earlier period they had ac-
 shed similar results in Lima, Peru,
 this latter case the royal grant
 ed on the new university the
 and privileges hitherto exclusively
 l by that ancient seat of higher
 learning, Salamanca.
 llustrating the energy of Spanish
 tion and the beneficent results of
 Christianity among the Filipinos,
 greatly pleased for the opportunity
 mending to our readers the Decem-

ber number of *The Philippine Review*, in
 which they will find some "telling" facts,
 culled from official documents. And the
 testimony of these facts should silence
 the clamor of ignorance and bigotry, if
 such clamor could be drowned.

The prominence which the leading
 magazines give to the feast of Christmas
 is a recognition significant, we trust, of
 deeper feelings than those merely poetic,
 artistic, literary. We should be happy
 to recognize in such treatment of the cele-
 bration of the Nativity of our Blessed
 Lord, religious sentiments, faith in His
 Divinity and homage to His Name.
 Whatever may be the motive of pub-
 lishers, writers and illustrators, we wel-
 come the tributes for the good that must
 result from their study.

The Critic for December presents Mil-
 ton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's
 Nativity," strikingly set and illustrated.

In conformity with the season *Harper's*
 Christmas number of the monthly maga-
 zine has donned its holiday attire and
 comes to its readers laden down with a
 host of good things, comprising a number
 of short stories, poems and serious arti-
 cles. The number opens with "The
 Heart's Key," a romance, by Maurice
 Hewlett, with illustrations in colors by
 Albert Sterner. Rev. D. J. H. Hubert's
 paper, "A Fifteenth Century Revival,"
 will repay perusal. It deals with a phase
 in the life of Fra Savonarola. An en-
 graving on wood of Savonarola accom-
 panies the article. The admirers of
 Robert L. Stevenson will welcome the
 "New Letters," presented with an intro-
 ductory comment by Horace Townsend.
 An illustrated short story, written in a
 humorous vein, is presented by Arthur
 Colton, entitled "The Flanigan and Im-
 perial in Rosalia."

Amid a great amount of good reading
 that is contained in the December issue of
The Atlantic Monthly we call special atten-
 tion to the short story by S. Carleton, en-
 titled "The Lame Priest." It is a some-
 what weird tale, but exquisitely told.

We also take pleasure in reproducing the following poem contributed by Annie Johnson Flint:

IN THE HEART OF MARY.

Mother of Sorrows, I—
But my Babe is on my breast;
He resteth quiet there
Who bringeth the weary rest;
He lieth calm and still
Who bringeth troubled peace,
Who openeth prison doors
And giveth the sad release;
For there reacheth Him yet no sound,
No echo of cry or moan.
To-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day Thou art all my own.

Mother of Sorrows, I—
But His head is on my breast.
I know that the morrow's come,
With dread and fear oppressed,
When He who feedeth the birds,
Who heareth the ravens' cry,
Who giveth the sparrows nests
And marks them when they die,
Shall wander, weary and sad,
With no place to lay His head;
But to-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day my heart's Thy bed.

Mother of Sorrows, I—
For I know in the days to come
He shall stand, a Paschal Lamb,
Before His shearers dumb;
Despised and rejected of men,
Acquainted with sorrow and grief,
Stricken, smitten of God,
And bruised for the world's relief;
With vision marred and worn,
He shall tread the wine-press alone;
But to-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day Thou art all my own.

Mother of Sorrows, I—
And the sword shall pierce my heart;
But to-day I hold Him close
From the cruel world apart.
It waits with smiting and gibes,
With scourging and hatred and scorn,
With hyssop and wormwood and gall,
The cross and the crown of thorn;
The nations shall watch Him die,
Lifted up on the tree;
But to-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day Thou art safe with me.

Another poem to which we direct the attention of our readers is entitled "The Guests of the Inn," written by Julia C. R. Dorr. Henry A. Beers presents an excellent review of the "Literature of the Civil War."

Lippincott's for December tells Christ-

mas stories of the Saints, and from its poetic contributions the following beautiful example by Zitella Cocke we select:

BETHLEHEM.

Outside the walls of Bethlehem-Town,
All in the white starlight,
A little lamb walked up and down,
And cried into the night.

No other lambkin of the fold
So flawless and so fair,
No other sound upon the wold
Fell on the midnight air.

And tenderly the shepherd said,
"For thee nor gold, nor price,
So pure thou art from foot to head,
Dear Lamb of Sacrifice!"

Inside the walls of Bethlehem-Town
A new-born Infant smiled,
And seraphs bright with song looked down
Upon the Holy Child.

Shepherds their Shepherd saw, amazed,
And bowed them to the floor,
Kings on a mightier Monarch gazed,
And gave Him costly store.

But she, whose silent pondering
In pathos prophetic trod,
Knew she had borne that Holy Thing
Which was the Lamb of God.

Complimenting the author, Jean Mohr, and the editor of *The Era*, we take from a recent issue of that worthy periodical:

THE COMING AND THE GOING.

I heard a mother croon to her child
A song as I wandered by,
A song that would sing the stars to sleep
In the cradle of the sky.
I saw an old man close his eyes
In restful sleep—God send
As sweet a rest for my weary frame
When I come to my journey's end.

And I thought of the years that lay between—
Of the darkness and the doubt;
But God is good—there is peace at the gate,
When a soul goes in or out.

The Century for December is full of good things. As a specimen we present Clinton Scollard's beautiful greeting, with its noble refrain, "to God alone be glory," entitled

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

From heaven a form behold;
 Gleaming
 Deeply brow with noon-bright gold;
Ut Deo Gloria!

Little cloud she stands,
 Her hands
 Num with scarlet bands;
Ut Deo Gloria!

She playeth without fault,
 From the vault
 She makes silvery assault—
Ut Deo Gloria!

Added with her soaring notes,
 Here floats
 From a myriad throats—
Ut Deo Gloria!

Is she of God's own choir,
 Her desire
 Her yet to chant, and higher—
Ut Deo Gloria!

Every year upon the morn,
 Christmas was born
 In the manger-bed forlorn—
Ut Deo Gloria!

Is to bid song's raptures run
 On to sun,
 To earth's low antiphon—
Ut Deo Gloria!

That our praise might swell and

In the skies,
 In the gates of paradise—
Ut Deo Gloria!

With more complete accord,
 O Lord—
 Our watch and ward—
Ut Deo Gloria!

December number of that eminent-
 rative periodical, *The Forum*, is,
 replete with articles of a substan-
 lasting nature. This issue opens
 fessor Rudolf Encken's article on
 atus of Religion in Germany." "
 per could with due propriety be
 The Rise and Progress of Religion
 any During the Nineteenth Cen-
 The writer traces with much
 s the history of the development
 ious thought in Germany, and
 hat "the last three decades of the
 th century witnessed a complete
 on in religious sentiment." Re-
 ill has many opponents, and there
 umber who maintain an attitude

of complete indifference towards religious
 matters. Yet, all things considered, the
 interest in religion is more marked, and
 the many problems involved are more fre-
 quently discussed. This religious influence
 is apparent in both the Catholic and Prot-
 estant Churches. It has tended to bring
 about a greater solidarity among the
 members of the respective denominations,
 and "the contrasts between them are at
 present far more accentuated than at the
 beginning of the nineteenth century." "
 There are many fine, quotable passages
 in this article, which is worthy of serious
 attention.

Expansion and the many difficult prob-
 lems involved suggests to Joseph Tobin
 the theme "The Empire of Islands."

For the further enlightenment of all
 who are either friends or foes of "Reci-
 procity" E. J. Gibson's paper on "Reci-
 procity and Foreign Trade" will be found
 of interest.

Many valuable suggestions relative to
 national legislation are contained in H. L.
 West's consideration of "The Present Ses-
 sion of Congress."

"The death rate among children con-
 fined in the British concentration camps
 in South Africa is 433 in every thousand.
 This means that during the months of
 June, July, August and September of last
 year 5,209 children died in these camps.
 Miss Emily Hobhouse, the young English
 woman who went to South Africa to nurse
 the sick and made these figures known,
 has been banished by order of Joseph
 Chamberlain. The annual death rate of
 children in London is 18 per thousand.
 Despite the efforts of the British authori-
 ties, the facts about the South African
 situation are becoming known, and the
 civilized world stands aghast at the accu-
 mulating horrors. And this great repub-
 lic, which has never before hesitated to
 express sympathy for all people strug-
 gling for their rights, must not interfere,
 although it may allow British agents to
 visit this republic and purchase munitions
 of war."

The foregoing we take from *The Com-
 moner*. Later statistics are not available,
 but there is no reason to suppose that
 they would show a lower death rate.
 Rather should we say that the slaughter
 of the innocents goes on, with increasing

horrors. Assuredly, their blood is crying to Heaven for vengeance. How long, O Lord, how long?

The December number of *The North American Review* contains a stirring article from the facile pen of Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," on "The Chinese and the Exclusion Act." To the Pacific Coast readers of the *Review* this particular contribution will be read with much surprise, especially at this time, when the question of the extension of the Exclusion Act is being so freely discussed. The article of the "Sage of the Heights" reads as though it were penned during moments when the author was laboring under a spell of suppressed mental excitement, and as a consequence contains many paragraphs embodying expressions to which exceptions might with justice be made. Here is a sample of his style of argument:

"The outcry against the Chinese began in San Francisco, and it began early, and it came from *sailors*, mostly, up from Australia and other colonies of England, penal and otherwise. These foreigners, ever ready with fist or tongue, wanted to be porters, cooks and dishwashers. They wanted their sisters and their cousins and their aunts to do chamberwork. The politicians and the saloon-keepers wanted the votes of these "citizens," born but the day before, and as the Chinaman is, as a rule, more nearly a Christian in patience and forbearance than any other foreign laborer, he soon gave the sidewalk to all, and, for better security, began to go apart with his own kind."

His readers will quickly guess to whom he refers when he speaks about the "sailors, etc.," from the English penal settlements of Australia.

He argues strongly in favor of the Chinese, striving to prove their gentleness of manners, their sobriety, their honesty, their cleanliness, and, to sum up all, their desirability as neighbors and fellow-citizens to act as "help" for the wives and babes of American citizens. Indeed, we will make an effort to bear with the poet from "The Heights" who has never aspired to anything but "*hard work*," and

who, in the accomplishment of this hard work, has *built miles of stone wall*, and who, in the prosecution of this task, has found out what a "a real laboring man is."

The other articles one will read with care and reflection, because they deal with subjects that are of national importance. Under the general title of "Some Questions for Congress" we find treated many of the subjects mentioned in the President's message. These are: "Prevention of Presidential Assassinations," by General Lew. Wallace; "The Need of National Legislation Against Anarchism" and "International Control of Anarchists," contributed by the Duke of Arcos. An exceedingly entertaining article on "The Opportunity of the Roosevelt Administration" is contributed by Marion Wilcox. The present number of the *Review* may be read from cover to over with decided profit and pleasure.

Save God bless the brave old Bishop of Rochester, we make no comment, for none is needed, on the following, for which we are indebted to *The Irish World*:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 9.—The Right Rev. B. McQuaid, Roman Catholic Bishop of Rochester, made a vigorous reply yesterday in a sermon preached in the Church of the Immaculate Conception to onslaughts made on the Roman Church and priests by Bishops Brent, Kinsolving, Doane and others in the Episcopalian Missionary Conference held here last week. Bishop Doane said that Episcopalian mission work in the so-called Philippines was akin to driving a burglar out of somebody else's house. Bishop Kinsolving said that Roman Catholic priests in Brazil generally were immoral men. Bishop Brent said there was much moral corruption in the Roman Catholic priesthood in the Philippines.

Bishop McQuaid asserted that the general morality of the friars will compare favorably with that of any body of ministers in the United States.

He maintained that the Filipinos were not uneducated, while they possessed a morality, when invaded by American missionaries, that he feared they would never possess again. He predicted that within two hundred years the Filipinos, like the American Indians, would be "civilized" off the face of the earth.

He cited Hawaii, where there were 300,000 natives when the missionaries arrived, and to-day about 30,000.

The Bishop said that dispossessing the friars was akin to the suppression of Catholic institutions and the confiscating of property in the time of Henry VIII.

He twitted non-Catholics on the fact that the Gospel is practically banished from their pulpits to give place to sensational politics. He referred to amicable relations existing between Catholics and non-Catholics in Rochester before "outsiders came here to stir up strife," and closed with this utterance:

"It strikes me as very singular that the American Government should propose to deny religious instruction in schools where there are from 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 natives, most of them Catholics, while they are paying \$20,000 a year to the Sultan of the Sulu Islands to maintain his many wives and allow him to have full liberty in teaching the Koran in his schools, and while they will not allow religion in any shape or form to be introduced into schools the children in which are Catholics. This is what I do not hesitate to denounce as national hypocrisy and libel upon American civilization."

From the same issue of *The Irish World* (December 14) we also take with due acknowledgments and compliments to the editor and to John Jerome Rooney, the author, a vigorous sonnet entitled:

MENE! MENE!

Thou hast been weighed, O England, in the scale

Wherein God weighs the greatest and the least:

Lo, as thou revell'd at thy Empire-feast

Heedless of widows' cries and orphans' walls,

God's writing came—His judgments do not fail—

God's writing came: thy boast of triumph ceased,

And, from the utmost West to the farthest East,

Freedom took heart and gave the morrow hail!

O Shameless! in thy pride of wealth and power

Didst think to 'scape the inevitable rod—

Didst dream to glean thy harvest yet again?

Know that to tyrants comes the appointed hour

When Justice strikes—when smites the unsleeping God

Guiding the vengeance of the sons of men!

MUSIC.

We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, the following songs: (1) To

THY CHAMBER WINDOW, by Homer A. Norris, for low voice in A flat (A flat-E flat.) The poem is the passionate sere-nade of Shelley's, "I Arise From Dreams of Thee." There is a certain breadth to this low, deep-voiced song which is attractive, lying as it does over a broad, dramatic accompaniment. The inter-ludes are especially pretty, and the harp-like arpeggios lend color. (2) DEARIE, by Homer A. Norris. For high voice in E flat (C-G.) The Scotch dialect, with its quaint pathos, has found expression in this clear ballad. The accompaniment is simple, mostly chord-wise. It carries a dedication to Mr. George Dwight. (3) SAY ONCE AGAIN THAT YOU LOVE ME, for medium voice in A flat (E to F or A flat), for low voice in F, by Jean Revo, a song in the parlor or popular vein, but with elements of grace and charm that mark it well. It has a smooth, flowing rhythm that gets into the hearers' hearts sympathetically. It ends in a pretty, glad-some waltz refrain that is of the taking and lingering sort. The melodiously 'cello-like accompaniment is a beautiful foil to the vocal part, each throwing out the good points of the other and yet acting individually. (4) CHILDHOOD, Op. 37, No. 1, by Carl A. Preyer, for high voice (C-G or A.) A short, pleasing song, with thoughtful, dreamy text. The following piano selections were also sent: (5) THROUGH THE MEADOWS, Grade II. (a pastoral idyl), by Manuel Klein, affords splendid study for the progressive student. Light, airy, in places decisive and brilliant. The opening period is in rondo form, in a bright staccato and single-tone melody. The final appearance of the joyous little theme is more elaborate. There is much rhythmic and harmonic variety throughout the piece, which, if properly expressed, presents a brilliant tone picture. (6) Three compositions, Op. 21, Grade III, by Joseph A. Hills. No. 1, PENSEE MUSICALE, a sweet, ingenious composition. The principal theme is constantly recurring and being answered in a charming manner by the left hand. It is a worthy teaching piece. No. 2, INTER-MEZZO, containing a certain independent treatment of the hands, which forms good material for the student. The

melody is weird and principally in the minor vein. No. 3, DANSE ITALIENNE, a lively tarantelle, typified by strong accents and an evenly moving, rapid, lightly accompanied melody. The rhythm is strongly marked. There is an interesting trio, in which the left hand carries the theme in dialogue form with the right hand part. It is brilliant and effective for recital or encore and valuable to the teacher in the cultivation of style. (7) Four character sketches in F, Op. 1, Grade III (all easy), are distinctly pieces which represent a definite suggestion. They carry out the leading thought of the title in each individual case. No. 1, ON THE DECK, savors of the "sea flavor." A simple melody, with a rhythm full of character; well fingered. A sailor's hornpipe is introduced, standing as a trio between the part in F and the da capo. No. 2, ON THE HEATHER, a good teaching piece, graceful and entertaining. Decidedly Scotch in quaintness of expression and rhythm. No. 3, MID THE SHAMROCK, a jolly melody, with characteristic and rapidly moving motives, its emphatic accents and tenuto points. Finely fingered; demands lightness, grace and expression. No. 4, IN THE COTTON, a representation of the dance tune and of the part song of the South. The piece bears out the suggestion of the title admirably. The performer must bring out the abandon of the dance and the expressive retard of the song. Good practice for both hands. The finale in D moll brings a crisp, brittle octave rotation on the dominant, with a final jump to the tonic, whence it proceeds into the F major as a da capo.

Through the W. W. Whitney Company, Toledo, Ohio, we have received MARJORIE, a pleasing waltz ballad, and MY PRETTY CASHIER GIRL, a bright, popular song of the day, both by E. C. Kammermeyer.

From William A. Pond & Co., New York, have come the following vocal selections: COME TO ME, MY LOVE (baritone or mezzo-soprano), by Jas. W. Seeley, a pleasing melody, but rather monotonous accompaniment; THE LORD IS MY LIGHT (alto in F, soprano in B flat), by John B. Marsh. The noble text is

taken from Psalm xxvi. The melody religious and solemn. THE KING'S J (in D), by C. Harding Tebbs. A pleasant encore song, with merry, saucy and a most peculiar swing to the melody. LOVE'S QUESTION, for medium voice, Leopold. A quiet, meditative song, assisted by a pleasingly changeful accompaniment. Not difficult. MY JEST THOU WILT, by George Chadwick; Soprano in E (F-G), mezzo-soprano (D-E), contralto in B flat (C-F), a pathetic sacred song of good worship.

Percy Ashdown of New York has us three pieces for the pianoforte, III, by I. M. Mayer: No. 1, A PA MOMENT. The melody is mainly expressed in thirds and sixths. The left hand consists entirely of arpeggios of tenth scales. An excellent teaching piece. No. 2, AT THE OLD MILL, a fine, interesting study, containing a pleasing melody affords good study for contrast between the legato and staccato touches. No. LINDA CUBANITA, a pretty little dance, full of piquant surprises dressed in dainty rhythm. The numbers received are: SLUMBER, SILENTLY DREAM, with violin obbligato, by Mayer. A sweetly soothing lullaby, a pretty refrain. SING PRAISES, a quartet or chorus; bright, strong and convincing. The accompaniment abounds in true like octaves and massive chords. The whole composition is brilliant and in a strong vein. THE PILGRIM'S SONG OF BAPTISTE's celebrated andante in C, arranged for violin and piano by J. C. Ley. Easy and pleasing.

BOOKS.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, we have received a volume on BEYOND THE BLACK OCEAN, by the Reverend T. McGrady, of Bellevue, Ky.

The author of this novel has evidently selected this means to convey to the reading public a general summing up of his personal studies on the much-mooted question of Socialism.

The book tends to impress one that it was carefully prepared, and the narrative is presented in an easy, flowing style.

The scene of the story is placed in a country situated beyond the Black Ocean, as the name indicates. It is called the Toadian Republic, which consists of North, South and Central Toadia. This country had been, after a lapse of a number of years, formed into a strong and progressive republic. It is in this republic that the principal character in the narration, Isaac Gilhooley, makes a strenuous effort to disseminate the principles of Socialism, which he gathered from his studies while yet a student of the law. The colony wherein he dwelt appears to have been made up of Irish and Jewish families that had settled there many years previously to the opening of the story. Isaac Gilhooley was the son of Moses Gilhooley and Louise Rosenthal. The father having perished in a shipwreck, the boy was carefully raised by his mother, with the assistance of his grandmother. He was given every opportunity to secure a good education, and he seems to have profited thereby. The principal arguments are presented in a series of letters printed in the local paper, "The Flaming Sword." These in turn called for answers, and in this way what would otherwise prove a dull book is somewhat enlivened.

There are some interesting chapters in the book. For any one seeking information on the special subject of Socialism and Single Tax this volume will prove instructive. It is ordinarily well printed, but the red cover and black title give it a somewhat bleak appearance.

THE NEW CURATIVE TREATMENT OF DISEASE is elaborately presented in two volumes of more than 700 pages each, by M. Platen, lecturer on, and practitioner of, the new curative treatment.

The work was introduced to the public of Germany about four years ago. No less than one hundred and thirty thousand copies in the original tongue have been sold.

The author proposes a treatment independent of drugs and surgical operations. Based upon the principle "that man is a part of nature, intimately dependent upon the great universe about him, and, therefore, he is as much subject to nature's

laws as any other organic being on earth."

According to this principle M. Platen uses in his curative treatment of disease the health factors offered by nature—"air, light, sun, temperature, water, exercise, rest, hygienic gymnastics, magnetism, electricity and diet."

With M. Platen's handbook of hygienic rules each man becomes his own physician; the domination of drugs ceases, and health, when lost, may be found. The members of the medical profession whose income is derived principally from a percentage on drugs, have manifested hostility to the methods employed by M. Platen. A perusal of these two volumes will convince the reader of the sacredness of life, and the value of health.

Thou calls that the greatest joy on earth
To be in health.

I tell thee no!

The greatest is—thy health again to find.

These two volumes are published by Alexander Dunckner (H. Von Carnap). New York. The text is elucidated by four hundred and thirty-two engravings. A portrait of the author, seventeen colored plates, and eight super-imposed anatomical plates in life-like coloring. The simple style in which this work is written enhances its value as a household guide for the preservation of health or for the recovery of the lost treasure.

Dana Estes & Co., Boston, have issued in elegant form and at very moderate cost A YEAR BOOK OF FAMOUS LYRICS, edited by Frederick Lawrence Knowles, and illustrated by sixteen fine portraits of as many of the chief singers in our English tongue. That American poets are not more generously represented in this collection of almost four hundred pages is by no fault of the editor. Opinion as to choice and selection in such matters as anthologies is seldom unanimous. Commendation, therefore, does not imply complete agreement, but we feel that editor and publisher deserve compliments, and we wish them success.

As a happy and timely illustration of the contents of this volume, we quote a

few stanzas by the seventeenth century Catholic poet, Richard Crashaw:

AT BETHLEHEM.

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight
Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night;
Come, lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the Sun that lies too long.

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay;
The Babe look'd up and showed His face;
In spite of darkness it was day:—
It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young Dawn of our eternal Day;
We saw Thine eyes break from their
East,
And chase the trembling shades away:
We saw Thee (and we blest the sight)—
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in Winter! Day in Night!
Heaven in Earth! And God in Man!
Great Little One, whose all-embracing
birth,
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to
Earth.

THE LIFE OF SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE, THE MOST CHRISTIAN KING, by Frederick Perry, M. A., is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This well-written biography of that saintly character, King Louis IX., is one of a series which has been edited under the general title *Heroes of the Nations*. An explanatory note states that "it is a series of biographical studies of the lives and work of certain representative historical characters, about whom have gathered the great traditions of the nations to which they belonged, and who have been accepted, in many instances, as types of the several national ideals." The name of Saint Louis is very justly included in such a galaxy of notables. He is one who, by his deeds of renown and by the lustre of his sanctity, has won the right to an honored place in the world's great Temple of Fame. Occupying as he did so important a sphere in the religious and political history of France, his biography is largely a recital of those epoch-making events which characterized the thirteenth century. In the

chapters treating of the Crusades the author manifests a Christian appreciation of those religious expeditions against the encroachments of the Mussulmans, and of the self-sacrificing devotion of St. Louis—the champion of Christendom in the great struggle between the Cross and the Crescent.

The work of the publishers is well done. The details of beauty and the requirements of durability have been attended to in such a manner as to gladden the heart of every book-lover.

We have received from Sands & Co., London, through B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., a novel entitled *THE MARRIAGE OF LAURENTIA*, by Marie Haultmont. While not remarkable in plot or narrative, this book will serve a good purpose in warning young Catholics of the danger of mixed marriages, even under most favorable circumstances.

The book is well printed and strongly bound in buckram, decorated in green and gold.

We have received from the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, the fourteenth volume of "*The World's Epoch-Makers*," or *LIFE OF FRA SAVONAROLA*, the famous Dominican, written by Rev. George McHardy, D. D., and edited by Oliphant Smeaton.

The general plan of the work is best indicated by these words in the writer's preface: "In this volume an attempt is made to describe the figure which the great Dominican presented in his day and the work he strove to accomplish, as well as to indicate the place in history which may reasonably be claimed for him; and in performing this task my endeavor has been to introduce such touches of local coloring as may aid the reader in realizing the scenes depicted."

The story of the life of the great Florentine is told in a graphic and pleasing style and will, no doubt, be acceptable to many readers. In the closing chapter of his volume Dr. McHardy gives a review of the life of his subject and notes what he considers as the causes that led up to Savonarola's tragic end. In closing he

says: "The place he filled in the life of his generation, the breath of fresh vitality he introduced into human thought and the invigorating impetus he gave to the most human aspirations; his progressive spirit and higher conception of well-being to which he struggled unswervingly to lead society forward—all these entitle Fra Girolamo Savonarola to be ranked among the world's epoch-making men." The book is neatly and substantially bound.

Hall Caine's story, the *ETERNAL CITY*, published by Appleton & Co., New York, has produced but a temporary interest in the minds of the reading public. Curiosity as to what the author would say upon vital questions has been followed by indifference at his long-drawn manner of saying it.

David Rossi, the Utopian hero, spends so much of his time in England and America perfecting his plans for the regeneration of the world by beginning at the center—Rome—that one must needs be disappointed when he allows himself to be lured from his active work by the personal attractions of the enchantress, Roma. His love dream as well as his socialistic scheme assume the proportions of a tragedy, in which the Pope, the Prime Minister and many eminent personages of Italy become involved.

"Plus the Tenth"—however, extricates all parties from their difficulties, social, legal and spiritual. The reader infers that the paternal tenderness of the Pope prompted the measures that were taken to save Rossi—and that they would not have been exercised in any other case.

"Plus the Tenth" is not a strong character—he has not the infallible stamp of the Papacy—he is essentially the creature of the author's brain.

The question of Christian democracy is one of fact—not of fiction. The spiritual influence of the Church, so widespread at the present day, is the only solace for the rich and the poor.

Mr. Caine fully realizes this great truth and endeavors to give faithful expression to his views as a conscientious observer

of the Church's beneficial effect upon mankind—even in a human sense.

THE SUPREME SURRENDER, by A. Maurice Low, is the eighth of the American Novel Series, published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The story purports to depict some of the social and political phases of life at Washington.

The principal characters are anything but faithful representatives of decorous standards. The heroine's "views on marriage" are the expressions of "supreme" folly. In his fictional vagaries Mr. Low should look up some high ideals and endeavor to realize them.

FOR LOVE OR CROWN, by Arthur W. Marchmont, is a most attractive romance based upon political intrigue in royal circles. The heroine, the daughter of a grand duke of a small Saxon principality, is brought up in secrecy in England, in order to protect her from the faction that would oppose her accession to the throne in case of the death of her imbecile brother.

During this period of seclusion she falls in love with and becomes engaged to a young Englishman, who shortly afterwards becomes possessed of the facts relating to her royal birth, of which the girl herself has been kept in ignorance. In this desperate dilemma the lover resolves to protect her from intrigue at any cost.

The charming steadfastness of the young lady throughout all difficulties leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader as to which has precedence in her heart—LOVE OR CROWN. The story is animated and entertaining throughout.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, have printed the book in excellent style. D. Murray Smith has graphically illustrated a number of stirring scenes.

MAGGIE McLANEHAN, by Gullelma Zollinger, is an instructive story for girls. The fifteen-year-old heroine is an orphan. She accomplishes much good in a common sense, every-day fashion. Maggie is a model for those that await extraordin-

ary occasions of doing good and neglect the many opportunities of ordinary kindness within their reach.

The story abounds in serio-comic situations.

McClurg & Co., Chicago, are the publishers. The book is attractively printed and illustrated.

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by Gilbert Parker, published by Harper & Brothers, is a heavy novel of "complexed significations."

"Beauty Steele," the "brilliant and gifted" hero, is one of that type of moral equivocators who arrogate to themselves all honor of creditable actions, but ascribe to their "protoplasmal ancestors" the transmission of the prodigious irregularities that dominate their conduct.

"Beauty Steele" never inherited a conscience, and he certainly failed to acquire one. He adjusts his "interrogative" monocle, and endeavors to focus his psychic essence, which hovers somewhere in alcoholic regions.

Just as he is about to get a glimpse of his rectified spirit, the "monocle" falls, "Beauty" fumbles and fumbles for it, and the spirit vanishes.

To the spirituous element in "Beauty" Steele's nature the author attributes the revolting inconsistencies in his character. His reckless violation of all rules of right reason invites the crisis in his career, and gives to his unsympathetic wife "the right of way."

By a burst of alcoholic eloquence in the first chapter Charley—or "Beauty"—Steele persuades a jury to render a verdict of "Not guilty" in a case of murder, although the lawyer is convinced of his client's guilt. Later on, alcohol incites "Beauty" to attempt to murder the man his eloquence has cleared.

Again, virtuously refraining from intruding upon his wife, who has married another man—upon the supposition that "Beauty" was dead—this anomalous creature seduces from rectitude an infatuated maiden who trusts in him.

Fatally wounded by the bullet of his robber brother-in-law, Charley, Steele reckons "swiftly with his fate." To the urgent entreaties of the Cure to make his

peace with God, he, with his characteristic love of parade, replied: "Tell them so." And as the assembled villagers listen to the Cure's announcement of Beauty's repentance he becomes unconscious.

In his final lucid moments he fumbles and fumbles for his "monocle," and thus interrogates the phantom, death: "I beg—your—pardon! Have I—ever—been introduced—to you?"

It is impossible to conjecture the author's motive in presenting so artificial a character. In no single instance does Charley Steele command the sympathetic interest of the reader.

JUVENILE ROUND TABLE is a unique collection of Catholic stories for young people, published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Twenty representative writers have contributed to this intellectual feast. The Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J., and Maurice Francis Egan appear in the midst of a bevy of well-known authors of the fair sex.

The book contains twenty-four beautiful full-page illustrations. It is attractively printed and bound.

Parents will find it an appropriate and entertaining holiday gift for the boys and girls.

THE USURPER, by W. J. Locke, is published in excellent style by John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York.

The hero, Jasper Vellacott, a philanthropist and public benefactor, is introduced to us at the opening of a new General Hospital which his munificence had provided for North Ham—, a suburb of London.

Upon this occasion Vellacott meets Lady Alicia Harden, with whom he falls in love.

The insuperable obstacle to their union—in Jasper's mind—is the fraudulent manner he obtained and retained his great wealth. His colossal fortune becomes a source of agony, since it debars him from social enjoyment and peace of conscience.

The plot is slowly developed, and the Usurper suffers untold tortures of mind before his secret becomes public property.

The disgrace that follows, the fidelity of Lady Alicia and the denouement that brings joy to all are forcibly worked out by the author.

We have carefully read *TURQUOISE AND IRON* and *THE LION AT THE WELL*, two volumes of verse, by Lionel Josaphare, and we must candidly state that, while they are admirable for a certain smartness of expression, they display such unlicensed independence of the known laws of verse, rhythm and rhetoric and such a mediocre flight or order of sentiment, that with all their intensity and power we can not admire them. We feel sure that the gifted young author will soon find that such work is a mistake. He can do better. Receiving proofs of our belief, we shall as gladly commend as we now sincerely censure.

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, the publisher, has brought out these books according to his usual excellent style.

LATER POEMS, by Alice Meynell, is a pretty bouquet of tiny poems on a score of interesting subjects. Though generally correct, tuneful and elevating, some of these compositions offend against metrical laws. We cull, however, with pleasure, and as a sample of the author's real poetic genius, the following charming piece, entitled:

UNTO US A CHILD IS GIVEN.

Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn—once sent—
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the welcome little Son.

New every year
New-born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.

Even as the cold,
Keen winter grows not old;
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
And spring in the familiar green;

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet.
All joy is young and new all art,
And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

John Lane, the Bodley Head, London and New York, is the publisher—a name

representative of superior workmanship and skill.

In its pretty cover of purple and white flecked with violets, Grace Hibbard's *CALIFORNIA VIOLETS* comes to us from A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. Modestly entitled "a book of verse," this dainty volume is redolent of its sweet flower name and of genuine poesy. A gentle soul to whom sorrow's blessing has come, attuning her songs to harmonies tender and reverent, Grace Hibbard is a favored child of the Muses, and in her work *Californians* should have a special pride and pleasure. From a bouquet of so varied excellence as is this lovely bunch of *CALIFORNIA VIOLETS* it were difficult to choose a flower and say its fragrance is the richest. We shall, however, because it is a seasonable thought, quote her touching reflections on

CHRISTMAS EVE.

No stocking dangles near the glowing grate to-night,
The story of the Holy Child I have not told.
I have not bade good-night, or kissed a little face
Nor twined around my fingers curls of shining gold.

But I have wreathed green leaves and berries red about
The pictured face of one I love the best of all—
A boyish, loving, happy face that now is but—
To other eyes—a painted shadow on the wall.

Complimenting poetic author and artistic publisher, cordially we announce *CALIFORNIA VIOLETS*.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, have published a beautiful piece of work, literary and artistic, in their *IMPRESSIONS CALENDAR* for 1902, and in the interest of things lovely and serviceable we gladly tell our friends.

With pleasure we recommend as a very helpful addition to the family library, to be read by the old and the young *TILL THE DOCTOR COMES*, an excellent *manual* compiled many years ago by Dr. G.

Hope, and now revised and in large measure re-written by Dr. Mary Mitchell Kydd. This interesting little volume may be profitably studied by all who desire to have a practical understanding of simple preventives, remedies and aids in cases of illness or accident.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, the publishers, have brought out this book in style becoming and at a moderate cost.

That Albert G. Robinson wrote *THE PHILIPPINES: THE WAR AND THE PEOPLE*, with upright intentions and according to his lights, after a prolonged stay in those islands, we do not doubt. In a substantial volume of more than four hundred pages, which McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, have brought out, Mr. Robinson embodies the letters sent by him as special correspondent from the Philippines to *The Evening Post*, New York, a journal of rare excellence. His treatment of the questions and issues involved is characterized by the usual correspondent method. To a great extent dependent on others for information, Mr. Robinson reflects and repeats opinions and makes his own the observations and comments of others. He is not, however, without his own view point, and in a reasonable and manly fashion he admits that his work may and should be regarded as a pro-Filipino plea.

We trust, therefore, that our author will have many readers, and while we feel that he has not a thorough grasp of the religious question in the Philippines, his sentiments are not unfair, and, furthermore, they are not likely to have any weight in determining a grave issue that will be settled, in some manner, by powers higher than that of the press.

John Lane, London and New York, has sent to us the *BORROWE LIBRARY*, in four parts, and Father Taunton's *THOMAS WOLSEY*, a sumptuous volume, the fuller consideration of which we reserve for another number.

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN, OR THE MAKING OF THE BODY, is a handsomely illustrated volume, published by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.

Vesta J. Farnsworth, in simple conversations between mother and children, instructs parents and children how to care for their body—the living “temple of the Holy Ghost.”

By the familiar analogy of a dwelling, mother describes the human body, its frame, its walls, cupola and interior arrangements. From these talks much information is elicited by the children concerning what is best for food, for fuel, etc. They also learn to regard as dangerous thieves and murderers all those things that would rob them of strength and ultimately deprive them of life; among these enemies are tobacco, alcohol and narcotics.

The author has taken a comprehensive view and admirably illustrated a subject peculiarly calculated to impress the young mind with reverence, or the opposite, in proportion to the judicious or injudicious home influences. To the mother belongs the responsibility of caring for the earthly house of this habitation, so that when it is dissolved “we may have a building of God, eternal in Heaven.”

A *SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE*, by Richard Moulton, comes to us from D. C. Heath & Co., New York and Boston. After the perusal of this book we feel that the best advice we can give to the author is to “let the Bible alone.” To treat the Sacred Scriptures merely from the view-point of literature should not be without its good results for the aspirant to literary merit. It is not only the best literature; but transcends the highest efforts of all literary expression the world ever knew or can ever attain. But the author should have kept to his own ground; he should not have wandered and “floundered” over the fields of Sacred History and Divine Revelation contained in the Bible by his novel and preposterous interpretation of the Sacred Books. If the volume under review be not a direct attack on the divinity of the Bible, it adds its quota to the already sufficiently prevalent unbelief and indifference regarding the written word of God.

In looking over the list of poets of the present age we find a number of young writers whose verse has attracted attention which workers of more mature minds would be proud to claim. Not the least of these is Mr. Charles Keeler, who has given us a good book in *IDYLS OF EFL DORADO*.

Mr. Keeler is a poet whose lines breathe the spirit of religion and truth; whose sweet song will reach the soul of those who love nature. The quality of his work may be gathered from the following extracts taken at random from his volume:

TO A REDWOOD TREE.

Praise be to thee,
O time-wrought monarch!
Praise be to thee,
O sky-supporting pillar!
The stars that shine above thee,
The earth that dreams below thee,
The mountains that have borne thee,
All loud proclaim thy glory,
All chant to thee their choral.
O tree of trees,
O monarch of the grove,
The mountains sound thy praises,
The birds declare thy glory,
The brooks proclaim thy wonder,—
And all night long the sweet springs sing
To thee their liquid lays,
And all the night they sob beneath
Thy broad, protecting arms.

We quote only a single line from *The Night Fog*, but it is full of beauty:

Freight of tears to flowers bringing.

He speaks of the, running waters, the birds, the flowers, the trees and the mountains with a love akin to religious fervor.

Listen to the following lines taken from *New Year's Eve*, at the opening of the new century:

Bethink thee, brothers, how the ages run,
Bethink thee how the dizzy cycles roll,
As each new year sweeps round the radiant sun,
And Fate holds up on high her flaming scroll!
Shall Fate's stern finger point in silent scorn
When in the scales the centuries are weighed?
Shall you and I be judged that awful morn,
And shall we hear our summons unafraid?
* * * *

Of old stood Babylon beside the stream,
And Athens reared her pillared temples fair,
But lo! they vanished like a summer dream;—
O living age, forget not and beware!

As we read further on in this same composition, we find the following strong appeal to Heaven:

O Judge of judges, may thy will prevail!
And if the law of progress be fulfilled,
O never may its march of triumph fail
To listen to Thy Counsel, love enthralled!
May Christ in countless men be borne
this year
To do their Father's bidding near and far!
New cycles call us forward without fear,
While o'er us shines in heaven love's
guiding star.

The book is daintily and attractively printed, and is a production very creditable to A. M. Robertson, the publisher, of San Francisco.

GEOMETRIC EXERCISES IN PAPER FOLDING, by T. Sundara Row, has been revised and edited by Wooster Woodruff Beman, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Michigan, and David Eugene Smith, Professor of Mathematics in Teachers' College of Columbia University. In his introduction the author says:

"I have not attempted to write a complete treatise or text-book on geometry, but to show how regular polygons, circles and curves may be folded or pricked on paper and to show how algebra and trigonometry may be advantageously applied to geometry, so as to elucidate each of the subjects which are usually kept separate in pigeonholes."

In paper-folding several important geometric processes can be effected much more easily than with a pair of compasses and a ruler.

In the first nine chapters minute directions are given for folding the squares of paper to illustrate the regular polygons treated in the first four books of Euclid.

The remaining four chapters deal with arithmetic, geometric and harmonic progressions, polygons, general principles, conic sections and miscellaneous curves.

This novel method of teaching geometry

will recommend itself to progressive teachers.

Half-tone reproductions of the original foldings illustrating geometrical figures are valuable additions.

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, have produced the book in excellent style—uniform with former works of the same series.

A generous supply of squares of colored paper accompany the book. This realistic method of work will effect results immediately practical to the pupil, particularly when he lacks the capacity to appreciate imaginary quantities.

From the Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, comes to our desk a goodly collection of publications, cheap in price (from two cents to twenty-five), but excellent in quality: *Mother M. Loyola's FIRST CONFESSION BOOK FOR THE LITTLE ONES* and *SIMPLE CONFESSION BOOK*; *RELIGION, A DIVINE INSTITUTION*; *THE LIBERTY OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD*; *S. FRANCIS AND YOU*; *THE TEMPERAMENT OF DOUBT*; *THE MONASTIC STATE*; *THE PROTESTANT RULE OF FAITH AN IMPOSSIBLE ONE*; *CATHOLIC PROGRESS UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA*; *GREGORIAN MASS FOR SOLEMN FEASTS*; *CHURCH HISTORY AND THE CRITICAL SPIRIT*; *THE SECRET INSTRUCTIONS OF THE JESUITS*; *A HUNDRED READINGS INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR THE SICK*; another volume of *Mother Loyola, entitled FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, OR TALKS BEFORE CONFESSION*, a very worthy book for children; and interesting sketches of Bishop Talbot, S. Charles Borromeo and Alfred the Great, S. Antony of Padua, S. Simon Stock and Father Mastrilli, a martyr of Japan, written by a Japanese, all of which we are pleased to commend.

HISTORIA DE LA LITERATURA, por G. Junemann, is published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

In two books the author gives a concise history of ancient and modern literature in the Spanish tongue. Book One contains observations on the Sacred Scriptures, Oriental literature and on the Greek and Latin classics, with short bio-

graphical sketches of famous authors.

Book Second is divided into seven sections and is devoted to the consideration of the modern literature of Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, England and the North Country.

To its many good points in the matter of style and arrangement may be added the introduction of many Catholic writers of note who are usually excluded from histories of general literature, such as Lacordaire, Fenelon, Bossuet and others, typical of oratorical eloquence.

This valuable addition to Spanish publications is embellished throughout by illustrations, of authors mentioned, after the best masters.

THE PLACE OF DREAMS, illustrated by four remarkable stories: "The House of Shadows," "Lost Artie," "The Mystery of Drerewater" and "S. Anthony's Flask," by the Rev. William Barry, D. D., is published by Sands & Co., London, whose American agent is B. Herder, St. Louis.

In his preface the reverend author says: "When I endeavor to put you on your guard against meddling with the thing called 'Spiritualism,' I am serious, and I hope you will let me preach to listening ears. In the 'place of dreams'—a debatable land of mist and sunshine, where some other world looms up fitfully with attractions of its own, there is room for deceit, for juggling, for evil influences. Learn so much of S. Teresa, who had often explored its boundaries. To what a height the evil may rise, and what stern self-control is asked of imaginative temperaments, though under vow nor in purpose altogether selfish, I have attempted to sketch in the trial, lapse and repentance of the unhappy Julian. The depth of my coloring must be measured by the greatness of the danger; and therein, I believe, will be found its justification."

In his scholarly style the reverend author exemplifies the supernatural law and lucidly shows the evils of the curiosity which hankers after preternatural phenomena.

Father Matthew Russell has given to the public a biography of his saintly sister, Mother Mary Baptist Russell, the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy in California. It was at the suggestion of Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, that the present volume was begun, but his noble life came to a close before the book was completed. Though but a brief sketch of this heroic woman, the present life is one that will be received with delight by all Catholics, but especially by the Catholics of San Francisco, in which place she labored for nearly half a century. Sister Mary Baptist was but twenty-five years of age when she bade farewell to her Convent home in Kinsale, and embarked with a small number of volunteers for the missions in California. It would take volumes to relate the deeds of charity and sympathy for the poor and the wretched which filled the heart of this noble woman during the forty odd years she spent on this coast. "God alone knows how many souls have been and will be influenced by the gentle ministry of Sister Mary Baptist." "A life and character like hers," says her biographer, "might well convert an atheist from his hideous creed to a belief in goodness and Heaven and God."

Many entertaining illustrations enhance the value of the volume, which is brought out by the Apostleship of Prayer, New York.


Benziger Brothers, New York, have brought out an American edition of the English publication—THE DOMINICAN TERTIARY'S DAILY MANUAL, by Father John Procter, O. P. To all our Tertiaries we commend this well-arranged and neatly printed volume as a desirable hand book.

The revival of medieval ascetic literature has lately met with much encouragement from the sincere and truth-seeking multitudes of pious Christians; and although it has, to a certain extent, been modernized, yet the high and noble thoughts, the evident supernatural guidance and the unselfish motives animating the writers cannot long remain hidden to

the spiritual treasurer-seeker, though they be clothed in a new garb. A new edition of the SCALE (OR LADDER) OF PERFECTION, by Walter Hilton, Canon of Thurgarten, Nottinghamshire (thirteenth century), has reached us, published by the Art and Book Company, London. The book opens with an essay on "The Spiritual Life of Medieval England, by the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, priest of the Oratory. From this essay we obtain a closer glimpse of the touching, simple and sincere faith reigning in the hearts of the faithful at the time when the SCALE OF PERFECTION made its first appearance. Considering that the realms of literature were as yet but open to a few, and that the majority of Christians depended upon oral instruction for their spiritual guidance, the ardor displayed by them contrasts sadly with the marked indifference of our own day in spiritual things, and this in proportion to the increasing facilities for education and enlightenment.

This work of Walter Hilton is divided into two books. The first treats of the contemplative state, the means employed therein, such as prayer, meditation, etc.; secondly, it enumerates the enemies against whom man must struggle in order to make progress and prevent relapse in his spiritual life. The second book is divided into three parts, and considers man as the image of God, and the conformity necessary on his part in order to be "restored" and "reformed" to a state of perfect likeness whenever he has suffered this image to be distorted by mortal sin. To this treatise is also added a chapter, written to a devout soul, pointing out how to succeed in scaling the ladder leading to the most simple, pure and perfect being, God Himself. For retreats and private meditation we are confident that this book will fulfil its mission, namely, to promote devotion and to establish a more intimate union between creatures and their Creator.

The book is printed in large, clear type; the binding is substantial and tasteful. Benziger Brothers, New York, are the publishers.



THREE DIALOGUES BETWEEN HYLOS AND PHILONONS is another brochure dealing with philosophy and ethics, issued by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. The general design of these conversations is to demonstrate in an easy and fanciful style the reality and perfection of human knowledge, the incorporeal nature of the soul and the immediate providence of a deity, in opposition to skeptics and atheists.

To quote Professor Fraser: "For clearness of thought and language, the occasional coloring of fancy and the glow of practical human sympathy and earnestness that pervades the subtle reasonings by which the fallacies of metaphysics are inexorably pursued through these discussions, place the Dialogues almost alone in the modern metaphysical library."

The Dialogues were first published in London in 1713. They were written in Ireland, which fact causes the Professor to observe that "our surprise and admiration are increased when we recollect that this charming production of reason and imagination came from Ireland, at a time when that country was scarcely known in the world of letters and philosophy."

THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE, by George Berkeley, is a reprint of a work which originally appeared in 1710. That it should have been reprinted is no doubt due to the present popularity of the Christian science fad for which Berkeley's system is the parent. According to the system of Berkeley, material objects have no objective existence, but only a subjective one; that is, that they exist only inasmuch as they are perceived. The editor in the preface endeavors to explain this away as being a misconception of the sense of the author.

Berkeley's own words, however, are clear enough and admit of no ambiguous interpretation. He says, on page 31: "It is indeed an opinion strangely prevailing among men that houses, mountains, rivers and, in a word, all sensible objects, have an existence, natural or real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding."

In the face of this positive declaration, the editor says: "When Berkeley denied the existence of matter, he simply denied the existence of that unknown substratum the nature of which is hidden from us. Even granting that the latter be the author's true sense, while a shade less absurd than the former, still, in the light of modern scientific investigation, it is by no means tenable."

"To say that the only existence that matter has is that of its sensible qualities, then it would follow that when any quality is taken away, as, for example, that of scent by deodorization, that matter has to some extent been annihilated; or that when, by chemical change, an entirely new set of qualities has been produced, a new substance has been created. Even the defenders of this system must admit that annihilation and creation are proper to God alone." The book is printed in good form by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

THE ORIGINAL GIRL, by Christine Faber, is published by P. J. Kennedy, New York.

We are introduced to the heroine of the story, Rachel Minturn, when she is but a precocious child of "ten years one month and seventeen days by six o'clock to-night." She is the ward of an eccentric, exclusive maiden lady in the little town of Bentonville. The mysterious circumstances attending the advent of the child and the failure of the proud guardian to explain matters, give rise to malicious gossip among the town people.

Five years of uncharitable treatment and social ostracism but serve to develop the originality of Rachel—in the sense of making her a most determined and self-reliant young woman as well as a ministering angel to her grim guardian.

As the story closes the clouds of mystery roll away and the "Original Girl" is sweetly comforted by the loyal love of her ideal hero.

The illustrations—eight in number—the printing and binding evince artistic workmanship.

THE BEARS OF BLUE RIVER, by Charles Major, is an exciting narrative of the ad-

ventures of Balser Brent, a lad who had learned the use of the gun when he was scarcely fourteen years of age. Balser was a native of Indiana and lived in the days of the early pioneer.

The bear, catamount and many other native inhabitants of the forest naturally resented the intrusion of the alien white. Many hand to hand fights consequently followed, in which Bruin was generally worsted. Encounters of this nature are always subjects of interest to adventurous youth. The present story is of the irresistible kind. Much regret will be excited in the mind of the boy of to-day by the absence of such opportunities, and he must needs console himself by an occasional glimpse of old Bruin in an up-to-date zoo; he must content himself with the less dangerous sport of popping off the head of some timid rural rabbit.

Thirty-six full-page engravings, the joint illustrative work of A. B. Frost and Mrs. Mary Baker-Baker, vividly portray the skillful maneuvers of the boy hero with his formidable antagonist—the bear.

Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, have printed the book in excellent style.

In our October number an error found place which we desire to correct. JEANNE D'ARC, by Agnes Sadler, is a product of the publishing house of John Murphy Company, Baltimore, and not of a New York establishment. We avail of this occasion to recommend, again, this meritorious work.

In bringing out an abridged, but substantially complete edition of POOLE'S INDEX OF MAGAZINE LITERATURE (1815-1819) and in selling this valuable work at a moderate price—twelve dollars—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have done a real service to libraries, and with pleasure we announce the fact, while we recommend the book.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS, by W. Fischer Marwick and William A. Smith, is the tenth book of a series of geographical readers published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.

The entertaining historical sketches presented in this volume descriptive of Venezuela, Colombia, Uruguay, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay and Argentina should awaken interest in the republics so near to us and about which the average pupil in our schools knows little more than the name.

The southern republics, whose governments are modeled upon our own, occupy an area twice that of the United States. The independence of these countries is but recently established; for centuries they were ruled, excepting Brazil, by Spanish viceroys, residing in Lima.

The colonization of South America by the ubiquitous Spaniard, the Christian civilization of the natives, under Spanish rule, and the evolution of independence, the people are subjects worthy of the student of history.

The literary merit of the book is enhanced by its wealth of interesting illustrations. As a supplementary reader it is a valuable source of instruction.

From B. Herder, S. Louis, we have received THE CHILD'S BIBLE HISTORY, adapted and translated from the works of J. Schuster and G. Mey, by Rev. F. J. Knecht, D. D. This little work is admirably suited as a text-book for beginners. The many appropriate illustrations adorning its pages are sure to captivate little ones.

Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, a member of the Third Order of S. Dominic, and the Founder of the Society of Mary, may be considered the apostle, in these latter times, of true devotion to our Lady. No Saint has written more enthusiastically, no preacher has preached more devoutly on the glory of the Blessed Virgin than this ardent champion of Mary's honor. As a lasting fruit of his burning zeal, as a pledge of his heavenly mission that would long survive his mortal pilgrimage and life's labor, Blessed Grignon left to posterity a little treatise on the love and power of our Immaculate Mother, which Father Faber introduced to the English-speaking world forty years ago. Subsequent editions of

this work found no more loving sponsor and advocate than Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, now His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Under the title of TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, OR THE SECRET OF MARY, Father Faber published a translation from the French original, which has since been frequently issued in England, and the United States. Canada may now be added to the list, and, by a singular providence, the promoter of this holy enterprise is the pious French-Canadian priest, Father F. N. Lavallée, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, who has distributed thousands of copies of this wonderful little book, either gratuitously or at a nominal cost. DOMINICANA cordially accedes to Father Lavallée's request that we announce the latest edition of this treatise, which is sold at the extremely moderate cost of twenty cents, a sum scarcely sufficient to meet the expenses of paper and printing.

With equal cordiality we advise our readers who would be loving clients of our Blessed Mother to procure this volume and to make a prayerful study of it. The result will be a steady and constant growth in true devotion to our Lady, and, therefore, in true devotion to our Blessed Lord, for the crown of our love for Mary is greater love for Jesus.

In holiday attire appears THE FIRESIDE SPHINX, from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Agnes Repplier gives a most interesting account of the origin, mission and services rendered by our fireside companion—the wonderful Pussy-Cat—throughout the centuries.

Pussy appeared first when she was needed most—according to an ancient legend. There is no record of Pussy's sojourn in the garden of Eden. She was summoned first by Noah to inspire the rats and mice that thronged about the Ark with a wholesome fear.

That it was not in Pussy's plan to exterminate these pests we have ample evidence. For we find this sleek, beautiful creature receiving divine honors from the ancient Egyptians, in token of the vigil-

ance that she exercised in guarding the grain from the rats and mice.

The writer presents to the reader the Cat of the Dark Ages, the Persecution, the Renaissance, the Cat of Albion, the Cat in Art and the Cat Triumphant. Some Cats of France and the Cat of To-Day are peculiarly interesting characters.

The cat's utility has been recognized throughout the centuries in palace and in hovel. She wonderfully adapts herself to all grades of society. The higher the official position, the more serenely does Pussy preside. It is of interest to know that she is the protecting deity of the United States postal service department. She deserves the good-will of all.

The present work bears the usual stamp of the author's soundity and diligent research.

Miss Bonsall's studies of cats are admirably attractive. Twenty-one illustrations—four of which are full-page—exhibit many of Pussy's attributes, such as grace, playfulness, watchfulness, suavity and her dominating pose of proprietorship.

LOVE AND LIBERTY, A ROMANCE OF ANTI-SLAVERY, by W. C. Townsend, is published by the Abbey Press, New York.

Upon the first page we are introduced to James Fuller, one of the many characters of the story. Fuller's birth antedates the breaking out of the Civil War fifty years, consequently the details of his joys and sorrows as well as those of his immediate relatives during so long a period slightly tax the patience of the reader. James, however, is a moral hero—which is more than can be said of his recreant father.

Of the several love stories intertwined with the political events of the period—decidedly objectionable is that of Marion Fuller, the niece of James.

The author's indelicate portrayal of her deliberate wantonness is only equalled by the persistency with which he thrusts upon the reader her rapacious increasing good fortune after an enforced repentance. "Marion, beautiful, erring, sinful," restored "by kindness," is a false pic-

ture of the fate of those who have forfeited all claim to "noble womanhood."

In the historical review of the causes and occasion of the Civil War, poets, novelists, statesmen, politicians, orators, soldiers, exhaust their eloquence upon the poetic aspect of freedom for the slave. The twentieth century is confronted with probably a graver difficulty, a more intricate problem—the provision of safeguards for the liberty of American citizens—liberty endangered by the license engendered by a mistaken policy of suffrage for emancipated slaves.

CRANKISMS is the title of a beautiful little volume published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

The author of these telling aphorisms—Lisle de Vaux Matthewman—hits every time. He suggests to the reader the interesting pastime of enjoying the chagrin of his neighbor while he selects for him the most appropriate "cap." The author's initiatory remark may surprise even the careless reader:

"What men see in women or women in men to admire is generally a puzzle to those who know the men and women intimately."

And again we wonder:

"The kisses of an enemy are deceitful, but not as deceitful as the advice of the friend who is always counseling you for your own good."

"The best and the worst in man respond only to woman's touch—unfortunately for man."

"Men reason; women do not. Woman has no logic, and judging from the use it is to man, is better off without it."

"What we think of ourselves combined with what others think of us is a very fair estimate."

Clare Victor Dwiggins has interpreted the last-mentioned aphorism to the entire satisfaction of the reader. He sympathetically gazes upon an old friend in the pictured combination—an inane *winged jackass*.

The artistic illustrations throughout are faithful counterparts of the pithy text. The publishers have made this little

volume an attractive temptation for the holiday season.

Of the many beautifully illustrated holiday books of the Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, we note three that will particularly delight the hearts of girls and boys. (1) *THE LITTLE LADY*, by Albert Bigelow Paine, the history of the most charming little despot that ever commanded great and small in varied and entertaining situations.

Forty-five beautiful illustrations by Mabel Humphreys, Louise Heustis and others illustrate *THE LITTLE LADY'S* adventures.

(2) *TOMMY FOSTER'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE SOUTHWEST INDIANS* will certainly give the boys a fair idea of what they must undergo should they ever be tempted, like Tommy, to "turn Injun." Fred A. Ober gives animated descriptions of wild scenery, geological wonders and semi-barbarous tribes.

Thirteen full-page illustrations from pictures by Stanley M. Arthur convey faint impressions of some of Nature's sublime grandeur.

(3) *FOLLY IN FAIRYLAND*, by Carolyn Wells, is a wonderful Christmas story for girls and boys. Folly, a little girl Fairy, visits the Sleeping Beauty, Aladdin's Palace, the Home of the Three Bears, Beauty and the Beast, and a great many other wonderful persons of whom our grandmothers knew so much; but Folly finds out what they have been doing during the past few years.

It will particularly interest everybody to learn how poor Cinderella fared after the ball!

After the ball was over,
After she found her shoe,
After she gave her lover
Promises fond and true;
Proudly her honors she carried,
Far she outshone them all,
Fair Cinderella was married
After the ball!

Cinderella had one sore disappointment, however, in her married life. She was so anxious to ride a bicycle that the Prince got her one. But Cinderella broke so many glass slippers while learning to ride

that the Prince could not stand the expense, and he obliged Cinderella to go back to her pumpkin coach. Cinderella is very sensitive about her failure.

Twelve beautiful illustrations by Wallace Morgan point out the wonderful sights that Folly beheld in her journey.

The publishers have combined artistic elegance and durability in the material make-up of the book.

THE SEVEN HOUSES, by Hamilton Drummond, is published in good form by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The story opens with the casting of the horoscope of the infant heiress to a vast estate in France. The time is the latter half of the fifteenth century. The message of the stars—as summed up by the astrologers—is couched as follows:

"When priest or kin hath aught to win,
Then trust thou least both kin and priest."

"Malevolency, potent and implacable," in the garb of religion, pursues the child throughout the seven marked stages of her existence consistently with the regulations of the horoscope. The author certainly must have been influenced at his birth by the lurid influence of Mercury—"in its evil aspect the father of lies." Hence his romantic libel on some of the members of the priesthood. To his baleful star, then—Mercury—not to Mr. Drummond must we attribute the delineation of the monk, not as he is, but as the *father of lies* would like him to be.

£19,000 is the attractive title of Burford Delannoy's story "of the detective type." The scene of the story is partly in England, partly in America. Nineteen thousand pounds—a pleasing figure, certainly, when viewed as a possible possession.

The attempt to wrest this sum from the rightful heir involves several persons in murder, treachery, suicide and accidental death. A young Englishman, whose wits have been sharpened by a short residence in America, sets out to follow up the original thief. The story of his exciting adventures and persistent efforts are

vividly pictured by the author. Cupid, however, lights the pathway of the English-American hero and crowns him with victory. Humorous situations enliven the closing scenes of the story.

R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, are the publishers.

THE CRYSTAL SCEPTRE, by Philip Ver-rill Mighels, is a story of the wonderful adventures of a young American who "went up in a balloon" and came down in an unknown region which he judged to be the land of the "missing links."

The hero relates his thrilling experiences with the savages—and the story loses nothing by his telling it—during his stay among them. In startling situations, hairbreadth escapes, counteracting the trickery of hostile "links," he always comes off victorious. Finally the "Links" make him King, and their chief bestows upon him the Crystal Sceptre, which possesses magical powers when wielded as a club of war.

Suspecting the presence of a white prisoner among the "Links" of a neighboring tribe, our hero disguises himself in a bearskin and hovers about the camp by moonlight. Vigorously whistling the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle" to attract the white captive, a most unexpected response to this novel serenade is met with in the shape of a beautiful damsel, fair as a goddess, who had been captured by the "links." The escape of this interesting pair is effected under circumstances containing the elements of the "sublime and the ridiculous."

R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, have printed the book in their customary good style.

GALLOPOFF, THE TALKING PONY, by Tudor Jenks, is a handsomely printed and bound volume from the press of the Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

Galloppoff is a most erudite philosopher, expressing his "horse sense" in a most amusing and instructive manner. The two children, Lola and Pauline, are charming little girls susceptible to the good influence of Galloppoff, and apt pupils under his salutary tutorship.

an offset to the straightlaced as we have the inimitable Pat, original humor excited even the ear of the fish.

Jenks excels in the art of entering young folks. The illustrations—

in number—are full-page reproductions of the handiwork of Howard R.

The story is judiciously adapted for reading of children.

ame Cecilia, a religious of S. Ann's Convent, Streatham, England, has a RETREAT MANUAL which is a shining departure from the dry-as-dust of so many of our retreat books. The manual is admirably adapted for the those who must make their retreat.

Those also who have the advantage, and in some measure it comes for the absence of a spiritual director listening to the conferences of a preacher will find the book of service. It is suggestive rather than directive; as the preface states, "It does not give a series of meditations, but treats more fundamental principles of the spiritual life which it expounds clearly and simply." The value of the book is enhanced by a summary of "Practicals" appended to each chapter, the details of which will afford abundant food for serious thought and salutary action.

American edition, by Benziger Brothers of New York, is neatly bound.

The colors are subdued—a commendable feature in a book intended to be one's companion during the time of prayer.

A little volume entitled FIRST CONFESSIO by Mother Loyola has rendered a valuable service to all engaged in the important work of instructing and preparing children for first confession. The untold story results hitherto attained in this department have often been a subject of amazement among those whose duty it is to foster the spiritual growth of the little flock of Christ's flock. Mother Loyola's efforts will do much to overcome difficulties which have handicapped the most con-

scientious and painstaking efforts of both teachers and parents.

The publishers, Benziger Brothers, New York, have issued the book in an attractive style, bound in red and gold.

Mother Loyola's devotion to the Christian education and religious training of the young has prompted her to write another booklet of instruction on confession. The present volume bears the title FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, and is supplementary to her former work, FIRST CONFESSION. It contains useful suggestions and practical directions, enabling the youthful penitent to perform worthily and well that great act of child-life—his first confession. Messrs. Benziger Brothers of New York have gotten out the book in a style both attractive and serviceable.

From Michael Kearney, London, we have received MEDITATIONS FOR MONTHLY RETREATS, translated from the Dutch of the Most Reverend J. Zwuzen, Archbishop of Utrecht, by the Reverend Frederick Poupert. The series treats of Jesus Christ considered under the many endearing titles expressive of the relationships which He bears towards mankind. The book is arranged according to the months of the year, three meditations being appointed for each month. A prayer before and another after meditation make a desirable addition to this useful little book.

Benziger Brothers, New York, are the American agents.

The International Catholic Truth Society, whose headquarters are in New York, has issued a catalogue of standard Fiction by Catholic writers.

This catalogue is the first of a series proposed for distribution among Catholics for the purpose of introducing them to writers of merit. In addition to this the lists will enable Catholics to put into the hands of their non-Catholic friends guides to books of a helpful character.

Librarians of public libraries can scarcely allege a dearth of Catholic

writers in popular fiction—yet a Catholic is generally forced to either purchase books suited to his tastes or to forego the pleasure of reading Catholic authors, simply because they are not to be found on the shelves of our public libraries.

The catalogues to be issued in future by the International Catholic Truth Society will contain classified lists of historical, philosophical and biographical works, commendable for erudition.

This movement deserves encouragement from parents and teachers. Taxpayers should see that works of Catholic authors are not denied to them through the ignorance or prejudice of public libraries.

The Pilot Publishing Company, Boston, has brought out the latest fruit of Miss Katherine E. Conway's indefatigable skill, in *LALOR'S MAPLES*. A smooth, well-told tale, with characters interestingly placed and cleverly analyzed, some of them admirable types, this wholesome and invigorating Catholic novel is welcome. Barring two incidents in which the gifted author does not express herself with precision on matters theological, we find no occasion for any comment save that of commendation. Knowing the sterling loyalty and unswerving zeal of Miss Conway, who has never deviated, for money gain, or worldly place from the highest and purest ideals, we feel that we but discharge a duty to Catholic literature, while we confer a favor on our readers, in announcing *LALOR'S MAPLES* and wishing it an extended and continued sale. The publishers have made, as was becoming, a handsome setting for Miss Conway's fine work. As a Christmas present a copy of *LALOR'S MAPLES* would be an appropriate gift to a young girl.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, are makers of fine books. The latest from their press which has come to our desk is *AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES WITH POETS*. This practical cyclopedia for lovers of nature in the world of trees and flowers may be described as a history of the plant kingdom in verse. Following the alphabetical order, the reader is introduced, under the guidance of the poets who have sung of

nature's loveliness in the floral realm some of the choicest verses in our tongue. The text is enriched by excellent illustrations. Paper, presswork and binding are of coming quality, so that the volume justly be described as elegant. The publishers, Minnie Curtis Wait and Prof. Merton Channing Leonard, have done their work well. In like spirit we compliment the publishers, whose enterprise should be generously encouraged.

The new *MCBRIDE ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY*, published by D. H. McBride, New York, contains many features of special merit. The systematic arrangement of the topics of study is greatly enhanced by beautiful illustrations.

The maps admirably fulfil their purpose of conveying clear ideas of contour and relief; the lines representing mountains and streams indicate the natural drainage.

The correlation of Catholic literature and geography is a special feature of the work. The type is large and clear—the pronouncing vocabulary a boon in itself. The binding is of durable material and finished workmanship.

B. Herder, St. Louis, is the American agent for Sands & Co., London, who have lately brought out a notable volume which we give greeting with a deep sense of gratification. The publication in English of Savonarola's *TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS*, marks not only the revival of devotion to that great man, but a significant addition, among English translations, to theological literature, the value of which we are not disposed to overestimate.

At another time we shall more fully discuss this admirable work. In announcing it at this time, we merely wish to introduce it to our friends. We do not, however, omit the mention of the honored name, identified in this in a highly honorable way. To John Procter, Provincial of the Dominicans in England, the translator and of this edition, we offer our hearty congratulations.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

1—Circumcision of our Lord. (Holy day of obligation.) Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; visit church; assist at part of the Divine Office; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit church; prayers.

2—Octave day of S. Stephen, Protomartyr.

3—Octave day of S. John the Evangelist. (Benediction.)

4—Octave day of Holy Innocents.

5—First Sunday of the month. (Vigil of the Epiphany.) Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians. (1) C. C.; visit; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Church of the Holy Confraternity; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Third Order: C. C.; visit; recite prayer, "O God, the Pastor and Guide of all the Faithful," or the "Our Father."

Communion mass for Rosarians at 7 a. m. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 p. m. Enrolling of new members in the Rosary Confraternity. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

6—Epiphany or Manifestation of our Lord. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 p. m. (Benediction.)

7—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

8—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

9—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

10—B. Gundisalvus, O. P., Priest. (Spirit of Recollection.)

11—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

12—Second Sunday of the month. Feast of the Finding of our Lord with the Doctors in the Temple. Fifth Joyful Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 a. m. Meeting at 3 p. m. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 p. m. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

13—Octave of the Epiphany. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 p. m.

14—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Zeal for Religion.)

15—Feast of the Most Sacred Name of Jesus. Principal feast of the Holy Name Sodality. Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; procession; prayers. (Benediction.)

16—B. Stephana, O. P., Virgin. (Good Example.) Monthly High Mass of Re-

quiem for deceased members of the Building Association, 9 o'clock.

17—S. Anthony of the Desert, Abbot. (Love of Solitude.) (Benediction.)

18—S. Peter's Chair at Rome. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

19—THIRD SUNDAY—B. Andrew, O. P., Priest. (Obedience.) Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 p. m. Commencement of Novena by members of Angelic Warfare, in preparation for the Feast of the Translation of S. Thomas Aquinas.

20—SS. Fabjan and Sebastian, Martyrs. (Christian Courage.)

21—S. Agnes of Rome, Virgin and Martyr. (Chastity.)

22—S. Vincent, Deacon and Martyr. (Self-sacrifice.) Votive Mass of the Rosary.) (Benediction.)

23—S. Raymond Pennafort, O. P., Third Master-General of the Dominican Order. (Religious fervor.) Plenary Indulgence for all the Faithful: C. C.; visit Dominican church; prayers. (Benediction.)

24—B. Marcolinus, O. P., Priest. (Custody of the senses.) (Benediction.)

25—Conversion of S. Paul, the Apostle. (Correspondence with grace.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

26—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—B. Margaret of Hungary, O. P., Virgin. (Almsgiving.) Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week: C. C.; visit church; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

The devotion of the six Sundays in honor of S. Thomas Aquinas, by way of special preparation for his feast (March 7), will begin on this day. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on each Sunday on the following conditions: C. C.; meditations or considerations on the life of the Saint; prayers.

The same indulgence may be gained by those who perform the exercises on the six Sundays immediately following the Saint's feast.

27—S. John Chrysostom, so called on account of his golden eloquence, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 p. m.

28—Translation of the relics of S. Thomas Aquinas. Principal feast of the Angelic Warfare. Plenary Indulgence for members: C. C.; visit; prayers.

29—S. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Patron of the Catholic

Press. (Love of God.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

30—S. Martina, Virgin and Martyr. (Constancy.)

31—S. Peter. Nolasco, Priest, Founder (with S. Raymond of Pennafort and King James of Aragon) of the Order of the B. V. M. of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives. (Compassion.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for the month are: For the Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor;

S. Francis de Sales, Bishop; S. Gene Virgin; S. Julian, Martyr; S. Raym Pennafort. For the Five Sorrowful teries—S. Veronica, Virgin; S. Seba Martyr; S. Agnes, Virgin and Mart Vincent, Martyr; S. Felix of Nola, tyr. For the Five Glorious Mystery Adela, Widow; S. Titus, Bishop and tyr; S. Timothy, Bishop and Mart Adrian, Abbot; S. Louise of Albe Widow.

S. DOMINIC'S CHURCH CHOIR.

James Hamilton Howe, Mus. B., Organist and Director.

(College of Music, Boston University, 1882.)

SOLO CHOIR.

Soprani—Miss Lillian L. Roeder, Miss Eleanor Joseph.

Contralti—Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Mrs. H. Clark.

Tenori—Mr. Frank Onslow, Mr. Edward M. Long.

Bassi—Mr. Walton C. Webb, Mr. L. Van Lingen.

CHORUS CHOIR.

Soprani—Mrs. T. E. Burrill, Miss Daisy Veaco, Miss Lena Hachmeister, Miss A. M. Netterville, Miss A. M. Meyer, Miss Bess Putnam.

Contralti—Miss Mabel F. Gordon, Mrs. Mary Healey, Mrs. H. B. Montague, Miss Helen Haynes, Miss Frank Daniels.

Tenore—Mr. Reginald Norris.

Bass—Mr. Chas. Kendrick.

ASPERGES, ETC., FOR JANUARY.

Asperges Me—Dethier, Lejeal, Thunder, Southard, Gruber, Howe.

Veni Creator—Howe, Monti, Lejeal, Werner, Witt, Wiegand.

Offertory—Marlois, Arcadett, Gounod, Lejeal, Gounod, Zingarelli, Howe, Hummel, Palestrina, Saint Saens, Brahms, Bonvin.

O Salutaris—Mendelssohn, Palmer, Gounod, Dubois, Hamma, Raff, Gregorian, Gaul.

Tantum Ergo—Dubois, Rousseau, Silas, Dethier.

Masses for Funerals—Gregorian, Cherubini, Schmidt.

January 5—Organ Prelude, Reverie in

G. Whiting; Mass, Saint Cecilia, G. Offertory, Ave Maria, Saint Saens; lude, Southard. Evening Organ tions—Offertory in F Minor, Ba Reverie in A Flat, Guilment; "At ing," Buck.

January 12—Prelude, Andantes in and A; Sixth Mass (Dominican) I Offertory, Sub Tuum, Dubois; Postl C. Volckmar. Evening Organ tions—Sonata in D Minor, Gull Cujus Animam; Festival March, brook.

January 19—Grand Choeur, Dubois dante, Gade; Lejeal's Sixth (Dom Mass; Offertory, Ave Maria, Howe; lude, "Ite Missa Est," Lemmens. ing Music Service—Marche Relig Guilment; Andante and Postlude, Cantata and varied sacred solo a sembel choral works by James H Howe; Offertory, "The Storm," Lem "War March of Priests," Mendels.

January 26—Prelude, Offertory Wely; Gans' Mass in C; Offertory Maria, Brahms; Postlude, Schiller cession, Meyerbeer. Evening Orga lections—March in E Flat, Petrali dante in G, Smart; vars. from "Sep Beethoven; "Fixed in His Everl Seat," Handel.

NOTES.

Mr. Howe will render classic wo the masters on the grand pipe org fifteen minutes before the mornin evening services.

Persons desiring to join the choi meet Mr. Howe at the Church Wedn between 11 A. M. and 12 noon, or studio, 131 Post street, between 1 P. M., daily except Saturdays.

Count not thy days too rapid or too few;
They passed away that we our part might do.

Then forward, gallant heart, nor weakly dread

The weary task renewed, the noonday sun—

Cold winter, or sharp frost, or chilling wind;

Cast onward fears away, nor look b
For now we know Him we awht
lieved,

And, certain of the treasures onc
ceived,

We dare not shrink from work i
dear love begun.

—Augusta T. Drane, O

DOMINICANA

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No. 2

THE LIGHT OF A THOUGHT.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Out of the gloom of a gone-by day
There flashed the light of a thought;
It banished the doubt of my heart away,
And peace to my spirit brought.
'Twas the thought of a Providence Divine
That can for its own provide.
God keep it alive in this soul of mine
Whatever on earth betide!

Toil may be long, and rest be brief;
Friends of my heart be few;
But every pain has its sweet relief
In that thought so strong and true:
*"God did provide, God can provide,
God will provide,"* till the need is o'er;
Till my soul that naught of earth can fill
Finds God nor yearns for more.

A PHANTASY.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

When a hushed holy stillness
Lingers on the evening's breast
And the cradle-songs of nature
Lull the soul to peaceful rest,

Then adown fair Dreamland's byeways
Tired thoughts are lured to stray,
Where the golden barque of Fancy
Sports upon the silver spray,

And from out the past, loved faces,
Gleaming, starlike, o'er our ways,
Brighten with a holy radiance
All the darkness of our days.

FORTITUDE.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

When the sun wafts to earth good-bye,
And Stars to Night their homage pay,
And Labor yields without a sigh,
To gentle sleep and rest its way.
God's Angels then are on the wing
A-bearing gifts where e're they go,
To some the sweets of joy they bring,
To others heart-wrung grief and woe!

Oh! were it wrong should these repine,
Or sighing crave surcease from pain,
Or oft through sorrows, few define,
Forget earth's loss in Heaven's gain.
Oh, were they loving, loyal-true,
Their love would render all things
sweet
Would in its own grand trust pursue,
The way that leads to life complete.

THE THORN.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Once Cupid aimed at a heart
But hit a rose instead,
And the arrow's point became a thorn
Attached to the petals red.

HIS FIRST MASS.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

It was a clear, sunny May morning, and the little French village of Lauzon was busy with excitement. Young girls in their freshly-starched white gowns were moving about, here, there—everywhere. Some were walking slowly in the direction of the parish house and others were busy in the gardens twining gay wreaths of flowers. A few little girls can be seen running around with beautiful white *S. Joseph* lilies in their hands. Many of the villagers are gathered in groups about the steps of the church of *S. Anthony*, discussing the merits of the beautiful floral arch, that marks its entrance. The good Sisters had worked hard, and the flowers, creepers and ferns had been so tastefully arranged.

But why all this preparation—this great expectation? It was all in honor of a child of the village, and there at the end of the street stands the humble log cottage of his parents. Willing and kind hands have decorated it with yards of bunting, and the old iron gate near by looks bright with its green garlands of cedar, that have been twined about it. In one of the large rooms below father and mother are sitting, side by side—dressed and ready for the Mass—and, at a window in one of the quiet rooms upstairs, Jean Beaucaire, in his long, dark cassock, is gazing fondly upon the old, green hills and the distant grassy fields, with the river of shining silver running through them. But his face is not as bright and cloudless as the glorious morning sky above him. A sorrowful shade has fallen upon his youthful features, and, with his head resting on his right arm, he sits there, wrapped in a mystery of thought.

What could have taken hold of his soul in this hour of general rejoicing? He has chosen a high and noble calling, and is it possible that his heart has given birth to a new fear? Or has the glowing springtime around him revived in his

soul thoughts and memories of his youth—that gentle, tender, beaming youth, which in a short time will claim him no more? His youth—life itself—he has offered to his God, and in a short time he will have new duties to perform, bringing consolation and help to those longing hearts of that rosy future which is about to dawn upon him—the welfare and upliftment of his fellow-creatures being the foremost and only thought in his young and throbbing brain.

No, oh, no! These were not the thoughts that made his young heart sad. He had remained true to his promises, and now the glorious day, which was to mark the fulfillment of his heart's gladdest wish, was at hand, and, as his eyes fell upon the myrtle wreath which was soon to deck his young brow, his heart throbbed sadly within him.

And now the hour and the wreath of myrtles were awaiting him, but that shade of sorrow still lingered on his young and handsome face.

Last evening he stood in the gaze of his parents and then and there asked them for their blessing, and, as he knelt down, he opened his heart to God and sealed his promise with a holy and a fervent resolution. And after the old, gray-haired father had given his blessing, the mother folded her wrinkled and toil-worn hands and said: "Now also take your poor old mother's blessing, Jean—though you are going away to leave your dear parents alone in this world, when their life's sun is nigh to sinking and when they need your assistance so much."

These words pierced his very soul and the reproach pained him so deeply that he could not answer, and he left the room without speaking a single word. Deep in his heart those burning words lay buried, and they recalled tender memories that had long since been dead

and forgotten. The hour was still fresh in his mind in which he had chosen his vocation and consecrated his young life to God—the hour in which he swore he would some day serve Him as a priest. At that time, his father had said to him: "Jean, my boy, you are still young and you do not realize the responsibilities of that high and noble calling. When you are older and the flames of that pious desire are still glowing within you, then I will see what I can do for you."

His mother, however, exclaimed passionately: "How, child! How could you dare to leave your dear parents, who have worked day and night for you, and whose only wish was that in their older days you would be to them a sweet source of help and consolation? You can also live a pious life and win heaven in the end by staying with your parents. I have counted the years for the day on which you might be able to help your father—and now that the time has come and you are old enough, you intend leaving us and burdening our worn-out lives with the expenses of a college education. Yes, if we were only sure that we might live long enough to see you at the altar, a vested priest! For such a happiness I would give everything I possess. But then—after we have spent our hard-earned money—who knows, you may return and say: 'I am discouraged. It is such hard work. It is not my vocation and I cannot become a priest.' Oh, the thought of it! I see it all, and then you would return to your father's house, unable to work—a good-for-nothing, in fact."

This and much more had she said in those days and he had listened to it all. He helped his father as much as he could, and later on Mr. Beaucaire allowed him to go to Père Cloutier for instructions. Things went on quietly for a year, and the good-natured old priest of S. Anthony's took a great liking to the boy—he was diligent and obedient and Père Cloutier admired him for it all.

One day, when the Latin lesson was over, the good priest asked: "Tell me, Jean; is it still your wish to become a priest?"

"It is my earnest desire and my daily prayer," thoughtfully answered Jean.

"So speak to your parents about it once again, and I will also drop in next Sunday evening on my way from vespers," said Père Cloutier. "It is high time," he continued, "that they are sending you to college. You are well prepared, dear boy, and I am sure you will not find college life at all hard."

The evening on which Jean Beaucaire had intended speaking to his parents came in due time, and, as often as he had gone over in his mind what he was going to say, not a word fell from his lips until his father began: "What is weighing down your heart, Jean, that you sit there so quietly?"

The long speech Jean had prepared in his mind suddenly left him, and sadly he stammered forth, as the tears filled his eyes: "Oh, father, if you would only learn to know me. Oh, if you would only consent to my going to college I would be the happiest boy in Lauzon to-night. Oh, father, rest assured I will never disappoint you."

"If that is all, then calm yourself, dear child!" added Alexandre Beaucaire, gladly. "Père Cloutier has already told me of your improvement in the past year, and if it is your vocation, why, boy, I am overjoyed to think that my only child has chosen such a noble calling. May God bless you, Jean! May God bless you! We are proud of our boy. Is not this so, Marie?" he asked, as he turned and faced Jean's mother, who sat near by mending an old linen apron which lay doubled up on her lap.

"Certainly, Alexandre! It is just as you say, but when one has an only child one hates to part with it, and even if I have to work a little harder now, that's nothing. It is a pleasure as long as I am healthy, and then what matter, as long as it will help my boy some day. I often thought, when I saw you, Alexandre, working in the fields long after the angelus had sung its tones of prayer into the air, 'Oh, he will have it better some day, and then Jean will follow in his father's footsteps, and when we are old and feeble he will take the work into his

hands.' But I am afraid all my dreams will be unrealized and come to naught, and anyway, if you say yes, I dare not say no. A person should never force a child in a delicate question like this, and, Alexandre, I will not oppose the plan. If he will remain firm in the step, which he intends taking, then I joyfully give my consent."

His mother's words fell gladly upon Jean's ears, and joyfully he exclaimed: "Fear not, mother! I will never be a traitor to my own promises. Some day, some day, I will make father and you both happy."

Jean's heart throbbed joyfully within his breast, and, now that he had his parents' permission, he was doubly anxious to begin his studies at college. His father was overjoyed and his mother, too, seemed pleased. Only once in a while she would say a few disparaging words, but Jean Beaucaire in the fullness of a newly found happiness did not notice them.

And then he left for college—that busy little world, to which his young life was to be wedded for a number of years—and, when he returned during vacation, his father and mother were so proud of him, and rightly so. The fathers at the college gave him worthy credentials and he always brought home with him medals and prizes galore. He was credited with knowing much, and yet with all of it he was so humble, that all the villagers, from blacksmith to priest, took a special delight in him. His mother, however, often wondered if he would really cling to that longing hope within his young heart and fight vigorously to reach that noblest goal of all his ambitions. Often she murmured that they would some day be left alone—and that their boy's college career cost them so much hard-earned money, and then almost suddenly she would break into a song singing Jean's praises. But, when she complained, I am sure she never really meant it.

Never again did Jean take any of his mother's words to heart. He only thought of that golden day in the not far-distant future, which was soon to reward father and mother for their noble sacrifice.

And now that he had hurried back to the home of his childhood's days, his priestly heart aflame with a new-born joy, he expected to find his parents happy and overjoyed at his home-coming. But his poor, old mother met him at the rusted iron gate, and, pressing him tenderly to her breast, she sobbed forth: "O my boy! Jean! I am so happy, but then you are going to leave us soon again, and we will be alone in this world."

Formerly, whenever his mother had spoken of her old age, Jean thought of it as some strange thing in the hazy, far-away future, for she always looked so fresh and healthy, and she was so active. When she extended her arms in blessing over him, last evening, he noticed for the first time that they were thin and wan. He also saw that the threads of silver were running through her hair, and that her shoulders were drooping with the weight of the by-gone years. His father, too, had changed, and looked so much older.

Was it not ungrateful to leave them now? Could he not have sacrificed his wishes and remained with them, as a true and grateful son should have done?

Yes—now strangers stood at their side in their hours of trial, for their child—their only son—had torn himself away from their paternal bosom, pulsating with such tender love. These, then, were the thoughts called forth by his mother's words last evening, which had taken possession of his heart; and they held him fast and made him uneasy. These, then, were the thoughts that called forth the shade of sadness on his young face, as he gazed from his window into the gay world around him, on that fine May morning, while Lauzon was en fete and rang with the sounds of jubilant voices.

It was only last evening, shortly after Jean had left the room, that the old man walked slowly to the open window, which looked down upon the busy village, and, calling his wife to his side, exclaimed: "See, Marie! the streets are crowded with people. O what life! What joy! And when I think that it is all for our Jean, my heart feels as if it might almost burst with joy in its lonely prison walls."

"You are right, Alexandre!" she answered, as her eyes wandered down the old village streets and upon the peasants, busy at work. "O how can we ever thank God enough," she went on, "that He has spared us to taste in its fullness the joy that awaits us on the morrow?"

Alexandre was silent for awhile. The words just spoken had astonished him, and he turned about nervously, and his eyes fell upon a large picture of Jean, that hung on the wall directly in front of him. He was astonished, and rightly so. No matter what he would have said at other times, the reply he got was always the same: "It is true, but then——"

"O Marie!" he began, at last, "the words which you have just spoken have tuned my heart-strings to a new joy. Ah, woman! you do not know what feelings of happiness they revive in me. At last, I can enjoy it all, knowing now that you are satisfied, Marie!"

"Yes, I am satisfied with it all," she answered, "and the neighbors all say what an honor it is for the whole village that we have such a child."

And together they wept for a long time. The shadows of the evening cast their dark mantles on the hills and fields around, and before long the noises in the street died away. One by one the stars—those tender, watchful angels of Heaven—peeped out through the clear, blue sky to throw their smiles gladly o'er the forms of an old man and woman, kneeling, absorbed in prayer, in front of a large, white image of the Crucified One, while softly the cool night winds whispered a solemn benediction on everything around.

The church bells are ringing from the belfry of S. Anthony's, and

"Stealing, pealing,
Full of feeling,"

their voices are telling a message to hundreds of happy hearts in the village. Jean Beaucaire, too, has been awakened, in his little room, from that world of thought in which he had been a captive for many hours, and, falling down upon his knees, he prayed in all the ardor of his soul: "O Lord! God! Thou who hast said, he who loves father and mother more than Thee

is not worthy of Thy name! take, O take my life into Thy Heart! Console me in this sad hour of trial and make me worthy to follow in thy footsteps."

After he had spent several minutes in meditation and prayer, he rose to his feet and hurried down the stairs. At the door his parents met him. Tears of joy rolled down their sallow cheeks as they beheld their son, for the first time, in his dark, black cassock and baretta. How earnest and resolved and yet how humble he appeared as he smiled lovingly upon them both!

Just then Alexandre, his eyes aflame with joy, took his wife by the hand and said: "Jean, my boy! your mother has just said this is the happiest day of her life, and I must say these words also express my feelings. But, my child, before you raise your hands at the altar in priestly blessing over the people of S. Anthony's, let the first blessing from your consecrated hands be for your parents!"

He tried to stop his parents from kneeling down at his feet, but in an instant they were there, and, swept by an emotion of sad feeling, he stretched out his hands over both of them and spoke, in all the tenderness of his heart: "Thus may the merciful God and the Father of Heaven bless you, dear parents, with his richest gifts for all that you have sacrificed for my sake. May He bless you, mother, for all the trouble, of my younger days, that pricked your care-worn heart! May He bless you for your tender mother-love, for the many sleepless nights you spent at my cradle's side, and for the anxious heart-ache you feel at this hour of parting. And may that Father of Mercy bless you, dear father, for every drop of sweat in life that rolled down your throbbing temples! I know you both toiled for me alone, and I am grateful. May He bless you for your many kind words in my hours of trial! I will pray through all my coming days that when your lives are done He may lead you both into the realms of bliss beyond and crown with love your cross—the sacrifice of an only son—which in this bitter hour seems doubly hard to bear."

"Amen!" they both answered.

The tears in the young priest's eyes were now dry, and Jean, happy beyond words, kissed his parents tenderly.

"And now," cried the father, joyously, "let's get ready. O, how happy I am! See! there comes the procession slowly moving down the street. They are coming to escort us to the church."

Everything that his parents and those dear ones who were now assisting at his first mass, in old S. Anthony's, had expected of him, was more than realized. For many years Jean Beaucaire was a

zealous and laborious priest, and later on he was raised to the dignity of Bishop. He is still living, a joy and consolation to his parents, and they say that his brightest days are yet before him. A shepherd of souls according to the Heart of Jesus, he is doing mountains of good, and did not S. Thomas a Kempis once write: "From a pure heart proceeds the fruit of a good life"?

He is loved by all, and in the hearts of his Protestant friends the name of Rt. Rev. Jean Beaucaire holds a lasting and an honorable place.

A HYMN TO GOD.

LORENZO SOSSO.

Thine, O my God, are all splendors,
Thine all the glories there are.
Each spirit is Thine, which surrenders
Its faith, like its radiance a star.

Thine is the gift and the giving,
Thine is the taking away:
Thine are the dead and the living,
Thine are the night and the day.

Thine the creations of beauty,
The Edens of joy on the soil:
Thine the evangel of duty,
The sweet benediction of toll.

Thine are the clouds rent asunder,
Revealing the stars of the night:
Thine are the lightning and thunder,
Thine both the depth and the height.

Thine are the skies and their story,
Which bring aspiration to youth;
Thine all the wisdom and glory,
Thine all the love and the truth.

Thine all the vastness of ages,
The years that arise and decline;
Thine are all works and their wages,
All creatures created are Thine.

Thine are the sainted that linger
Through life with a spirit sublime:
Thine are the artist and singer,
Thine all the treasures of time.

Thine every sweet benediction,
Thine every plant trodden down:
Thine the divine crucifixion,
Thine both the cross and the crown.

Thine the renouncement, exemption;
Thine the fulfillment of joy.
Thine the reward, the redemption,
While earth is still heaven's alloy.

Thine is the mercy, the pardon;
Thine the chastisement, the rod:
O see that our hearts do not harden,
Accept Thou our prayers, O God!

RONDEAU.

ALONZO LEORA RICE.

A sudden flame, within my heart,
Has taken now the counterpart
Of perfumed herbs, that smoke and burn
Above a nun's devoted urn,
Secluded from the noisy mart.

Unseen it burns. Magician's art
Can never bid its warmth depart;
It flares again, and will return
A sudden flame

No more myself, I daily start
The rounds of life—a feathered dart
Has ruffled now, the dreaming burn,
And startled from her nest the hern.
Amid the reeds—I feel the smart.
A sudden flame.

A GLIMPSE OF RELIGION IN QUEBEC.

AGNES C. GORMLEY.

A six hours' journey by rail from Montreal brings us to quaint old Quebec with its three miles of ramparts—citadel, convent, hospital, church and university crowning its lofty beak. A strange old city, with a still stranger one nestling at its feet, and both bearing an old world flavor.

The citadel is our finest point of vantage, and in the enclosure of its bastions we look across the majestic river sweeping to the sea, to the Laurentian hills in all their deep blue mistiness, and to the lower town, where shippers and hucksters seem to be the only active ones in all this delightfully indolent, old place.

One first notes the general compactness of both towns—upper and lower—the sloping roofs gleaming in the sun like burnished steel, the narrow, tortuous streets, the ubiquitous "cabbie" and his *caléshe*, the ill-smelling planked side-walks, and the general air of drowsiness and inactivity. Everything bears the stamp of antiquity. A city for a poet to dream in, or for a saint to pray in! The nun in her habit, the friar in sandals and cowl are a daily sight of the streets, not to mention Her Majesty's dashing grenadiers, who, with glorious swagger and swing, seem ever on a little private dress parade. It would be easy for even a rigid conventionalist to succumb to the Bohemian influences of such a place.

In Montreal the electric cars will take one nearly everywhere, but here one must walk or be jolted in friendly collisions in a *caléshe*. Fortunately the points of interest are within easy reach, a convent cheek by jowl with a church, a college with another church, and so on, so one naturally walks.

Rarely do grounds inclose the buildings unless a courtyard or vegetable patch be considered such.

The churches of Quebec need to be seen in all their ornate elaboration to be appreciated. As in Montreal, they are hung

all over with pictures, *chef d'oeuvres* being rather incongruously mixed with others that have no merit except to show the inspiration of a devout artist. But whatever may be our opinion of the art from an esthetic point of view, we cannot but acknowledge that it carries out the beautiful symbolism of the Catholic church in a manner impressive and elevating.

Everywhere one finds the brightest, freshest gilding in profuse quantities, whole altars and statues being covered with it. As in Montreal, nearly every church has a number of chapels opening off the nave, and they are often gems of fitness and design. In the Basilica are two lovely chapels to St. Joseph and to the Sacred Heart, both containing some exquisitely beautiful paintings. S. Antoine, S. Jean Baptiste, The Holy Face, The Holy Family and The Dead Christ are venerated everywhere by statue, altar, picture, relic, and seem to be especial favorites of the Canadians. The number of relics is remarkable. The Basilica is a repository of them, also Quebec Seminary, the latter having relics of all the apostles set under their gilded busts.

Notre Dame des Victoires in the lower town is a venerable pile, humble, primitive and crude, yet full of quaint charm and touching to a degree.

We were much interested in Laval. Its art treasures would gladden any virtuoso, and be sure we amateurs lingered long and lovingly among its collection.

The Ursuline Convent, too, must not be forgotten by the tourist. Here is Montcalm's grave in an excavation in the wall made by the bursting of a shell—a fitting place of rest, is it not, for the brave soldier?

One bright Thursday morning we took a run down to St. Anne de Beaupre's, twenty-one miles from the city, passing the beautiful Montmorenci Falls, which are nearly 100 feet higher than Niagara.

Unlike the latter, which pours its volume of lucid, green water in shining, graceful curves, Montmorenci dashes over a rocky bed, from crest to base in foaming breakers that swirl and tumble for half a mile ere reaching the main stream. Our view of this great natural curiosity was most opportune, the copious rains of the preceding three days swelling the river unusually, and offering us a most imposing view.

How shall I describe the wonderful S. Anne's, the greatest shrine of this continent, the Lourdes of America, the one place in this Protestant country where Catholicity is seen in all its unquestioned confidence in the power of a beneficent God! To us who are accustomed to suppress all demonstrations of piety, lest we be called hypocritical, it was a truly edifying sight to see men, known by manner and dress as belonging to the better classes, telling their beads to la bonne S. Anne, praying with rapt looks and outstretched arms, heedless of the frowns of visitors, every look a prayer, every motion one of piety and reverence. In Quebec and Montreal this same devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was noticeable.

Fortunately for us, a pilgrimage was visiting the shrine on the same day, and thus we were enabled to get a better idea of the ceremonies peculiar to such a devotion. Mass was offered in the morning followed by veneration of the relic of S. Anne, which consists in kissing the same, and having it applied to any afflicted part of our person we wish healed. After this ceremony the pilgrims usually perform some acts of devotion, such as climbing

the Scala Santa—stairs studded with relics—saying prescribed prayers on each step, till the crucifixion is reached, with S. John and the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the cross.

Another popular devotion is the Way of the Cross made by a winding path up a steep hill, inscribed crosses being set up at intervals to mark the points for meditation, and at the summit Christ on the cross again—all simpler than in Montreal, but equally striking and unique. In the rear of the church are tiers of crutches, canes and crosses left by pilgrims who have been restored to health by the merits of S. Anne. In the vestry we noticed pipes, snuff boxes, skates and other things of a personal nature, the meaning of which was lost to us till explained thus by a priest: Pilgrims who had received favors from S. Anne, wishing to show their appreciation of the same, made this public acknowledgment of their gratitude by renouncing some creature comfort—the old man his darling pipe, the old lady her rejuvenating snuff box, and the gamin his skates. What faith! What piety! Many incredulous persons who accompanied us believing the whole thing a hoax and the far-famed miracles something of a natural phenomena, or the influence of priest-craft over enthusiastic temperaments, were deeply edified—remaining to pray where they came to scoff.

Stimulated and inspired by all we saw, we turned our faces homeward, weary, tired travelers, but with the deep conviction that a better, purer, more devout Catholicity should rule our future since our visit to Montreal, Quebec, and la bonne S. Anne de Beaupré.

WHITE SHEEP.

CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

White sheep roving at daybreak
Over a pale, pure sky,
Scarcely a breeze disturbs you,
Yonder pine hill tops nigh.

White sheep scattering gently,
Fleeing the heaven's blue,
Fair, free and wide is the pasture,
Wandered, O sheepfold, by you.

Soon will your shepherdess peering,
The moon, o'er the mountain crest,
Drive you in soft confusion
Down in the red-gold west.

Lo! in the dream of the dusk-time
Where you were wont to graze,
Still can we see your footprints
Winding thro' star-lit ways.

BLESSED BERNARD SCAMMACCA, O. P., PRIEST.

(Died 1486.)

Bernard Scammacca was born of a noble family at Catania in Sicily. His youth was spent in sinful disorders, but a wound which he received in one of his legs proved the means of his conversion. During his long hours of suffering and sleeplessness he entered into himself, realized the perilous condition of his soul, and resolved to renounce his evil ways. On his recovery, he asked and received the Dominican habit in the Convent of Catania, and henceforth devoted himself to a life of prayer and penance. He was distinguished for his obedience and humility, and for his gift of contemplation. When he retired into the garden to pray, as he was fond of doing, the little birds would come and perch on his head and outstretched arms, and there sing sweetly, filling him with the thought of the celestial harmonies! nor would they depart until they had received his blessing.

He was favored with the gift of prophecy, and many prodigies showed how dear to God was this humble and penitent soul. Once he was found raised in the air in ecstasy before a crucifix. On another occasion the porter knocked loudly at the door of his cell to summon him to some ministry of charity. Receiving no answer, he was about to repeat the summons, when he saw a brilliant light issuing through a chink in the door, and, looking through the keyhole, he beheld the holy man in rapture, and by his side a child of heavenly beauty, bearing a lighted torch which filled the cell with a brilliant light.

Blessed Bernard devoted himself with generous ardor to the relief of the bodily

and spiritual needs of his neighbors. Whilst preaching to others he failed not to expiate the sins of his youth by the practice of severe austerities. He died 1486. Fifteen years later he appeared to the Prior of the Convent, and bade him remove his remains to a more honorable resting-place. This was accordingly done, and the body was found incorrupt. During the whole of the ceremony the church bells, untouched by mortal hands, rang out with heavenly melody. Miracles of all kinds were worked out at Blessed Bernard's tomb. A nobleman who had been cured through his intercession resolved to remove the sacred remains to his castle, and came by night to the Convent with a troop of armed men to carry out his design. But the servant of God would not allow his body to be removed from the Convent where he had lived and died. Appearing in the dormitory, he knocked at every door, telling the Friars that violent hands were being laid on his body in the church! and as they delayed obeying his summons, which they thought to be only a dream, he began to ring the great bell. Then the Brethren hurried to the church, where they found the tomb empty and the sacred body lying at the door, surrounded by armed men who were vainly endeavoring to raise it from the ground. It had miraculously become so heavy that the robbers were unable to move it. They took to flight at the approach of the Friars, who had not the slightest difficulty in restoring the precious remains to their resting-place.

Blessed Bernard, having always received great veneration in Sicily, was finally beatified by Leo XII., 1825.

If we are to believe the revelations of the Saints, God is *pressing* for a greater, a wider, a stronger, quite another devotion to His Blessed Mother.—*Father Faber.*

Mary is the most perfect image of God, painted, by the hand of God Himself, by a singular providence and with infinite art.—*S. Antoninus.*

ENGLAND.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

"Here lies unhappy Harold."—Perjured liar,
 The epitaph should read, to be complete,
 That's graven on the tomb in Waltham choir
 Where rotted the last "royal" Saxon cheat!
 On England's throne Duke William took his seat,
 And England's lands and manors, with contents,
 Made over to his Normans as a treat;
 Till Anglo-Saxon "lords" and quondam gents
 Were all become mere beggars "not worth thirty cents!"

II.

Duke William reigned o'er England twenty years
 In peace, excepting a revolt or two
 Put down by cropping the ring-leaders' ears;
 And kept the treacherous English well in view!
 To his sagacity the law is due—
 Since known to "kids" in our well-ordered State—
 Whereby at sound of evening curfew,
 Though favored Normans might carouse quite late,
 All Englishmen should be in bed by half past eight!

III.

Yet strange to say, within its own bright fount
 Great genius seems to clean exhaust its force,
 And gets descendants of no earthly account;—
 Whate'er the secret, such seems Nature's course!
 The off-spring of the Duke belied its source!—
 Perhaps "Son Rufus" was a bastardling,
 Whom "policy" forced William to endorse!
 At any rate, howe'er you explain the thing,
 Since William England never had one decent King!

(1) Harold was the last of the Anglo-Saxon "Kings."

(2) "The English *nobility* were reduced to beggary, and obliged to earn a living by tilling, for their Norman conquerors, the land of which they had been the *lords*. Thenceforth the only Nobility in England was Norman. For full a century after the conquest no Englishman was promoted to any title, office or dignity either in Church or State." (Drane Hist. of Engl. chap. VI.)

For this there were good reasons enough. According to all authorities the English were too ignorant and rude to fill such dignities; and their loyalty could not be trusted in any position of importance.

(3) Curfew, in French *couvre feu*, the extinguishing of all fires and lights; the signal for which was an evening bell rung, by order of the Conqueror, at 8 p. m., half an hour being allowed for the English to retire.

IV.

Nathless I'll entertain you with the view
 Of England's boasted royal chimpanzee !
 No rarer brute was caught for London zoo
 In jungle deep far o'er the bounding sea !
 And when you've heard his charming historie
 You'll straight acknowledge that, in all the set,
 You've seen the pick of England's royalty !
 Step up and view the famous English pet,
 Broom-ranger Henry Second, hight Plantagenet !

V.

In Normandy his manners, in the main,
 Had passed for fair in any *Norman prince*;
 'Twas English morals damaged his good name—
 As many an honest man's or woman's since !
 No sample better serves the truth to evince
 Of ancient proverb on bad company;—
 Before no evil scheme the knave would wince;
 But stood the full, complete epitome
 And sum of every English vice and infamy !

VI.

Of "points" that great Plantagenet acquired
 In England, there appear most notably
 These two—'mong decent folk the least desired—
 To wit, base cowardice and cruelty.
 He never won a single victory;
 But, like the *noble* English officers
 The world will hold in lasting infamy
 While handing down their title *Pig-stickers*;⁵
 Avenged defeat by murdering his prisoners !

VII.

And though the beggar owned the third of France,
 From which he drew enormous rents and dues;
 Vice kept him ever straightened in finance
 And constant prey to dunning London Jews.

(4) Plantagenet, in Latin, *Planta genista*, Broom-plant; the senseless sobriquet was inherited from fool Geoffrey, Henry Second's father, who, in vain self-decoration, wore a tuft of broom plant in his greasy cap—an early English instance of a big name covering little wit.

(5) The *noble* English officers so *dubbed themselves* when gloating over the stabbing of captured and unarmed Boers in the war still waging in the Transvaal. Evidently the family traits in the English breed of human brute manifest the tenacity of hereditary.

Hence on the English Abbey revenues
 He pounced, and pocketed their sacred stores
 To gamble with, seduce, and basely use
 In bribing worldly churchmen by the scores,
 And eke in feeding his long train of paramours!⁶

VIII.

Alone of all the English Hierarchy
 The loyal Becket firm withstood the beast;⁷
 The mighty censures of the Papacy
 Above him holding "till his thefts he ceased
 And restitution made to all he'd fleeced"
 The wretch, disgorging, roared: "About my throne
 Is there no coward will rid me of this priest?"
 Then on the ground he threw himself full prone,
 And rolled and frothed, chewed straws and long made fear-
 ful moan!⁸

IX.

His English cowards who could easily kill
 A priest, post-haste to Canterbury hied
 To execute the murderous royal will;
 And 'neath their blades the great Archbishop died.
 The whole of Christendom was horrified,
 And England's King was excommunicate!
 But monkey-like he jumped from side to side
 The English channel to avoid the fate
 By Legates brought from the Supreme Pontificate!

X.

The rascal feared the mighty hand of Rome—
 As many a tyrant ere him learned to fear,
 And since has learned, however high his throne;
 And, when for Judgment summoned to appear,

(6) "Henry kept his wife, queen Eleanor, imprisoned for 17 years, or until her death; and in the meantime led a most exceedingly immoral life."—(Drane, *Hist. of Engl.*, chap. XI.)
 "For years he had deserted her bed for a succession of mistresses."—(Lingard, *Hist. of Engl.*, Vol. II., Chap. III.)

(7) "In the assembly of the English bishops, Hilary of Chichester spoke to Becket in their name: 'You were our Primate; but by opposing the 'royal customs,' have broken your fealty to the king. A perjured Archbishop has no claim to our obedience.'"—(Lingard, Vol. II., chap. III.)

"The 'royal customs' aimed at nothing less than the utter destruction of the Church's liberties."—(Drane, chap. XI.)

(8) "Henry's rage often took this disgusting form. Eventually he died a raving maniac."—(Lingard, Hen. II.)

How painful must have been the Church's task in dealing with such "royal" beasts!

His sentence took:—"No more to interfere
 In Church affairs; good Edward's laws resume;
 Take the Crusade, and for the Orient steer;"⁹
 But first to doff his robes and crown and *broom*,
 And be well flogged by monks at great S. Edward's tomb!

XI.

I'll ask your leave completely to describe
 This naked sample of the royal kind:
 You'll find him a true type of all his tribe,—
 As badly warped in body as in mind!
 The task of flogging to the monks assigned,
 They strip him naked all, except a clout
 Around his loins before and eke behind:—
 Showing thereby, beyond the slightest doubt,
 Plantagenet was a deformed, disgraceful lout!

XII.

His big, flat feet, you'll notice, inward turn;
 Knock-kneed, if you'll observe, is each bow leg,
 And crooked as the crank on coffee quern;
 Spare in the hams, his stomach's like a keg,—
 And there's a lump as big as ostrich egg
 Protuberant 'bove the fellow's abdomen!¹⁰
 Long, hairy arms; big hands; and note, I beg,
 The chest of 'rang-outang's best specimen!—
 Your kodak?—Snap!—Now let him don his clothes again!

XIII.

Plantagenet notorious had become
 As England's greatest sovereign from the way
 He lied! "The biggest liar in Christendom,"
 S. Bernard said; and as historians say:—
 "The biggest hypocrite." The bald *roue*
 Lied even in his beard, whose faulty dye¹¹
 Kept it a motley orange-green-and-grey;—
 In fact, whate'er the name he might swear by,
 No one believed him, for he'd pile up lie on lie!

(9) Henry made an English "bluff" at setting out for the Holy Land; but *lying* at home was more to his taste and talents, and, needless to say, he never went.

(10) According to the most creditable English historians and gossips, Henry Second was if not a beauty, very much of a beau. However, Lingard mentions, among other distinctions, the strange excrescence on the royal abdomen. Drane adds that "his neck was red, flabby, and corrugated; and his nose like the beak of a vulture," or turkey-buzzard?

(11) "By faulty or irregular dyeing, his beard was a motley," etc.—(Lingard, Hen. II.) As false as the color of his beard was the character of the man and his word. "No one believed his assertions or trusted his promises, and he would justify his habit of falsehood by the maxim that it is better to repent of words than of facts; better to be guilty of lying than to fail in a favorite pursuit. Pride and passion, cunning and duplicity formed the distinguishing traits of his character." (Lingard, Hen. II.)

XIV.

The simpering apes all decency defy
 Who yet will prate. "Rome sent him to reform
 The Irish Church, and Ireland occupy;"—
 Him! whom she scourged for sacrilege enorme!
 What though the obedient Monks who round him swarm
 To do Rome's mandate, and with honest thump,
 His beastly royal hide well tan and warm,
 Discover,—what they feared a second "lump"—
 A forged "Pontific Bull" concealed about his rump?"

XV.

Shall this foul wretch—in lieu of proof as yet,—
 Whose record all humanity abhors,—
 This thief and perjurer Plantagenet,—
 The primest hypocrite outside hell's doors—
 Convince one honest mind that not ignores
 Truth's sacred mien that *he* was sent by Rome?
 Credulity hath reached its final shores—
 It is a lie, whatever English tome
 Be writ to urge it, and the baldest lie yet known!"

(12) As to *time*, the forgery of the Papal Bull and the public, ignominious and hypocritical penance of Henry must have been fairly coincidental; though as to *the place* where the "Bull" was discovered, we are willing to waive the point, provided we may be allowed to observe that, under the circumstances, our text suggests the most serviceable locality for such a thick, tough, sheskin document as it must have been to have sufficiently resembled, at that period, a genuine Papal Bull. Our good, old, early school masters knew where to detect such documents or copybooks when treating the boys to a sound, safe and wholesome castigation!

(13) Henry II. long had designs on Ireland, but was too much of a coward to proceed by force of arms. Lying and hypocrisy suited him better; and when, in 1171, to out-manoeuvre the warlike Welsh earl, Strongbow, the foxy Englishman arrived in Ireland with a small number of followers; he invited the Irish clergy and chiefs to a synod; and there most amiably and graciously produced, for the first time, his "*Bull of Pope Adrian IV.*," then eighteen years dead, purporting, for the *god of Religion*, to make over to him the whole of Ireland

"The only genuine aristocracy," said Henry Ward Beecher, "is the eminence of men over their fellows in real mind and soul." The "upper crust" according to the sneer of Cooper is a fitting name for some whose only claims for recognition are innate vulgarity glaring through a thin covering of greenbacks, and an ignorant superciliousness towards better-bred but (financially) poorer men, which keeps equal pace with their cringing toadying to those who, in turn, have nought but contempt for the "new men." There is an aristocracy of honor, brains, character, principle. This is the lot of rich and poor, just as it is wanting among rich and poor. It can be cultivated, but it can hardly be acquired. Herein blood tells, whether or not the social world recognizes it. States of life do not change it, nor does religion always succeed in convincing certain men that they are unspeakably mean, though *their* conscience never charges them with sin. There is indeed an aristocracy of blood, but this soon degenerates into merely social prominence, if not sustained by brains. And the record would hardly point out as notable exceptions the few aristocrats who have shown talent, if the world's leaders had not been of an humbler order. But the aristocracy above all others is that of virtue, for we may truly say, with Tennyson, "'tis only noble to be good."

REMINISCENT NOTES BY A PROTESTANT AMERICAN TRAVELER IN THE PHILIPPINES.

the earth's surface, between 5 degrees and 22 degrees north latitude, 117 degrees to 127 degrees east longitude, lies a interesting group of 1200 fairly large islands, having an area of 52,650 square miles, with a population approximating 9,000,000.

One may truthfully say that these islands have been one of the greatest centers of troubled conditions owing to its volcanic canoes, its dreaded typhoons and earthquakes, while its people have lived in an aura of rebellion. Early historical records state that the entire country was in a state of revolution by the landing habits of the English, Portuguese and Netherland powers, who sent ships of war against the Spanish colonial government and blockaded the island ports. While internally the islands of state kept the country in an unending state of turmoil, owing to the conflict of authority between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, these disturbances have been ever present and were so when Americans received the surrender of Manila.

Another great factor of anxiety and trouble to the early settlements were the sea pirates who infested the waters of the inland seas of the East Indies and the Philippine mainland. They generally came in great hordes and destroyed life and property in their raids. I found that each island had a strongly fortified church and castle, with outer battlemented walls and was surrounded by an enclosure large enough to contain all their domestic animals, etc., besides watch-towers so stationed that an alarm could be given to the settlers against besiegers.

The Chinese question has ever caused considerable anxiety to the Spanish authorities. As early as 1815 an appeal was made to the crown for radical exclusion.

They are surely crowding out the Americans in the retail business and trades, and are becoming leading wholesale and re-exporters, they have almost absolute

control of the mechanical trades and have left the servile labor for the Filipinos to perform. The Chinese intermarry with native women (who are simply desirous of support and a home), and have large families. I found them carrying on a small business in the sale of foodstuff in the remote hamlets everywhere, and one must go to them for food, merchandise or the manufacture of any commodity. In making some inquiry about their relations to China and the necessity of an occasional visit, I was informed that they made heavy money remittances and many had Chinese wives in China, necessitating their periodical return.

Almost simultaneously with the first successful military settlement in the islands came great bands of missionaries, whose sincere desire was the conversion of a depraved people that they found in the natives, heathens, without reason or ceremony for their moral and spiritual life, superstitious, cruel, slave-owners, given to incest and infanticide; who considered the murder of a stranger justifiable, who had no binding marriage ties—marrying their nearest relatives—had concubines, and who bought strange children, preferring them to their own. It is said that to-day, in the mountain districts of North Luzon, children are sold for twenty dollars apiece, especially among the Negritos. They were given to drink, thievery, were deceitful, practiced usury, endeavoring by such means to make slaves of their debtors. Modesty was an unknown quantity; maidenhood and chastity were considered ignominious. Their wants were easily supplied and in mechanical arts they were deficient. Thus we find during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the missionaries were actively engaged in persuading the natives to practice manners of civil and moral living. They established towns at convenient points, entirely isolated one from another. Here they led lonely lives, preaching and teaching with fiery zeal the

Gospel, and with their limited resources did the very best that it was in their power to perform. Establishing a school, they laid the foundation for the education and intelligence that one finds to-day among the natives everywhere. In time, they were enabled with the help of their parishoners to build churches, that to-day everywhere dot the islands with their picturesqueness and solidity, and form landmarks to the mariner on the coasts. These efforts required years of toil, patience and perseverance. In time the entire work was unified under the Religious Provincials, who assumed the care of the same, and a new order of teaching and training was adopted under simple rules and was continued down to 1860, when a system of municipal schools was established by the Government that proved to be useless and deficient in comparison to the fine colleges and parish schools that the Fathers maintained and continue to maintain to-day. On December 20, 1863, a royal decree issued and approved in Madrid regulated the primary schools in these islands, ordaining that in every town schools were to be established, the local priest was to be inspector and a salaried teacher appointed, while in Manila a normal school for boys was to be founded, to be in charge of the Jesuits, all of which was carried out, but owing to the revolutions and politics in Spain, necessitating frequent changes in the colonial policies and the personnel of officeholders, a like condition of changes prevailed in the islands and no definite results have been accomplished in the Government schools. In elementary instruction the Philippine Islands can maintain their own when placed in competition against other Oriental colonies and many towns throughout the civilized world to-day. Go to the most distant hamlet, ask the first native who chances to come along, and you will ascertain these facts: that there is hardly a man or woman who does not know how to read and write or is not well acquainted with the necessary fundamentals of moral and religious teaching.

The early missionaries upon their arrival in the islands were dispatched over the entire archipelago, and of their

wanderings, trials, hardships and martyrdoms many interesting accounts can be furnished. They, with fearless but zealous concern over their converts, soon created the confidence of love and esteem, which eventually placed the friar as the dominant power. He was consulted in all matters, and as he displayed no selfish motives in their dealings with or through him, the friar was enabled to maintain that power almost uninterruptedly down to the American occupation, though at times the politicians interfered by either force or judicial proceedings.

There have been many serious uprisings during the past century among the native population against the combined ecclesiastical and civil authorities, notably those of 1822, 1841-42, 1872 and 1896. These demonstrations were the outcome of desire on the part of the native element to throw off the yoke of oppression, taxation and persecutions. The ecclesiastical authority had previously always maintained the Spanish supremacy, and will now uphold and support that of the United States. It was the Spanish and Filipino politicians who were really the guilty parties, they abusing all the privileges obtained in the various departments of the state to enrich themselves, causing an increase in church rates, import and export duties, custom charges, while all kinds of minor taxation were forced upon the people. Rumor says that all of these politicians retired with great wealth and left destitution and business distress for the masses to settle. Among the natives a powerful secret order has for many years been in existence, called the Katipunan, a Tagalo word meaning secret meeting. It is of a political nature and did endeavor to alleviate its members' sufferings. As it developed in power its leaders became imbued with the ambition of establishing and the setting up of an empire that would rival in Oriental splendor, riches and strength that founded by Napoleon Bonaparte.

Many erroneous ideas prevail, both among the friars and Americans, that this order is a branch of Freemasonry, the same as we have in the United States. I found upon close inquiry that it had no connection whatever with Free and Ac—

asonry, but that its symbols had rowed and a system of signs and mulated. It has degenerated dangerous power.

from this order that many tartling and condemnatory statements against the Roman hierarchy. Unjust criticisms were charging of church rates for s, funerals and Masses; censures the clergy for acts of covetousling lives of idleness, dissipation, raking and luxurious living. They against the friars for holding estates and properties, for the f rentals to tenants, and, while g that these Orders had a constiright to hold and possess lands, tc., which they had bought with vn savings and money, they that the friars robbed the tenant, of his crops, but eventually posim body and soul. They falsely d that the friars kept the masses rance of general information, ecause the friars themselves were and could not teach anything what they found in their prayerides numerous other charges not ention.

ifferently some of the Katiputed when political power was i their hands by their aptness for n with the temporal power. Not tified with imposing the aboveed oppressive taxation on the hey began a system of blackmail : wealthy, while robbing the poor small savings, jewels and even c animals whom they began to opand despoil, closing municipal and, with itching palms, reach: for the Church's revenues, ing themselves as the absorers of the same, compelling nasts and captive friars to perform ties without recompense. They d three and four fold the followch tariffs over and above the exrates, which had never been since their adoption on Novem-1771:

ms—One wax candle. Its size and was left to the giver's own free

Marriages—For each of the three classes the marriage rate was: Spaniards, 45c; Mestizos, 22½c; Indians, 12½c gold.

If followed by nuptial benediction and Mass—Spaniards, \$3.50; Mestizos, \$2; Indians, \$1.50.

Burials—The duties for funeral and burial services: Spaniards, \$1.75; Mestizos, \$1; Indians, 75c. If attended by a deacon and sub-deacon, 50c additional. Children, half rates. The charges for burial in cemeteries, that is, the duties, were: Spaniards, \$1; Mestizos, 75c; Indians, 50c. Sung office of the dead: Spaniards, \$4.50; Mestizos, \$1.50; Indians, \$1.25. For the simple recitation of the service, half rates were charged. For High Mass for the dead, everybody paid \$1.50 to the priest and 50c additional if assisted by two ministers.

For each High Mass on festivals the priest received \$2.50; for sung Vespers and-Matins of Holy Thursday, \$1.25. The preacher received \$5. For each High Mass in honor of a Saint, \$1; for each High Mass in name of a Brotherhood, \$1.25; for each Low Mass in name of a Brotherhood, 50c.

Thus we find many serious charges refuted that to-day pass current among those who loudly condemn the friars, showing that they are not acquainted with the above charges.

When a person was destitute or had not the money to defray any of the above rates without disposing of his tools and implements of trade, they were freely furnished without cost or charges. This Katipunarian Society contains many able and intelligent men, who received their education at the ecclesiastical colleges and schools, but allowed the infidel doctrines and teachings of this secret order to sway their good sound sense and the loyalty of their Christian faith.

Lately some of its secret correspondence, which came into the possession of the Government, revealed a dastardly plot, wherein the total annihilation of every white man, woman and child in the islands was contemplated. It was from this organization and its secret emissaries that the hue and cry was raised against the friars, resulting in the divided sentiments that prevail against the men who,

with a heroism noble and sublime, actuated by a love for God and His Blessed Son, have given up all in their endeavors to help their brother-man, meriting a kindlier sympathy and admiration, instead of our prejudice and cynical judgment condemning them as anti-Christ.

Under the influence of this evil association with its blood-thirsty teachings, it is no wonder that the native feels himself the injured party. The impression has gone forth that the friars were the enemies to all good government for the people. This came from the Katipunarians, who advocated the control of all church lands, the return of all their money, donations and titles to lands and estates to the state, and the banishment of the friars. I wish to state right here that this impression prevails among the Protestants, who are actively engaged in their proselytizing throughout the various provinces, who use this argument in bringing relief to what they suppose is a down-trodden, priest-ridden people, clamoring for the light of the Gospel preaching of our Blessed Lord.

Acting under the advice of its leaders that had planned for an empire with titles and landed nobility, they were ready to unite with Admiral Dewey after the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Therefore, taking advantage of this predicament, while many thousands of Spanish soldiery were virtually prisoners all over the archipelago by the simultaneous uprising of the Filipino insurgents, who held them captives or besieged them in churches or forts, we find the Junta had advised Aguinaldo to offer his army to Admiral Dewey to assist in the capture of Manila, which contained a large Spanish army. The avowed object of this move was the intention to destroy by American aid this army stationed in Manila, and after its peaceful surrender and negotiations we find the insurgents chafing under restraint, which eventually terminated in this disastrous war. They disputed the supremacy of the American Army in the Philippines from the first, and the Junta hastily retired to Hong-kong, where they directed and perpetuated a long and costly war for us. It was

a more serious problem to solve than the average reader of to-day can realize.

While apparently this lost cause seems like a shattered idol cast to the ground, yet, like the proverbial cat of nine lives, I believe it has taken upon itself a new form under the guise of a political enthusiasm by patriotic natives of this American colony. I refer to the Federal party, and I sincerely believe that many of the insurgent sympathizers and members of the secret order have become active members, causing it to be boomed in every town and hamlet, with the usual political harangue and bluster. Many of its members are in it through fear of being considered enemies to the United States, and I often have heard it said in different cities that you must either be a Federalist or an insurrecto. In time there will be the upbuilding of a safe and conservative political party, which, being conversant with these enemies to good government, will gather in many who to-day are counted as adherents to the Federal party. There are many good men in the Federal ranks, but they are leaving it for the reasons given.

I might continue to describe the historical development of the different provinces, the change from pagan to Christian worship, the wonderful change in the life of this singular people that one admires and yet fears, for the inconstant Malay character is of the earth, earthy. Where he falls away from the teachings of the Master and His priests, he soon demonstrates the utter depravity that man, when left to his own individual desires, comes to.

In many interior towns, off from the great military roads and highways, where the people were without church and clergy, I found the women badly demoralized and openly living in adultery with those who would contribute to their support, the men apparently indifferent, caring only for gambling and drink. As a contrast, in those cities where churches prevailed, the people continued faithful, were modest in deportment and devout.

As to the financial gains to be obtained from these islands, I would not advise any young man to go there, for it requires

almost twice as much capital to carry on business as it does in the United States and with greater risks. It is a good field for corporations only.

In my humble opinion, it is almost an impossibility to crush the Katipunans. Its teachings are the fruit of centuries, concentrated and perfected by revolution and uprising, the absolute hatred to the Caucasian, who has defrauded and robbed him, and with the cruel instincts of the Malay nature, I expect years of insurrection and guerilla warfare, necessitating the maintenance of a large standing army for the preservation of peace throughout

the entire archipelago. To practically eliminate this great factor of distressing insurrection and create new ideals of a peace-loving community, our Government will have to adopt the same tactics that the early missionaries practiced, *i. e.*, let our priests and teachers become as one of them again, living and working among them, ever endeavoring to place before their minds the great doctrine of Christian charity, "Love one another." I exceedingly regret the great undoing of this singular people, realizing that the powers of evil and sin are ever present to wreck and destroy.

Let us, the heart's shrine preparing,
With a heart renewed be sharing
In the old man's joy again—
Joy which held in his embraces
So his long-felt heart's wish raises
Once more in the long-lived man.

Set an ensign for the Nations,
Shrine with light, song with laudations,
Hearts with glory filleth He;
Now a child for presentation,
When a man, a sin-oolation
On the cross for sin to be!

Savior! here, here, Mary lowly!
Holy Son and Mother holy!
Move us all to glad delight
By that work of light perfected,
Which we now, for prayer collected,
Image with our tapers bright.

The true light the Word from heaven,
Virgin's flesh the wax hath given
To Christ's candle, bright as day,
Which to hearts that wisdom showeth,
Through which virtue's path he knoweth
Who by sin is led astray.

As one, love t'ward Jesus bearing,
In this festal custom sharing,
Doth a waxen taper hold,
So the Father's Word supernal,
Pledge of purity maternal,
Did old Simeon's arms enfold.

Joy thou, who thy Father bearest!
Pure within, without the fairest!
From all spot or wrinkle free!
Pre-elect of the Beloved!
By the Elect of old approved!
Darling of the Deity!

Beauty of all kinds seems clouded,
Sore defaced and horror shrouded,
When we see thy beauty shine;
Bitter groweth every savor,

Hateful and of filthy flavor.
After we have tasted thine.

Every scent the sweetest smelling
Seems not sweet, but most repelling,
When thy scents our nostrils fill;
Love of all kinds is rejected
Instantly, or else neglected,
Whilst thy love we cherish still.

Lovely light o'er ocean's waters!
Mother, peerless amongst earth's daughters!
Parent true of truth immortal!
Way of life to grace's portal!
Medicine all the world to heal!

Duct of wine from life's fount bursting,
For which all men should be thirsting!
Sweet to those in health or sickness!
Health to all who in sore weakness
For its cheering draught appeal!

Fountain duly
Sealed as holy!
Outpour for us
Rivers o'er us;
Fount of showers
For heart's flowers!

Water ever
From thy river
To all thirsting souls impart!
Fount o'erflowing!
Through hearts going.

Grant ablution
From pollution;
Fountain given
Pure from heaven!
From earth, wholly
Impure, thoroughly
Purify man's impure heart.
Amen!

—Adam of S. Victor.

EDITORIAL.

Entering early this year on the season of Lent, the suggestion is timely of the necessity of prayer and penance, of the consistent works of our holy faith by which we should show forth to all men the good odor emanating from the devout imitation of Jesus Christ, our Teacher and Model, that thus we may merit a share in the fruits of His blessed Redemption.

We present to our readers an interesting sketch of the Philippines, written by a Protestant gentleman who has travelled extensively in the islands. His testimony in behalf of the friars is gratifying.

In our next number we shall begin the publication of a series of articles dealing with the captivity of the Spanish friars among the Filipino insurgents previously to the American occupation of Manila.

If it were not somewhat serious, the following, by the Washington dispatch to a recent number of *The New York Times*, would be funny:

"Mail advices from Manila report a sad occurrence in Tayabas, a town in southern Luzon. Tayabas, having become tranquilized, pacified and eligible to self-government, a municipal system was put in force there. One of the most attractive features of this government in the eyes of the inhabitants was the police force. The force numbered eleven, and each member received a nice new uniform and was armed with a carbine and a six-shooter. The village took great pride in its police force, and the members thereof were well pleased with themselves, their uniforms, their carbines and their six-shooters. This state of things lasted one day—the day after the force was established. That night some miscreant or miscreants entered the town and stole the police force. No trace of them has since been discovered, and the bereft town of Tayabas contemplates offering a reward for the return of its police and no questions asked."

Certainly this is ludicrous, but who dares say the Filipinos are not pacified and Americanized? Too bad Funston

was not a member of the Tayabas police force.

Catholic federation is a partially accomplished fact. The absence from the Cincinnati Convention held in December of representatives of organizations other than of Irish or German affiliation, and the determination to admit women's societies are the two features very regrettable. The rapids are ahead. However, the cause and purpose are worthy and noble, and we hope for the best practical results as the work "gets well under way."

"Separation of Church and State" is one of the pet phrases in the mouths of bigots, who never see sectarian unless under Catholic auspices. In the Philippines, since American "subjugation" took effect in Manila and a few other places, six superintendents of schools have been appointed, of whom five are Protestant preachers. Reverse this! Yea, make it *one* Catholic priest, and what a howl would go up from the defenders of American liberties!

A hopeful and cheering "sign of the times," as the first year of this new century closed, was the meeting held in New York, under the auspices of the National Civic Federation, out of which was developed and organized, as a standing body, the Capital and Labor Arbitration Commission. If, as the press reports assure us, business aggregating one billion of dollars was sponsored by the capitalists who attended, and one million working men spoke through their delegates, the interests represented were truly vast.

That the Commission appointed, as a result of the deliberations of this notable assembly, includes the most prominent capitalists and labor organization men, twelve of each class, as well as twelve distinguished citizens belonging to neither class, as Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter, President Eliot of Harvard

University, former President of the United States Cleveland, promises well for the settlement of the disputes between capital and labor that will be submitted to this tribunal. All good citizens hope that in this admirable plan of arbitration we may see the beginning of the end of strikes.

Our readers should consult the Calendar for special commemoration of the beautiful offices of the Passion which are set for the early Lenten days. The spirit of the Cross is the spirit of this holy time, and in the meditation of the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary our souls can find strengthening nourishment to enable us to make our journey, bravely and loyally, in the footsteps of our suffering Lord.

The vindication of Bishop Favier of Peking from the calumnious charge of "looting" during the memorable siege of the foreign legations, is now generally accepted as a proved fact of the history of that troublous time. It is not, however, so generally known that like charges were made against the French Catholic missionaries by some of the most advanced of the Free Mason group of French Radical deputies. The attack thus made was the basis of a further demand that France should renounce her protectorate of the foreign missions. The occasion was happily chosen by Premier Waldeck-Rousseau for a defense and vindication of the missionaries, during the course of which he brought home to their infidel defamers the proofs not only of innocence, but of such generosity and magnanimity that the amazed Chinamen—pagans and haters though they had been of Western civilization and of Christianity—were so edified that more than fourteen hundred Chinese adults have been baptized since the raising of the siege, while more than four thousand have proclaimed their intention of seeking admission to a Church whose disciples had shown forth charity and benignity so sublime as characterized the conduct of the Catholic Bishop of Peking and his devoted clergy and nuns. Out of evil God thus brings good because of those who love Him, and from the dark-

ness of calumny He is pleased to make shine more resplendently the light of His divine truth.

The accursed English attempts to annihilate a nation—the Boers—by destroying mothers and children, and the unholy campaign by fire and sword maintained against the Filipinos by the "Land of the free and the home of the brave," in an infamous effort to introduce the English tongue and Anglo-Saxon "civilization" and "religion" (whatever the latter may mean), find worthy companionship in unhappy "German" Poland, where the brutal Prussian officials are scourging and imprisoning the brave Polish boys and girls because they will not renounce their mother tongue (and faith) and speak the speech of their heartless taskmasters. The restoration of Poland's nationality the Germans would render impossible by destroying the Polish language. The Anglo-Saxons practised that devilish game hundreds of years ago on the poor Irish, but now, thanks to an awakening national spirit, the revival of their almost extinct speech goes bravely on. The slow, plodding Prussian may be late in learning the British lesson, but, judging from the newspaper reports, *mein herr* will "make up" for lost time by vigor of methods. The twentieth century of the Christian era has opened with gloomy prospects for peace among men, because good will is so fearfully wanting, and with bitter and multiplied reasons for dreading the wrath of God because of national crimes against weak and helpless peoples, crimes which are merely the aggrandizement and multiplication of personal infidelities to the teachings and precepts of Jesus Christ by His hypocritical and false-hearted pretended followers.

While we pray God save Ireland, and the Boers, and the Poles and the Filipinos, let us pray for our own guilt-stained land, that the anger of God may not descend on an unrepentant people.

The unspeakable Funston has come back, nominally for rest, but apparently for newspaper advertising, which the sheets, yellow and otherwise, are giving him and his baby (Funston the Second

sounds quite imperial), and since it nauseates honorable men we should ignore the "brave captor of Aguinaldo," were it not that we hold it to be a duty to American manhood to protest against the exaltation of such a creature, his infamous methods and his undeserved reward, as a standard for the youth of the country. Applauding Funston, exploiting this bigoted, looting braggart—a parody on the true soldier—is demoralizing to our boys, and the lavish display of advertising which he has received is a deplorable sign of American newspaper corruption. Again we warn parents.

Persecutions, almost literally reviving thumb-screw and rack and pulley of mediæval barbarity, have been maintained by our "civilizing" soldiers in the Philippines against the poor Filipinos who will not allow that they are as cattle to be sold at two dollars a head. The story, as it leaks out from private sources (of course official reports ignore all such iniquities), is one of humiliation and shame. That so many of these military agents of "civilization," Anglo-Saxon brand, and of "Christianity," American styles, have come back to fill our hospitals, victims of insanity from causes that we may not name, looks like divine retribution. And yet these unfortunate men are but tools in the hands of the fomentors and abettors and makers of high crimes, on whose guilty heads the divine wrath will yet descend.

The hue and cry against the Religious Orders in the Philippines is as old and of the same spirit as the clamor that went up nineteen hundred years ago against Jesus Christ because He went about doing good. If Freemasonry in the Philippines, misrepresenting the people, calls for the expulsion of the Friars and even of the nuns, Catholics understand it. The servant is not above his Master. Having persecuted Him, the world must be consistent in following His disciples with like hatred and ingratitude.

The twentieth of this month will mark the beginning of the twenty-fifth year of the Pontificate of our Holy Father Leo

XIII., whom may God preserve to see the years of Peter and beyond. For the silver jubilee of the Pope the Catholic world is anxious, and earnest prayers ascend to our Heavenly Father that He may be pleased to leave with us for that glad time the venerable Vicar of His Divine Son.

The Papal Commission for the discussion of questions concerning the Holy Scriptures, is the latest creation by our Holy Father the Pope in proof of his solicitude for the protection of the Word of God from irreverent treatment at the hands of "higher critics" and "popular" translators. Even representatives of Protestantism, though failing to acknowledge its inconsistency, have protested against a late American enterprise, one worthy of Chicago, namely the rendering of the Bible into English "up to date," colloquial. In the deliberations of this Commission the fullest latitude will be allowed, and Catholic scholarship will have as spokesmen exegesis of unquestionable ability and of critical breadth of view not inferior to the "highest" of the "higher," but guided always by the unerring guardianship of the Church, without whose reverent and fostering care there could not have been preserved the sacred books which Protestantism has so irreverently treated.

The importance of the work committed by the Pope to the Catholic Biblical scholars is recognized by the non-Catholic world, for which the determination of question debated is of a vital necessity. To quote an authority that speaks for the Protestant churches as one not bound by any Catholic affiliation, we may refer to *The Sun*, New York, which recently said:

"The resolution of doubts of supernatural Biblical authority, however, is essential for Protestantism rather than for Catholicism. The position of the Church of Rome on that subject is determined already and is irreversible; but in Protestantism, though it has no other foundation than belief in the Bible as absolute and Divine truth, as 'the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scriptures,' to use the words of the Westminster Confession, there has been of recent years a very

complete rejection of that belief. A school of criticism has arisen which practically reduces the Bible to a human authorship no more inspired than were Shakespeare, Dante and Goethe, and its seat is in the foremost (Protestant) theological seminaries. That is, it is inside of the (Protestant) Church, and thus wields the profoundest influence in undermining Christian faith.

"At this time a Presbyterian commission is engaged in an attempt to revise the Westminster Confession in response to a demand which had its origin in the scepticism induced by the scholarly criticism of the Bible called the "higher." Of course, the effort will be vain, for the General Assembly in appointing the commission timidly avoided the essence of the question in controversy, or the authority of the Bible, whether it is Divine or human. But that pivotal question will yet have to be met by Protestantism as squarely as it has been met by the Pope. Mere verbal changes in creeds built wholly on the theory of the inspired and inerrant authority of the Bible, are child's play at a time when religious thought has been revolutionized by destructive criticism of the validity of that authority by Protestant theologians and scholars of worldwide repute, men whose teachings are not repudiated and anathematized by their Churches, but who are suffered to remain in the ministry without reproach.

"It is not the Pope, then, but the great Churches of Protestantism, which need to appoint a commission, or commissions, "for the consideration of all questions connected with Biblical studies." The time is coming, if, indeed, it has not come already, when these Churches must take their stand definitively and decidedly on the question whether the Bible is of God or only of man. As it is now, the Pope is the sole bold, positive and uncompromising champion of the Bible as the Word of God."

Words such as these, spoken by a Catholic priest, might savor of "narrowness." Uttered by a journal of national reputation which is edited by men acknowledging no allegiance to the Church, they have an ominous sound. They should cause serious thinking among non-Catholics who value principles, truth and eternity more than they do the miserable, passing subterfuges of human vagaries even when masquerading under the name of "churches," as represented by men to whom a divine commission is unknown, who dare not claim that they are sent by God, or that they have any right, be-

yond the merely human one of a vestry "call," to teach the people the "way and the truth and the life," or to break to hungry souls the bread of God's eternal word.

The seventeenth century poet, Robert Herrick, preached a little Lenten sermon in verse, available, we think, in gentle reminder to our twentieth century Catholics:

Is this a fast,—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate,—
To circumscribe thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Something like "remorse of conscience," if politicians ever experience such "pangs," seems to be stirring the breasts of some of our public men who wish to grant a measure of reciprocity to Cuba, now "on the brink of ruin" as the result of our driving out Spain and pretending to free the "ever-faithful isle." It is a fearful mockery, but the worst fruits remain to be gathered.

Subserviency to England has made such gangrene progress in the American body politic that we have no hope, despite the patriotic attitude of certain Congressmen and journals, that the special embassy appointed by President Roosevelt to represent the United States at the coro-

nation of Edward the Seventh will be rejected to Congress. The President is, in this, a disappointment to the country. From him, under these circumstances, the Boers can expect no word of friendly cheer. Nor should we wonder that the Declaration of Independence is a "damned incendiary document," to quote one of our "civilizing" and "liberty loving" officers in the Philippines.

King Edward recently opened Parliament and took occasion to laud "my soldiers" in South Africa, because of their bravery and their gentleness and forbearance to the enemy. In the face of the murdering of women and children, of the killing of prisoners of war, of the attempted annihilation of a whole race, by ways and means foreign to all the codes of warfare that hold among civilized men, this royal lie deserves to be recorded side by side with Edward's royal perjury, on the occasion of his accession to the throne.

MAGAZINES.

The well-advertised "friendly act of England in keeping Europe's hands off," while the United States engaged in war with Spain during 1898, we suspected from the beginning. The recent utterances of the French statesman, Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Cabinet, then holding office, not only give point blank contradiction to this arrogant Anglo-Saxon boast, but clearly indicate England's readiness to join against us, while affirming that Russia's friendly refusal was the real cause of the failure of the intended coalition.

Despite the ugly fact, we still hear, and probably shall hear, for many years (for such lies die hard) loud voiced assertions of this Anglo-Saxon myth by Anglo-American sycophants whose great distress is that they were born outside of their "mother country."

Here we consider it serviceable to the cause of historic truth and true Americanism, to give place to the following extract from the editorial page of *The Sun*, New York, January 5th:

THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN OUR CIVIL WAR.

Out of the recent discussion as to whether Russia or England was the more friendly to us when some Powers in Europe were considering interference with our action toward Spain and Cuba, there has come this communication:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In *The Sun* of Dec. 23, discussing the attempted European coalition against the United States just before the declaration of war against Spain, you say that 'Russia attested her friendship for the United States by an act identical with that performed by Alexander II, at a critical conjuncture during our Civil War.' Of course you refer to the historical myth that Russia sent a squadron to the United States to be used by this Government in the event of certain things happening; but what I should like to know is, has *The Sun* any irrefragable proof to sustain this historical myth; can it produce such testimony that will be accepted as conclusive by a disinterested, unprejudiced and intelligent jury? In all my researches I have never been able to obtain a single scrap of evidence in support of the assertion except from Russian sources long after the event; evidence that no jury would accept, without corroboration; evidence as valuable as the later assertion that Russia tied the hands of Europe against the United States. For the truth of history cannot *The Sun* produce the proof?

A. MAURICE LOW.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23."

It is true that in the records of the State Department at Washington there is not to be found a particle of evidence regarding the alleged action of Russia, but in the *LIFE OF THURLOW WEED* there are two or three interesting observations on the subject worthy of quotation. Here are parts of pages 346 and 347 of Vol. II.:

"It will be remembered that early in the Rebellion a Russian fleet lay for several months in our harbor, and that other Russian men-of-war were stationed at San Francisco. Admiral Farragut lived at the Astor House, where he was frequently visited by the Russian Admiral, between

whom, when they were young officers serving in the Mediterranean, a warm friendship had grown up. Sitting in my room one day after dinner, Admiral Farragut said to his Russian friend, 'Why are you spending the winter here in idleness?' 'I am here,' replied the Russian Admiral, 'under sealed orders,' to be broken only in a contingency that has not yet occurred.' He added that other Russian war vessels were lying off San Francisco with similar orders. During this conversation the Russian Admiral admitted that he had received orders to break the seals if during the Rebellion we became involved in a war with foreign nations. Strict confidence was then enjoined.

When in Washington a few days later, Secretary Seward informed me that he had asked the Russian Minister why his Government kept their ships of war so long in our harbors, who, while in answering he disclaimed any knowledge of the nature of their visit, felt at liberty to say that it had no unfriendly purpose.

"Louis Napoleon had invited Russia, as he did England, to unite with him in demanding the breaking of our blockade. The Russian Ambassador at London informed his Government that England was preparing for war with America, on account of the seizure of Mason and Silldell. Hence two fleets were immediately sent across the Atlantic under sealed orders, so that if their services were not needed, the intentions of the Emperor would remain, as they have to this day, secret. It is certain, however, that when our Government and Union were imperiled by a formidable rebellion, we should have found a powerful ally in Russia had an emergency occurred."

"The latter revelation," says the editor of these memoirs, "is corroborated by a well-known New York gentleman, who was in St. Petersburg when the Rebellion began, and who, during an unofficial call upon Prince Gortschakoff, was shown by the Chancellor an order written in Alexander's own hand directing his Admiral to report to President Lincoln for orders in case England or France sided with the Confederates."

The editor in question, Mr. Thurlow

Weed Barnes, undoubtedly referred here to Mr. Bayard Taylor, who was Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg at the time of the incident here related and who was on intimate terms with Prince Gortschakoff. In the Nicolay and Hay life of Lincoln a full account is given of the effort of France to get England and Russia to join in an interference with the United States. It is there said:

"Many years elapsed before it became generally known how near the British Government had come to accepting or even anticipating the overtures of the French for mediation."

The Sun has the privilege of offering now the testimony of one who was at the time Consul at Paris, and who speaks with the highest personal authority, backed by documentary evidence never before published:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Your representative has shown me some letters to you questioning what the writers call the 'historic myth' which credits Russia with having attested her friendship for the United States in our Civil War by sending a squadron to our shores to be at the service of our Government in case of need. He also asks me on your behalf if I can throw any light upon the subject. I think I can, though I do not know how conclusive it may appear to those who are predisposed to doubt it.

"In the summer of 1862 and before I had heard of the arrival of the Russian squadron in New York, I received a letter from Mr. Seward, of which I enclose a copy. It was a reply to rumors of coalitions and combinations against the United States put in circulation by Confederate agencies in London and Paris, which I communicated to the Department. I have marked the paragraph which I believed then to be, and still believe to have been, a sufficient warrant for the inference that the Secretary of State had an understanding with the Russian Government. What he wrote certainly warrants more even than would be implied by a simple display of the flag of the Czar in the harbor of New York.

"Shortly after my return from France in 1867, I spent a few days in Washing-

ton, during which time I had frequent interviews with Mr. Seward, and occasionally met at his house Monsieur Bodisco, the Russian Minister at Washington. The purchase of Alaska from Russia had just been consummated. Of course neither Mr. Seward nor Monsieur Bodisco said distinctly to me that that purchase was made purely and simply as a gracious recognition on the part of the Washington Government of the attitude of the Czar toward the United States in '62, but I doubt if there was any member of either house of Congress who supposed the Government then had any other motive in the purchase of Alaska than to recognize its obligations to the Czar.

"The fact stated by one of your correspondents that 'there is no record of such understanding in the Government Departments,' is not surprising. Flirtations between nationalities, as between the sexes, are not apt to be proclaimed from the housetops, nor even made matters of record.

"JOHN BIGELOW.

"21 GRAMERCY PARK, Jan. 2."

The Seward letter to Mr. Bigelow is here printed:

"Unofficial.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

"WASHINGTON, June 25, 1862.

"*John Bigelow, Esq.—*

"MY DEAR SIR: The London *Times* has succeeded in procuring itself to be universally regarded as an enemy to the United States; engaged in urging upon them the calamities of a foreign war in the crisis of a domestic insurrection sufficiently dangerous. The Secretary of War supposes that it is his duty not to give the London *Times* the weight which it would derive from protecting, supporting and cherishing its agent (the then *Times* correspondent, Sir William H. Russell). The American people do not dissent from the Secretary's opinion. They are being wrought up by the European press to the point of meeting a European invasion. It seems to them as if such an invasion gains favor in Europe just in proportion that excuses for it are removed.

"This explanation is for yourself alone.

The Secretary of War does not propose to have any discussion about it, and certainly I can afford to engage in none.

"Gen. Cameron's vindication by the President would have come somewhat earlier if he had not assumed to defend himself against Congress and in doing so hurled back accusations against them.

"Your defense of our financial policy was right. It stands upon necessities. Mr. Bright should have shown you how we could have gone through the war with a peace revenue and fiscal system.

"I do not write or even talk just now about Mexican affairs. I think it prudent to watch and wait. *Between you and myself alone, I have a belief that the European State, whichever one it may be, that commits itself to intervention anywhere in North America, will sooner or later fetch up in the arms of a native of an oriental country not especially distinguished for amiability of manners or temper.*

"Our sending a Minister to Rome was just as meaningless as our consenting to Mr. Mercier's going to Richmond. We appointed Rufus King, Minister, sixteen months ago. He declined. We appointed Mr. Randall a year ago. He waited until he got the Wisconsin forces into the field and then went to Rome to save the appointment.

"Propositions and debates about mediation and recognition do not tend to make our people amiable. If the debates are kept up abroad, we shall have a navy that will be worthy of a great maritime power. *It might perhaps be well if it were known in Europe that we are no longer alarmed by demonstrations of interference.*

"I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

Within the limits of the caution demanded by the time and the delicacy of the matter under discussion, we fail to see how Mr. Seward could have conveyed to Mr. Bigelow any more clearly his belief in the intention of Russia to stand by the United States in the manner of the tradition disputed by our correspondent. Of the two passages in italics the first was italicized by Mr. Bigelow and the second

by *The Sun* in the conviction that it was meant by Mr. Seward to be especially significant."

To the foregoing we add this additional testimony for which we are also indebted to *The Sun*:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: As a further confirmation of the evidence quoted on Sunday in your admirable exposition of the Russian-American case, will you permit me to quote from a letter written from Warsaw, December, 1898, by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, a man who hardly needs an introduction to the readers of *The Sun*. Writing to me concerning his uncle, Andrew Curtin, the famous war Governor of Pennsylvania, and touching upon this very subject, he says:

"While at St. Petersburg, Prince Gortchakoff took the Governor into the archives of the Foreign Office and showed him the correspondence which took place between the Emperor, Napoleon III and Alexander II. of Russia, concerning the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States. The Emperor Napoleon addressed an autograph letter to Alexander II., stating that the Government of Her Britannic Majesty and his Government were ready to acknowledge the independence of the Confederate States of America, and invited him to join with them. To this the Emperor of Russia answered, also in an autograph letter, that the people of the United States had a government of their own choice, and that they were using their best blood and treasure to defend it, and not only would he not do anything to oppose them, but he would reserve freedom of action to proceed as he deemed necessary under the circumstances. Soon after the Russian fleets appeared in New York and San Francisco."

To the unbiased mind this would appear to be evidence of a character to carry conviction that Russian sympathy was a valuable asset to the republic in the perilous days of the rebellion.

JOSEPH SMITH.

LOWELL, Mass., Jan. 6.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I have read your article, "The Russian

Fleet in Our Civil War," published in *The Sun* of Sunday last, in response to a communication characterizing as a baseless myth the story that Russia was a peculiar friend of the United States at that time, and I think I can bring important testimony in support of the evidence you published that the story was true. I send you herewith a copy of a letter I wrote Mr. Thomas Willing Balch of this city a year ago, for in it I answer the question so often asked: "What was the purpose of the Russian fleet in American waters in 1863?"

WHARTON BARKER.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1, 1901.

Mr. Thomas Willing Balch, Philadelphia, Pa.—

MY DEAR MR. BALCH: I have read with interest your letter of Dec. 29th last, and also your admirable book—"The Alabama Arbitration"—you have presented to me. You have done good work. By the publication of the Palmerston-Russell correspondence you have made clear the desire and the purpose of the British Government in 1862-63, working in co-operation with the French Government, to break up the union of the United States of America by recognition of belligerency and independence of the Confederate States of America, probably going to the point of armed interference.

I believe nothing but the refusal of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia in 1863 to co-operate with Lord Palmerston and the Emperor Napoleon III. prevented open support by European nations of the Confederate States. Americans owe almost as much to Russia for support in 1863 as to France in 1778. I am willing to comply with your request for a statement in writing of what the Emperor Alexander II. said to me in August, 1879, about his course in 1863, when I reflect that probably no more important statement of his position at that time has been made.

That you may understand why I was given an audience by the Emperor and why he talked to me of many great acts, I must tell you, what you may know al-

ready, that in May, 1878, I was appointed Russian Financial Agent in America by the Grand Duke Constantine, General Admiral of Russia at that time, and associated with Capt. Semetschkin, chief of a board of officers sent here to build cruisers for the Russian Navy. Of the members of this board Semetschkin is dead, Grippenbergh is now a retired Rear Admiral, and Avallon is now Vice-Admiral and Chief of Staff of the Russian Navy, Alexieff is now a Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Russian navy and military forces in the Far East and Civil Governor, the most important position held up to this time by any Russian not a member of the Imperial family. Several of the subordinate members of that board are Rear Admirals. These men were all my friends twenty-two years since; they all are my friends to-day.

I must also tell you that I was called to Russia in 1879 by the Grand Duke Constantine and Prince Dolgorouki for conference with them and the Ministers of Finance, Ways of Communications and Public Domain about large and important railroad, coal, iron and steel enterprises about to be undertaken in the south of Russia. In consideration of these services, on Aug. 26, 1879, the Emperor created me a Knight of St. Stanislaus, second class, and gave me the cross and other insignia of the order. I have been to Russia many times since, always on public business. You will now understand my position and why the audience of which I have spoken.

On a Sunday morning in August, 1879, after breakfast with the Grand Duke Constantine at his palace of Pavlovsk, where I had gone upon urgent invitation sent me the day before, the Grand Duke and I were talking in his library upon sundry subjects of interest, but not of great importance; like his effort to induce Mr. Gladstone to join with him in a work to unite the Church of England and the Greek Church, of course an impossible dream. After an hour or more of this conversation, when I was about to take my leave, not understanding why I had been brought eighteen miles from St. Petersburg into the country for breakfast, the lodge bell was rung and the Grand

Duke called me to a window opening on the court yard and said: "You will now understand why you are here; the Emperor wishes to talk with you in a somewhat informal way as he could not if you were presented in formal manner by your Minister." A man, the Emperor of Russia, mounted on horseback came into the yard. No escort of servants or body-guard or armed men with him, followed by a one-horse phaeton in which were two ladies, the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Greece, daughter of my host, the Grand Duke Constantine. This was surely a unique and most interesting beginning to an important interview. Within half an hour I was presented to the Emperor by the Grand Duke Constantine, the Empress, the Grand Duchess Constantine, and my dear friend Semetschkin also in attendance. I was presented as "your American banker."

The Emperor spoke English and talked more than half an hour. He spoke of financial plans of his Minister of Finance and asked my opinion of them; of the liberation of his serfs; of his giving them property as well as personal liberty, remarking that Americans in giving freedom to the Negro slaves had not done as well by the slaves; of his course during the war made by Prussia and Austria upon Denmark; of his course during the war of Prussia upon Austria in 1866, and of his course while Germany made war upon France in 1870, and of his great part in support of the Washington Government in 1863. There is no reason at this time to make account of any of his statements of these great questions and the why of his action, save one, the American.

With great earnestness and some sadness he said that in the autumn of 1862 France and Great Britain proposed to Russia in formal, but not in official, way the joint recognition by European nations of the independence of the Confederate States of America. He said his immediate answer was: "I will not co-operate in such action and I will not acquiesce, but on the contrary I shall accept recognition of the independence of the Confederate States by France and Great Britain as a *casus belli* for Russia, and that the Governments of France and Great Britain

may understand that this is no idle threat I will send a Pacific fleet to San Francisco, and an Atlantic fleet to New York. Sealed orders to both Admirals were given." After a pause he proceeded, saying: "My fleets arrived at the American ports; there was no recognition of independence of the Confederate States by Great Britain and France, the American rebellion was put down and the great American Republic continues. All this I did because of love for my own dear Russia rather than for love of the American Republic. I acted thus because I understood that Russia would have a more serious task to perform if the American Republic, with advanced industrial development, was broken up and Great Britain left in control of most branches of modern industrial development."

This is, I believe, an exact statement of the part of the talk on American affairs of a very great man, holding a most responsible position; and I hope it will help clear up questions many men do not now understand, and also help to bar action by our Government that will embarrass the United States in the future.

I am strenuously opposed to an alliance with Great Britain and to entangling alliances with any foreign nation. I have the honor to remain, my dear Mr. Balch,

WILMARTON BARKER.

In devoting so much space to this incident we are moved by a wholesome and honorable desire to contribute our mite towards the godly work of tearing the mask of lying and falseheartedness and hypocrisy from the brazen face of Britannia.

The Era, Philadelphia (Henry T. Coates & Co., Publishers), has among other excellent features "Old World Themes," by Henry F. Keenan. From his contribution to the January number of this very agreeable magazine, we quote the following:

"Since 1783, when a whimsical philanthropist, Montyon, bequeathed a fund to furnish an annual reward for virtue, it has been one of the annual functions of the French Academy to make known the

virtues which have won the guerdon," Count Albert de Mun, who spoke for the "Immortels," this year succeeded in making the address something more original than any of his late predecessors, though the task has fallen in turn to the most eminent men in the academy. Ever since the foundation of the prize, the event has been a signal for the *raillleurs* and wits of journalism and the stage. Count de Mun disarmed his audience by assuming that the fun made over the prize is directed rather at the unfortunate laureate, obliged to find something new to say on the same theme, year after year, than at the humble heroisms apotheosized in the address. Every year the virtues crowned are of the same character,—modest young girls who take the burden of helpless families upon them; peasants who save the lives of the endangered; devotees, in short, who illustrate the teachings of the Evangelists; the individual heroisms that are to be read in newspaper reports, the world over, where hearts are human and the cult of the "strenuous" has not brutalized the natural man. The awards range from three hundred to one thousand dollars and recipients of these *douceurs* are to be found in every province of the republic. The chief prize this year, for example, was awarded to a mother, who, serving as "flagger" of a railway, saw on the track, as the express approached, a small baby girl unconscious of her danger. At the same instant another peasant mother hard by saw the doomed child; both darted at the instant, and while the babe was saved, one of the women was hurled to death. The survivor received the reward the Montyon bequest contemplates, and the deed is embalmed for all time in the stately records of the learned Academy. Though there were other virtues, quite as striking among the list, Count de Mun alluded but lightly to them, but instead made a captivating excursion into the proofs these actions enforce of the inextinguishable verity of the Christian religion! The Academy, as a rule, discourages purely doctrinal theses, but, for some reason, permitted the Count to combat both the acts of the re-

public and the doctrines of the philosophers. The departure has aroused a lively controversy in the press, and the Academy finds itself almost a storm center."

Count de Mun is a noble example of Catholic loyalty and zeal, a model Catholic layman.

The Irish World, December 28, 1901, publishes a very serious indictment against General Chaffee, "the Cromwell of the Philippines," a title which our contemporary confers on the American officer as a brand deserved because of the offenses with which he is charged, and for which *The Irish World* offers strong proof. Among the particulars in the bill we read that Chaffee has taken upon himself the determination of a priest's obligation in regard to the seal of the Confessional. Declining to accept the dictum of our oriental potentate, a Filipino priest has been condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, under the judgment of a drumhead court of Chaffee's assignment. At the same time other Filipino patriots were sentenced to death or life imprisonment. As *The Irish World* sums up this nefarious business we make its sentiments our own:

"A penitent tells a priest something in the confessional. This something, Chaffee declares, can be revealed without 'the violation of the secrecy of the Confessional.' The Filipino priest who is unwilling to accept this interpretation of his duty faces a long term of prison. As the 'crimes' Gen. Chaffee refers to are of a political character, Catholic priests in the Philippines are called upon to choose between a prison cell and the violation of the most sacred obligations, which would make them renegades to their Church and traitors to their country.

"In this species of religious persecution we have again an analogy between the Cromwellian and the Chaffeean methods. Cromwell's policy of 'thorough,' included the burning of houses, the indiscriminate slaughter of the Irish without regard to age or sex, the hanging of priests and the hunting down like wild beasts all who had escaped the sword. Two centuries and a half have come and gone since the Irish were thus harrowed by foreign in-

vaders. In this first year of the twentieth century this horrible chapter in history is duplicated in the Philippines. How long will it be before the Republic will rid itself of the responsibility of the crimes against humanity that are committed under its authority in these distant Pacific islands?"

"The British Colonial Office—Chamberlain's bureau—has issued a 'Blue Book' about South Africa, in which the terrible revelation is made that of 66,000 Boer children in the British concentration camps, 10,000 died during the half year ending in November.

"What words could intensify the horror of this fact? If one could imagine of a redeeming feature in so dreadful a picture, it would be the thought that among the Boer race from fatherland to South Africa the memory of the infamy will be preserved fresh and strong and that perhaps will benefit humanity by hastening the destruction of the Godless British power."

From *The Irish World* we take the foregoing. It calls for no comment. That the policy of England works in ways so infamous in the name of war, which certainly is hell with her, to quote Sheridan's indictment, surprises no one who has read her history. She is also murdering, by slow process, the Boer prisoners in Ceylon and other distant places to which she has expatriated them. Her purpose is plainly the annihilation of a race.

Barring the protests and appeals from honest Americans in all parts of the country against the iniquities of this war, no voice is raised by our Government in defence of the doomed Boers. Rather has snobbery so possessed the Anglo-Saxon minority who misrepresent in high places true American sentiment, that they demand that a special envoy be sent to England to witness the coronation of Edward and to listen to his blasphemous oath against the Catholic Church, while the Laureate Alfred Austin whines in very doggerel for an alliance of the Lion and the Eagle, as a combination against the world, to stand or fall together. But the Eagle will not be beguiled, so long, at least, as the voice of Kipling can be heard denouncing, with

sting and lash, Tommy Atkins and especially his officers—"the flanneled fools at the wickets, or the muddled oafs at the goals." But, though our "glorious bird of freedom" repudiates the proposed partnership, it matters little, for John Bull, so long as we permit him to have fellowship so intimate with that other American representative, the army mule, on which the continuance of his hostilities in South Africa depends. We are, as Oom Paul so pathetically expressed it, many months ago, helping in the butchery of his people. And this for money gain. Alas for our poor country!

Among recent bright sayings of our neighbor, *The Star*, we quote, with cordial commendation, these:

"The soldier rioters at the Presidio last week are now on their way to the Philippines, to "civilize" the natives."

"The United States should get out of Asia and keep Asia out of the United States."

To the same lively, aggressive and truly American spirited journal we are indebted for the following "telling" dialogue, from *The Toledo Blade*:

HOW WE LOVE THE FILIPINOS.

Do we tax the Filipinos?

We do tax the Filipinos.

Which way do we tax the Filipinos?

We tax the Filipinos both ways, coming and going. We fix the tariff on our goods going to the Filipinos and Filipino goods coming to us. In this way we save the Filipinos much time and annoyance.

Do we love the Filipinos?

You bet we love the Filipinos. We will give them a nice Christmas gift of independence with a lovely string tied to it. Also a nice tariff bill."

"Spread the light" of true Americanism is our motto in these sad times.

The convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association will be held in Washington from the twelfth to the eighteenth of this month. All womanly women who would feel it to be a misfortune to deserve Shakespeare's lash of "a woman impudent and mannish grown" as more loathsome than an

effeminate man, will pity the Amazons, the hard-faced and shrill-voiced termagants, who will pour out on that occasion endless words and equal nonsense. We do not know whether the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* had the convention in view when he invited Cardinal Gibbons to speak to the women of America through the columns of his magazine. This matters not. The important fact is that His Eminence has preached a little, written sermon on "The Restless Woman," and for this we are glad. Perhaps several millions of the gentle and refined women of our country read *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and to such an audience the grave words of the venerable Cardinal will come as a solemn appeal. His praise of Christian wifehood and motherhood as the most divinely sanctioned and the noblest of all earthly portions, a queendom on which Christianity set its enduring seal in Bethlehem, should speak to the hearts of our American women as a tribute of the highest glory due their state and sex.

It would be pleasant, had we space, to quote His Eminence more fully, but we restrict ourselves to two paragraphs:

"You remember, perhaps, what a great general of ancient times said: 'Greece rules the world, Athens rules Greece, I rule Athens, my wife rules me, and, therefore, my wife rules the world.' Nor is the illustration overdrawn. The woman who rules the domestic kingdom is in reality the ruler of all earthly kingdoms."

"The model that should be held up to American women of to-day is not the Amazon glorying in her martial deeds and powers; not the Spartan, who made female perfection to consist in the development of physical strength at the expense of feminine decorum and modesty; not the goddess of impure love like Venus, whose votaries regarded beauty of form and personal charms as the highest type of womanly excellence. No, the model that should be held up before you and all women is Mary, the Mother of Christ. She is the great pattern of virtue and all that goes to make the perfect woman, alike to maiden, wife and mother."

To say that the gentle and persuasive words of the Archbishop of Baltimore would irritate the unreasoning woman suffragists surprises no right-minded woman. A virago of national repute (because she is allowed to use a great New York journal as her platform) has scolded the Cardinal in most approved suffragist style. The value of her comments may be best judged when we say that she is the author of an infamous screed, a defence of a nameless crime against the sacredness of marriage, a crime designated in Holy Writ as detestable in the sight of God who slew the wretch who first committed it. That the dignified *Independent* of New York, the organ of "all the churches" without doctrine, should open its pages to so immoral a contribution is proof positive that the wreck of dogma is usually followed by the repudiation of moral obligations, save where legal penalty acts as a restraint. We deem it just, however, to add that in the same number of *The Independent* (December 28, 1901), Henry T. Finck contributes an essay on the "Evolution of Sex in Mind," which should be read by all the ranting suffragists after they have made a prayerful study of the Cardinal's little homily. Mr. Finck's paper is a fine specimen of satire supported by merciless logic and by facts impregnable, all of which are deadly to the cause of the bloomer-wearing, ballot-holding, platform-shouting and man-aping unwomanly women who are a disgrace to true American womanhood.

The satisfaction which Catholics must feel because the daughters of the Faith, true to the divinely appointed model of Mary's example, have no part or share in the vagaries and vaporings of the man-nish "woman's rights" women, should be followed by an earnest and frequent prayer that the blessed light of Catholic truth may illumine with all its beauty the minds of all to whom its comfort has not yet come.

The Leader of San Francisco is the title of a newly established weekly paper, which will be published in the interests of the Gaelic revival. From the style of

the few numbers already issued we may judge that *The Leader* will not be dull. We observe, however, and with regret, that personalities are in too frequent evidence. The cause of which *The Leader* is champion is so worthy that its true friends would prefer to see its journal free from things unbecoming.

By far the most important paper contributed to the December number of *The Nineteenth Century and After* is that from the pen of W. S. Lilly, entitled "Marriage and Modern Civilization."

Recognizing Mr. W. S. Lilly's fine grasp of all questions that he undertakes to discuss, we readily grant him and his theme careful consideration.

In this article the writer starts out by defining the meaning of the word "civilization" as "the ordered social state which rests upon the exercise of the faculty proper to man, and which is man's natural state," and by modern civilization he means "that ordering of society in the western world which arose under the influence of Christianity, and into which we have been born."

He then proceeds to describe the rise and progress of Christianity and the influence the teachings of Christ produced in the public mind. "Christianity revealed human nature to itself, exhibiting man as self-conscious, self-determined, morally responsible, as lord of himself in the sacred domain of conscience, and accountable there only to Him whose perpetual witness conscience is."

After tracing the condition of women among the Jews, and the practice in vogue of "putting away a wife" for even small reasons, he says: "But Christianity did more than merely vindicate the personality of women. It protected her personality by what a learned writer has well called the new creation of marriage."

The consideration of Mary's place in the Church and the influence her exalted example produced among the faithful, brings the writer to the question which he takes upon himself to discuss. He says: "We owe, then, to the severe teachings of the Catholic Church that institution of indissoluble monogamy which,

han anything else, marks off our civilization from other civiliza-
It is a matter of history, over
we need not linger, how *unflinch-*
ie Catholic Church has upheld the
y of that institution throughout
s."

follows a long and searching arg-
ent of the great religious revolu-
the sixteenth century, which mu-
the doctrine and discipline of the
Amidst this religious upheaval
trine and discipline of matrimony
escape this fate.

rotestantism advanced and devel-
he pronouncements of its teachers
ing the bond of marriage became
gly laxer. This laxity paved the
the position assumed by the pub-
of the French Revolution—"the
act in that great European drama
appeared with the Protestant
ation."

ng over the writer's exposition of
orce legislation in various coun-

Europe, we turn for a moment to
n country. He says: "It is to the
States of America that we must
we would see divorce fully ram-

roceeds to give a table of causes
ich divorce may be granted, vary-
they do, in the different States.
this part of his article, Mr. Lilly
emarks: "The degradation of di-
n the United States is due to the
nce of 'the dissidence of dissent
e Protestantism of the Protestant
' rather than to the direct influ-
the French Revolution."

ning up his able article, the
investigator asks: "What are the
is of the world doing to meet the
ate attacks upon indissoluble mo-
r?"

Protestantism no help can be
for or expected. What can be
in a church divided against it-
here bishop differs from bishop
ovincial synod contradicts provin-
iod, upon so grave a question. He
oses with this eloquent tribute to
ly Church: "The only real *witness*
world for the absolute character
matrimony is the Catholic Church.

and whether men will hear, or whether—
as seems more likely—they will forbear,
she warns them that to degrade indissol-
uble marriage to a mere dissoluble con-
tract, to a mere regulation of social po-
lice, to a mere material fact governed by
the animal, not the rational nature, will
be to throw back civilization to that wal-
lowing in the mire from which *she* res-
cued it."

The recent solemn protest by the Car-
dinals in Rome, during their address to
the Sovereign Pontiff, against the growing
evils of divorce, and the Holy Father's
formal appeal to the Christian world in
defence of the sanctity of marriage, are
the latest utterances on this most un-
happy "question" of divorce.

The December issue of *The International Monthly* is a valuable issue, made so by reason of the number of articles treating of a wide range of subjects, all of which are of genuine interest and power. Professor Frederick J. Turner of the University of Wisconsin contributes an essay on "The Middle West." It is a compre-
hensive study of a vast area of our grow-
ing country. That all-absorbing question
of "Tariff and Trusts" receives careful
consideration from Sereno E. Payne,
chairman of the House Committee on
Ways and Means. Professor Dana C.
Munro of the University of Pennsylvania
brings to a conclusion his very interest-
ing historical sketch "Christian and In-
fidel in the Holy Land." Professor Wm.
A. Danny's study of the famous Floren-
tine Machiavelli makes a very readable
paper. Other articles are: "An Ameri-
can Dictionary of Architecture," by Mont-
gomery Schuyler, and Poultney Bigelow's
tribute to the memory of John Karl B.
Sturm.

From the array of very opportune arti-
cles contained in the January issue of
The Forum, we select two for special
mention, because the questions discussed
by the contributors of these two papers
hold a prominent place in the minds of
the American people. In the first, the
Hon. John F. Shatwith, M. C., presents
some telling reasons why this Govern-
ment should not retain the Philippines.

His points are: First, the enormous amount of money already expended—\$300,000,000—and the number of lives sacrificed; second, their acquisition may transform us into a warlike nation; third, that these possessions will prove our most vulnerable territory in case of war. The writer deals at length with the last point. The second paper is from the pen of Marion Wilcox on "Our Honor and Cuba's Need." In this paper the writer aims to show that this Government rests under deep obligation to accord tariff concessions to Cuba. That this is a crying want on the part of the people of Cuba is pointed out in the clearest terms by Mr. Wilcox, who goes on to show that unless speedy relief is afforded the Cubans, they may continue to raise crops but will be unable to dispose of them. Let Congress act in accordance with this sentence in the President's message, wherein attention is called "to the wisdom, indeed the vital need, of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff on Cuban imports into the United States." Other articles are: "A New Era in Mexico," by Professor Paul S. Renisch; "The Military Duty of the Engineering Institutions," by Admiral G. W. Melville. Sussynne Paul writes a very interesting article on "The Chinese in America," which ought to be read with much profit by the Chinese Consul.

The January number of *Scribners' Magazine* is one that will be read with marked attention, as it contains many papers, stories and poems of exceptional merit. The initial article is one in which the reader will find many surprises. It is contributed by Frank A. Vanderlip, late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and is entitled "The American Commercial Invasion of Europe." The article is profusely illustrated, showing the wonderful inroads American manufactured machinery has made in Europe. It is the first of a series of three papers on this subject. Mr. Vanderlip made a tour of the principal countries of Europe for the purpose of studying the effect American trade is making on the world.

From a very interesting sketch of the

great English Reviews, given in the January *Critic*, we quote, at some length, a passage that "speaks for itself:"

It is interesting, however, in comparing the most modern editorial policy with that of a century ago, to see how widely the editorial function has divagated, and how different are the aims of the managers. To some extent, no doubt, the change has been effected by the growth of advertisement and the increasing importance of the advertising canvasser in controlling the fortunes of a periodical. In reading of the early struggles of the quarterly reviews, we find but two necessities exercising the minds of the promoters: the question of circulation and the quality of the contributions; of which the first depended entirely upon the second. Murray's letters of that period are full of anxiety as to the opinion of his advisers upon the literary and logical excellence of the various articles, and many authorities are consulted upon many points. But nowadays, as all who have a share in floating a new periodical know only too well, the first inquiry of the management is addressed to the advertising agent; the first necessity is a fine and remunerative show of advertisements—whether of soap or pills or tooth-powder or of beef-extracts. And to secure these advertisements the first need of the enterprising agent introducing a new periodical is to be able to point to an imposing list of familiar names in the table of contributors. And so, in all but the oldest and most firmly established of our literary reviews, the necessity for outward show becomes paramount, and the question of quality is, of equal necessity, set in the background. Hence the multiplication of foolish and valueless magazines, mere vehicles for the portage of advertisements, in many of which the trade announcements are of equal and even greater bulk than the letterpress. Hence, too, the debasing of the intellectual currency to the level of that grosser popularity which shall combine a large circulation with a regiment of names familiar to the unliterary, and so convey to the intending advertiser the

st possible inducement for patron-

n all this ingenuity of the huckster pleasant to turn to methods more , and to spend an hour or two in lm company of the great editors of st, and the small company of their r successors in the present. It is hat we can feel that the interests rature are still subserved, that the alc spirit still survives. The illus-six-pennyworths, with their snap-hotographs and their fiction for the ts' hall, multiply with unfailling ity, till their progeny seem likely one another out of the grass of the . But the leisured spirit of liter-gnity and power will continue to rth new leaves with the regular nce of the Reviews; and long may ivate the stress of competition and read of half-educated intelligence! be a gray day for English litera-they ever find themselves crowded heir honorable place."

rs of Dickens will find in this is-
The Critic a variety of hitherto
 ished portraits of the great story-

BOOKS.

i unusually pretty cover and with
 illustrations by André Castaigne,
 it comes to us from the Bowen-
 Company, Indianapolis. In this
 Mary Hartwell Catherwood has
 o the public an interesting and
 ritten story founded on the sup-
 life of Louis XVII., son of the un-
 te Louis XVI. and Marie Antoin-
 n a clever and pleasing manner
 hor blends the real happenings
 ie imagined life of the hero, to
 she introduces us near the ancient
 of S. Bartholomew, when the little
 n is about nine years old. This
 tortured victim of his country's
 ion" had been rescued from the
 by agents of the Royalists, who
 ited a dying child for him, and in
 e of a French court painter is on
 r to America. In the "heart of
 " he meets little Eagle, Marie
 ne de Ferrier, the daughter of a
 Royalist, who takes him under

her protection, and "like a panther" at-
 tacks the little Londoners who ridicule
 his imbecility. In America the young
 Dauphin is given to the Iroquois chief,
 and called by the Indian, Lazarre.

When our hero is about eighteen years
 old his reason returns to him, and he be-
 gins to "look back into his life and per-
 ceive things that he had only sensed as a
 dumb brute." He learned with almost in-
 credible rapidity, and with the develop-
 ment of his mental powers came his great
 love for Eagle, whom he again meets. She
 was then the wife of her cousin Philippe.

Induced by his friends, the Royalists,
 and by his longing for the widowed
 Madeleine de Ferrier, who had gone to
 France, he had crossed the ocean in the
 hope of gaining the throne. Failing in
 this, he returned and gave valuable as-
 sistance to the Americans in the war of
 1812.

His great desire was to educate and up-
 lift the Iroquois, and to settle them where
 they could grow into a great nation.
 When, at last, recalled to France by Marie
 Teresa, he refused to go, preferring the
 freedom of America and the kingdom of
 Eagle's heart (she also had returned to
 America), to the throne of France.

The author has charmingly touched on
 some familiar and interesting events of
 American history in the first period of
 the nineteenth century.

On the whole the book deserves com-
 mendation, though we regret that the au-
 thor did not keep the descendant of S.
 Louis and son of the devout Louis XVI.
 and Marie Antoinette loyal to the faith of
 his forefathers.

THE GREAT HIGHWAY, by the well-
 known journalist and traveller, James
 Creelman, comes from the press of the
 Lathrop Publishing Company, Boston.
 This volume comprises the "wanderings
 and adventures of a special corre-
 spondent," and a record of the author's
 experiences in various countries. All the
 themes considered are handled in a bril-
 liant manner. In his preface the author
 gives us an idea of the trouble and labor
 employed in the "work of bringing the
 news of all countries to the fireside."
 The sketches range from a personal

interview with the Pope to the coronation of the Czar, and from the massacre of Port Arthur to the storming of El Caney, and all are told with the skill of one who is acknowledged as among the best descriptive writers of the day. Excellent portraits of various distinguished personages are scattered throughout the volume.

We quote Mr. Creelman's first impression on being introduced into the audience Chamber of the Sovereign Pontiff. "There, behind all the pomp and ceremony, sat a gentle old man with a sweet face and the saddest eyes that ever looked out of a human head—the quiet shepherd of Christendom. He sat in a chair of crimson and gold, set close to a table. Behind him was a carved figure of the Virgin, and near it a smaller throne. He wore a skullcap of white watered silk and a snowy cassock flowed gracefully about his frail figure, a plain cross or gold hanging upon the sunken breast. It was a presence at once appealing and majestic. That moment I forgot my newspaper and the news-thirsty multitudes of New York."

The book is brought out in a very attractive dress of red and gold.

In connection with this notice of Mr. Creelman's interesting volume, we make an extract from a letter written by the author to a friend, which appeared in the *New York Times Saturday Review*: "Hall Caine's vigorous criticism of *ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY* has stirred up a regular controversy in the secular press. The trouble is that the Pope described in *THE ETERNAL CITY* does not harmonize with the real Pontiff familiarly described in *ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY*, and as I am not a Catholic—and cannot be suspected of partisanship—and my knowledge of the subject was derived at first hand, in viva voce studies of Leo XIII., and with the obvious advantage of intimate conversation with the august master of the Vatican, Mr. Caine must carry the burden of the criticism."

CASTING OF NETS, by Richard Bagot, is issued by John Lane, New York and London. The scene of the story, at first

Abbotsbury, England, is afterwards transferred to Rome. The principal characters are Lord Redman, a rich Englishman and an avowed infidel, who seeks and obtains in marriage the hand of Lady Hilda Greendale, a Roman Catholic. Lady Hilda's mother consents to her marriage with a non-Catholic, hoping that through her influence she may not only imbue the mind of her husband with religious instincts, but eventually lead him into the Church.

The result of this mixed marriage is unhappiness, misery. The book is altogether unwholesome.

From cover to cover there runs a marked vein of positive and deep-seated hatred, not only for all the grand principles and teachings of Holy Church, but even for Christianity itself. Here is a sample of the teachings inculcated in the novel by the author: (p. 271) addressing Lord Redman, Monsignor Martin, speaking of a Mr. Shirley, says: "Well, I admire him for not pretending to believe in Christianity when he does not really do so. I admire him also because he is probably a better *man without Christianity* than he would be *with it*."

Numerous passages might easily be culled from the volume to show that its whole spirit is absolutely un-Christian, and consequently not the sort of literature to receive commendation. It is somewhat surprising to read the laudatory notice given the book in the Christmas number of *The Churchman*.

Volume the second of *GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA*, by Father Guggenberger, S. J., has come to us from the press of B. Herder, St. Louis. We gladly add our voice to the general acclamation of well-deserved favor with which the first and third volumes of this work was received; and we now wish to express our admiration for the masterly way in which the learned author, in the part just issued, has grasped, digested, and, with such clear order, truth and diction, so ably presented the stirring events connected with the Protestant Revolution, so long misnamed the Reformation. The synoptical tables and

geographical maps accompanying the work fix the history in the mind, in the proper order of events and of place, and for study and reference are eminently practical.

The solidity of the publisher's part in this book is in becoming harmony with the quality of Father Guggenberger's work.

During the past year a large array of novels dealing with events which centered about the great national crisis of 1861-'65 came from the press. Some of these stories are of very indifferent merit, while others commend themselves to the intelligent reader as being the work of trained novelists. To the latter class belongs the latest book from the pen of George W. Cable, brought out in attractive form by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. In this story the reader will find plenty of action; situation follows situation quickly and in an orderly manner. Having been for some time in the Confederate Army, the writer gained much experience, which he uses to advantage in *THE CAVALIER*. We heartily recommend this volume to all who seek a good story.

The January-February issue of *ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH* is of special interest because it publishes Bishop Favier's letter on the condition of the Church in China, in which he disposes of the charge of looting made against himself and the Catholic missionaries. Again we heartily commend to our readers the beautiful work of the Propagation of the Faith.

The first of the series of the *Belinda Books*, by Maurice Francis Egan, has been received with delight by all who read "Jasper Thorn," "Jack Chumleigh" and many other of the interesting stories written by this well-known author. *THE WATSON GIRLS* is a pure and wholesome tale, and the musical atmosphere which runs through the book gives it an air of refinement. It contains sound sense, and wise counsel, showing the wonderful influence for good which a strong, upright character has on those with whom she comes in contact.

Musicales, picnics and other amusements make up a series of chapters which most girls will read and read again. more of this kind of good reading we put into the hands of our young people, they would soon cultivate a taste for it and would not stoop to drink from the poisonous wells that, in the abused name of literature, flood the book markets of the present day. We congratulate Doctor Egan, and we shall look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the other volumes in this series. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers. This firm is doing creditable work, for which we compliment them.

Among the many juvenile publications which have come from the press during the past year *THE GOLDEN CHIMNEY*, by Elizabeth Gerberding, is the story (we are safe to say) which our boys will most heartily and most thoroughly enjoy.

It is free from the feverish elements which characterize so many stories of the present day. The most important personage of this interesting book is Ben Ralston, an honest, hard-working youth. Owing to his inexperience in the affairs of the world, and to the trust he places in men who prove to be dishonest, fraudulent, money-grasping misers, he meets with many difficulties. Cordially welcoming this little book, and assured that it will be enjoyed by the "grown-ups" who have a warm spot in their hearts for the little people, we congratulate the publisher, A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, because of his part "well done."

ON THE CHARLESTON is a tale of life on board the great battleship while escorting the transports to Manila during the recent war with Spain. The story deals with incidents of the voyage, principally the taking of the Island of Guam. The young hero is left safe in Manila Bay with Dewey's conquering fleet. The author, Irene Widdemer Hartt, has contributed to many periodicals, and has published a number of successful books.

ON THE CHARLESTON is neatly bound in modern style and published by the Abbey Press, New York.

A LILY OF FRANCE, in a dainty dress of cerulean blue, comes from the Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia.

Miss Caroline Atwater Mason, selects a most interesting period of the sixteenth century for the historical events upon which she bases her romance.

Holland and France were, at that time, scenes of fierce struggle and wild daring—a veritable stage for romantic episodes and knightly valor. Miss Mason might have struck a theme of interest. She has endeavored, however, to give a "local color" to the adventures of Charlotte de Bourbon—an apostate abbess—a sort of milk-white heroine, and William of Orange—a pensive hero—and much-married Prince of the Netherlands.

Distortions, political, religious and historical, weary the mind of the reader as he labors through forty chapters of detail, curious to read the epitaph of the "Lily of France." He is rewarded by a laugh-inspiring paradox—"Purer than a nun, patienter than Griselda, prouder than our English Queen."

The wordiness of the author has necessitated the use of type particularly trying in the perusal of almost five hundred pages of matter.

Four half-tone engravings illustrate phases of the development of the "Lily."

THE WAGE OF CHARACTER, A SOCIAL STUDY by Julien Gordon, is published in attractive dress by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

Self-will is the characteristic trait of Coralie Darrell, the youthful heroine of this romantic story.

As her character is developed, or rather, as her self-will is indulged, Coralie manifests her originality by ignoring conventionalities on important occasions and finally astonishes her society by setting aside her marriage vows so that her "character" might not shrink nor dwindle away in the presence of an insincere and negligent husband.

In a spirit of generosity towards the delinquent, Coralie obtains a divorce.

"Incompatibility" seems to be a characteristic feature of Washington society according to the late books of fiction.

THAT SWEET ENEMY, by Katherine Tynan Hinkson, is one one of the select novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Sheila, one of the several heroines in this story of old Ireland, proves to be that sweet enemy of the English Lord who is the legal owner of her ancestral halls, plights her hand to a devoted lover while she bestows her heart upon this lord and master of Castle Finn.

The prevaricating Sheila can rest neither by night nor by day and takes to rambling in her sleep by the light of the moon.

On one of these expeditions she loses her engagement ring on the edge of a sort of precipice; another, she wanders to Castle Finn and complicates matters generally by entering a haunted chamber and swooning at the approach of her friends.

The gallant Englishman whose domicile she has invaded magnanimously relieves his absent rival of his *fiancée* by assuming responsibility of Miss Sheila's future. Thereupon, all rejoice. Their rejoicing is augmented by the news that the Irish lover in distant lands has died in blissful ignorance of the appropriation of his lady love by his natural enemy—the Englishman.

Decima, the sister of Sheila, is full of energy and common sense.

Aunt Theodosia is an amusing old lady, but not particularly choice in her expressive language.

JUNK, a sort of scrapbook of ridiculous rhymes and pictures, issued by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston, is not "funny enough" to "stagger sorrow," as thinks Leon Lempert Jr., who signs himself the "Instigator." His compilation is well named JUNK, for it is veritable trash, without an evidence of wit or humor. It is a pity that time and material should be wasted on such a production as JUNK.

From Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, we have received (1) RED EAGLE, by Edward S. Ellis, an exhilarating story of adventure among the Indians. Red Eagle, one of the most famous war chiefs of the Six Nations, plays an active part in the capture of some of the hated

"Yenghese dogs"—the natural enemy of the red man.

Mr. Ellis' descriptive powers translates the reader to scenes of natural beauty amid the country once inhabited by the native savage.

(2) *LESTER'S LUCK*, by Horatio Alger Jr., is the history of an orphan boy of fifteen, whose sterling qualities of mind and heart secure for him in a short space of time occasions by which he rises to opulence. He is a prodigy, certainly, among boys, but worthy of imitation.

(3) *THE KING'S RUBIES, A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS*, by Adelaide Fuller Bell, is admirable in narration and plot, as well as instructive throughout. Natural, healthful children figure in the complications concerning the theft of the "ruby," which has charmed the imagination of a superstitious, rheumatic old darkey. The fortunes of this ruby, that originally adorned a King's hand, are of a most romantic character. Upon its restoration depends the happiness of several persons in the story. The books are handsomely printed and illustrated.

PANDORA, by Mrs. Salzscheider, is a novel of a modern, tropical order. The heroine, Pandora, relates the story of her erratic career from girlhood through wifehood with utter *sans froid*—astonishing in one not out of her teens.

The apology for her waywardness is based upon the fact that her appearance into the world deprived her of a mother and gained for her an unsympathetic and unforgiving father.

The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, have published the book in good form, with a frontispiece portrait of the authoress. The cover design—Cupid resting upon the Stars and Stripes, after having discharged his quiver of arrows into Uncle Sam's expansive domains—symbolizes the recognition of lawless love, as fostered by American divorce court proceedings.

BLANNERHANSETT, A ROMANCE, by Charles Felton Pidgin, proves to be a most eloquent eulogy of a man remarkably notorious in American annals—

Colonel Aaron Burr.

Mr. Pidgin's twenty years' labor in gathering material to clear the character of his hero are certainly praiseworthy, but the victim of a nation's calumny is rarely acquitted upon the technicality of a "Romance"—a hundred years after.

The romance based upon truth, however, may control the verdict of one who has not been previously poisoned by historically false records.

An idea of the author's setting of his hero may be gained from an extract from Colonel Dane's authentic manuscript in reference to Burr:

"When we consider the deceitful friendship and systematic treachery of Wilkinson; the personal spite shown by Thomas Jefferson, and the official persecution initiated and pushed forward by him; the covert plots and secret correspondence; the inspired newspaper articles and pamphlets, and the malignant political opposition of Alexander Hamilton; the cowardly weakness, inborn vacillation and unsuspected duplicity of Blennerhassett, and the relentless animosity of such men as Cheatham, Armstrong, Russell and McRae—Burr, with all his faults, shines like a radiant star amid such dark surroundings. The wonder is that, with such environment, considering his temperament, losses and privations, he was so good a man in so many ways as he is shown to be."

The C. M. Clark Company, Boston, are the publishers of this volume, which is handsomely printed and bound. The illustrations—twelve full-page engravings—are the work of C. H. Stevens.

BRENDA'S SUMMER AT ROCKLEY, by Helen Leah Reed, is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The famous points of historic interest along the north shore of the Massachusetts coast are enlivened by the adventures of Brenda and her genial companions during a summer vacation.

The bevy of girls introduced think, talk and act like "all alive" up-to-date young ladies in good society.

Miss Reed most felicitously and sympathetically portrays various shades of

character, while furnishing entertaining instruction for young people.

The publishers have produced the book in superb style—admirably reproducing the graphic drawings of Jessie Wilcox Smith.

Little, Brown & Co. have also issued in elegant form *MAIDS AND MATRONS OF NEW FRANCE*.

In a spirited style of narrative, Mary Sifton Pepper details some of the wonderful adventures of the pioneer women of Acadia, Quebec and Montreal. The advent of these aristocratic gentlewomen—who had been nurtured in luxury in the Old World—was in response to the urgent appeals of the missionaries who had been laboring for the conversion of the Indians.

Of the magnanimous efforts and wonderful achievements of these noble women—notable among whom were Judith de Bresoles, Marguerite de Roberval, Marie Guyard and Madame de la Peltrie—American historians are strangely silent.

These delightful sketches of heroic women—whose coming to America preceded by twelve years the landing of the celebrated band of Anglo-Saxon women in Massachusetts—contain marvelous and romantic episodes. In addition to being revelations of historic interest these are a timely relief from a surfeit of laudation of the nineteen Pilgrim Mothers of 1620. The Lily of France has blossomed and thrived amid the snows of America. The illustrations, twenty in number, are above the ordinary in selection and execution.

PETER ABELARD, by Joseph McCabe, is a pretentious volume, written by a man who is evidently poisoned with the virus of scorbutic eroticism and its consequent mania against truth, religious institutions, the Christian people and the Church; and while the book may, for the moment, gain him a few dollars from its sale to those afflicted as is he himself, it will soon be dropped into a deserved cloacum.

The subject of Abelard and Heloise is one of romantic and sentimental interest, a theme somewhat exhausted, however,

by over-treatment at hands incompetent and often sensual. Had Mr. McCabe anything new to offer, had he been able to free himself from bigotry unquestionable, had he the qualities, even in moderate measure, of a historian, there could be supposed, in literary charity, a reason for being for his volume. He has accomplished nothing beyond the repetition and accentuation of things unpleasant or scandalous.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, are the publishers. As good workmen in books they stand high in the craft.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, have issued in neat form a new edition of *CUSHING'S MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE*. The value of this edition is enhanced by many helpful notes. By way of an appendix the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are presented. In this new form the *MANUAL* should prove a useful book.

WITH BOBS AND KRUGER, by Frederic William Unger, is the latest contribution to the South African war literature. Having read Mr. Unger's narrative of his experiences before and during his actual connection with the press corps, the reader is inclined to protest against his too frequent use of the personal pronoun. The author's description of the various engagements he witnessed, are in the main, stirring, vivid, admirable.

He draws many well reasoned conclusions relative to the outcome of some of the sieges and engagements.

The book is issued in excellent style by the publishers, Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. The many illustrations which grace the pages lend a special interest to the author's story of the great tragedy still taking place in South Africa.

The same firm also brings out with their usual good taste *DEAR DAYS, A STORY OF WASHINGTON SCHOOL LIFE*, by Armour Strong, a lively narration of every-day happenings among some interesting school children of our nation's capital. Instructions bearing topics of local interest are introduced and discussed by bright school-girls.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr. suffering.) (Votive Mass of the

1ST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
ma Sunday. Purification of the
Virgin. Three Plenary Indul-
gence for Rosarians. (1) C. C.; visit
Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist-
ance; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist-
ance of the Blessed Sacrament in
of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.
Indulgences also for members of
of Rosary. Communion Mass for
as at 7 a. m. Meeting of
as' Sodality at 2 p. m. Rosary
on, Sermon and Benediction at
m.

Margaret of Hungary, O. P., Vir-
gin January 26.) (Care of the sick.)
of throats in honor of S. Blaise
at 8 o'clock Mass, in the afternoon
clock for children, and after the
Rosary. Meeting of Rosarian
Circle at 8 p. m.

Memorization of the Passion of
d.

Agatha, Virgin and Martyr.
) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
translation of the Relics of S. Cath-
Sienna, O. P.; Virgin. (Penance.)
Romuald, Abbot. (Regularity.)
tion.)

John of Matha, Priest and Founder
Order of the Most Holy Trinity,
Redemption of Captives. (Self-
)

2ND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
gesima Sunday. Plenary Indul-
gence for members of the Holy Name
Society, C. C.; procession; prayers.
for Holy Name Sodality at 7 a. m.
at 3 p. m. Meeting of Men Ter-
at 2 p. m. Procession of Holy
Sermon and Benediction at 7:30

Scholastica, Virgin. (Confidence
ser.) Meeting of Young Men's
Society at 8 p. m.
the Espousals of the Blessed
Mary.

Sh Wednesday. Beginning of Lent.
every morning during Lent at 9
Blessing and Imposition of
at 9 o'clock Mass, and after the
Rosary. Rosary, Sermon and
Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

Catherine Ricci, O. P., Virgin.
ance.)

Nicolas of Palea, O. P., Priest.
(to the poor.) Stations of the
and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.
Indulgence on any two Fridays of

Lent for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary
Chapel or Altar; prayers.

15—B. Jordan of Saxony, Second Gen-
eral of the Order of Preachers. (Zeal
for Religion.) (Votive Mass of the
Rosary.)

16—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
First Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indul-
gence for members of the Living Rosary;
C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women
Tertiaries at 3 p. m. Rosary, Sermon and
Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

17—Feast of the Seven Founders of the
Servites. (Trust in God.)

18—B. Lawrence of Ripafratta, O. P.,
Priest. (Christian courage.)

19—B. Alvarez of Cordova, O. P., Priest.
(Love of solitude.) (Votive Mass of the
Rosary.) Rosary, Sermon and Benedic-
tion at 7:30 p. m.

20—Translation of the Relics of
S. Thomas Aquinas.

21—Feast of the Lance and Nails of the
Passion. Stations of the Cross and Bene-
diction at 7:30 p. m.

22—Chair of S. Peter at Antioch.
(Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

23—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
Second Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indul-
gence for Rosarians accustomed to recite
in common a third part of the Rosary
three times a week.

24—S. Matthew, Apostle. (Spirit of
recollection.) Meeting of Young Men's
Holy Name Society at 8 p. m.

25—B. Constantius Fabriano, O. P.
Priest. (Zeal for souls.)

26—S. Brigid, Virgin. Patroness of Ire-
land. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30
p. m.

27—S. Philip of Jesus, O. S. F., Priest
and Martyr. (Love of poverty.)

28—Feast of the Holy Winding Sheet of
our Lord's Burial. Stations of the Cross
and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary
for this month are: Five Joyful Mys-
teries—S. Brigid of Ireland, Abbess;
S. Severinus, Abbot; S. Peter Damian,
Bishop and Doctor; S. Dorothy, Virgin
and Martyr; S. Andrew Corsini, Bishop.
For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—
S. Matthias, Apostle; S. Valentine, Mar-
tyr; S. Apollonia, Virgin and Martyr;
S. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr; S. Blaise,
Bishop and Martyr. For the Five
Glorious Mysteries—S. Finstan, Abbot;
S. Scholastica, Virgin; S. Joseph of
Leonissa, Confessor; S. Ignatius, Bishop
and Martyr; S. Alice, Abbess.

FOR ANTIOCH AND MISSIONS.

February 2—FIRST SUNDAY—Mass at Black Diamond. Meeting Children of Mary. Purification B. V. M. Mass at 9 o'clock. Blessing of Candles and Benediction of Blessed Sacrament.

SECOND SUNDAY—Mass at Somersville. Meeting of Holy Name Society. Meeting of Altar Society.

ASH WEDNESDAY—Mass at 9 o'clock. Blessing and Distribution of Ashes. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

MUSIC FOR FEBRUARY.

February 2—Prelude, Third Organ Sonata, Mendelssohn; Reverie in A flat, Guilment; Mass in G, A. Marzò; Sermon; Offertory, "Ave Maria" Lejeal; Postlude, "Schiller Procession," Meyerbeer. Evening Organ Selections—Concert Piece in D, Flotow; "At Evening," Buck; "Le Priere," Thayer; Postlude in B flat minor, Rink.

February 9—Organ Prelude, Grand Offertory in F minor, Battiste; "Solitude," Godard; Mass in G, A. Marzò; Sermon; Offertory, "Pie Jesu," Rousseau; Postlude, Verdi. Evening Organ Selections—Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Bach; "Cantilene," Dubois; Procession, Wagner.

February 16—Prelude, Offertory in G.

"When we read, then, in the writings of SS. Bernard, Bernardine, Bonaventure and others, that in heaven and on earth everything, even God Himself, is subject to the Blessed Virgin, they mean to say that the authority which God has been well pleased to give her is so great that it seems as if she has the same power as God, and that her prayers and petitions are so powerful with God that they always pass for commandments with His Majesty, who never resists the prayer of His dear Mother, because she is always humble and conformed to His will.

"To Mary, His faithful Spouse, God, the Holy Ghost, has communicated His unspeakable gifts, and He has chosen her to be the dispensatrix of all He possesses, in such sort that she distributes to whom she wills, as much as she wills, as she wills, and when she wills, all His gifts and graces. The Holy Ghost gives no heavenly gift to men which He does not pass through her virginal hands. Such has been the will of God, who has willed that we should have everything in Mary, so that she who impoverished, humbled and hid herself even to the abyss of nothingness by her profound humility her whole life long, should now be enriched and exalted by the Most High. Such are the sentiments of the Church and the Holy Fathers.

"Mary commands in the heavens the Angels and the Blessed. As a recompense for her profound humility, God has given her the power and permission to fill with

THIRD SUNDAY—Mass at Black Diamond. Meeting of Holy Angels' Sodality. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH SUNDAY—Mass at Somersville. Meeting of Promoters of the Sacred Heart. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

MARCH, 1902—FIRST SUNDAY—Mass at Black Diamond. Meeting of Children of Mary. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

Wely; "On Song's Light Pinions," Mendelssohn; Mass, Brosig; Sermon; Offertory, "Sub Tuum," Dubois; Postlude, Allegro, Rink. Evening Organ Selections—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Bach; Adagio, Beethoven; first half of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem"; Sermon; Offertory, "The Storm," Lemmens; "We Come in Bright Array," Handel.

February 23—Prelude, Wagner; Pastorale, Widor; Mass, Bordese; Sermon; Offertory, "O Bone Jesu," Palestrina; Postlude, Procession, Guilment. Evening Organ Selections—"Deus Tibi," Mozart; Offertory, Largo, from "New World Symphony," Dvorak; Postlude, Allegretto, Lemmens.

saints the empty thrones from which the apostate angels fell by pride. Such has been the will of the Most High, who exalts the humble, that Heaven, earth and hell bend with good will or bad will to the commandments of the humble Mary, whom He has made sovereign of Heaven and earth, general of His armies, treasurer of His treasures, dispenser of His graces, worker of His greatest marvels, restorer of the human race, mediatrix of men, the exterminator of the enemies of God, and the faithful companion of His grandeurs and His triumphs.

"He who has not Mary for his Mother has not God for his Father. This is the reason why the reprobate, such as heretics, schismatics and others, who hate our Blessed Lady, or regard her with contempt and indifference, have not God for their Father, however much they may boast of it, simply because they have not Mary for their Mother. For if they had her for their Mother, they would love and honor her as a true and good child naturally loves and honors the mother who has given him life.

"The most infallible and indubitable sign by which we may distinguish a heretic, a man of bad doctrine, a reprobate, from one of the predestinate, is that the heretic and the reprobate have nothing but contempt and indifference for our Blessed Lady, endeavoring by their words and examples to diminish the worship and love of her openly or hiddenly, and sometimes under specious pretexta."

Blessed Louis Grignon de Montfort, O. P.





Fair as a lily, pure as a star,
Thus we regard him, we from afar.

Royal by birth, yet without fame,
"Joseph the Carpenter," such was his
name.

Yet chosen by God, the guardian of all
Most precious on earth, since Adam's
first fall.

A man for all time, of virtue so rare,
Men hold him in awe and beseech him
for prayer.

Crosses and trials were his without
number.
He bore them in silence, nor did they
encumber

The faith, hope and love alive in his
breast,
Where Jesus and Mary found comfort
and rest.

O glorious S. Joseph, be with us in life,
Stand by and assist us, in our last awful
strife.

- Louis B. James.

DOMINICANA

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No. 3

RECORD OF THE CAPTIVITY OF THE SPANISH FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

I.

The Dominican Province of the Philippines, as our readers are well aware, during the last three years has passed through a terrible crisis.

The revolt of the Philippines against the Spanish government had long ago been foreseen by the religious who were living in the archipelago, but the effects of that revolt could not be discerned.

What has become of the Ancient Dominican Province of the Most Holy Rosary in the midst of recent political transformations? Such is the question that anxiously presses on all the friends of ours who are keeping an eye upon the fortunes of the Dominican Order all the world over. At present no one can yet absolutely foresee what Providence has reserved for that distant province in the new situation created in the Philippines under the present *regime*. This history of the war, which has been going on during these last two years, enables us to give a *resume* of the events of the first period of the crisis, viz., when the Spanish government was abolished and the Islands were transferred to the power of the United States.

To be able to follow the account of the events we are about to relate, the reader must have a general idea of the state of the Province of the Philippines when the Spanish-American war broke out. It is not our object, however, to give a complete and detailed view of the personnel of the Province, or of the works of the Apostolate that were confided to its care.

Briefly, then, in 1898 the Province counted five hundred and fifty-nine friars, all born in Spain. These religious, according to the ancient tradition of their Province, are all pledged by a special oath to consecrate their lives to the Dominican Missions of the extreme east, in Asia and Oceanica.

At the time that the war broke out between Spain and the United States, the fathers of the Province formed four quite distinct groups.

The first group consisted of those residing in Manila in the Convent of S. Dominic, the University of S. Thomas and the College of S. John Lateran. Towards the close of 1897 the Convent of S. Dominic had twenty-nine fathers and clerics within its walls, amongst whom was the Provincial, and eighteen lay brothers. Fourteen other fathers were teaching in the University of S. Thomas, under the direction of the rector, the Very Rev. Father James Raya.* Twelve other religious were engaged in the College of S. John Lateran, and seven others were in the College of B. Albert the Great, recently founded at Dagupan, in the Province of Pangasinan. These two colleges were instituted for secondary education. Eight lay brothers were engaged in the domestic duties of these three educational establishments.**

The second group, which, to speak cor-

*He is now Provincial.

**At present there are seventy fathers

rectly, constituted the great body of the Province, was made up of the parish priests, or missionary friars, dispersed in the interior of the islands of the archipelago. Towards the end of 1897 these religious numbered one hundred and forty-three. One hundred and twenty-five administered the regularly established parishes in the provinces of Cavite, Laguna, Batanes, Pangasinan, Tarlac, Cagayan, Isabela, New Viscaya, and the Batanes, or Bashi, Islands.* To these must be added eighteen other friars, detached missionaries, who keep traveling up and down through the parts more remote from civilization, where as yet there are no regularly established parishes.

The third group consists of the friars in the Dominican Missions of China, Tonquin and the Island of Formosa. These missionaries at that time numbered eighty; twenty-three in the Vicariate-Apostolate of Northern Fo-Kien, ten in the Vicariate-Apostolic of Southern Fo-Kien (two vicariates in China), five in the Island of Formosa (belonging to Japan), eleven in the Vicariate of Eastern Tonquin, seventeen in the Vicariate of Central Tonquin, eleven in the Vicariate of Northern Tonquin (the three latter belong to France). Two fathers and a lay

brother reside at Hong-Kong, in the house which the Province has established in this city for the needs of its missions in China and Tonquin.*

The fourth group is made of the religious who live in Spain, where there is the syndic's house at Madrid (three fathers and four lay brothers), and the two novitiate houses of Ocana and Avila, where the novices of the Province are trained in prayer and study.*

In 1897 nine of the friars belonging to the Province of the Philippines were Bishops, viz., Mgr. Bernardine Nozaleda, Archbishop of Manila, and Mgr. Joseph Hevia Campomanes, the Bishop of New Segovia. In Spain, Mgr. Raymond Martinez Vigil, Bishop of Ovirido, and Mgr. Joseph Cueto, Bishop of the Camarines. In China, Mgr. Salvator Masot, Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Fo-Kien. In Tonquin, Mgr. Joseph Terres, Vicar-Apostolic of Eastern Tonquin; Mgr. Anthony Colomer, Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Tonquin, and his Coadjutor, Mgr. Maximin Velasco; and lastly, Mgr. Barnabas Cezon, for Vicar-Apostolic of Tonquin, now living in retirement in the Convent of S. Dominic in Manila.*

On the 1st of May, 1898, the shores of

and six lay brothers in the Convent of S. Dominic. Sixteen of the fathers are teaching in the University of S. Thomas, and sixteen others in the College of S. John Lateran, which is attended by about 370 pupils (70 boarders and 300 day scholars). The buildings of the College of B. Albert the Great, at Dagupan, are in use as an hospital for the invalids of the American army. The United States government has formally pledged itself to restore this building, at the earliest date possible, to our fathers, that they may re-establish their schools there. Seven lay brothers are attached to the University and the College of S. John Lateran.

*All these parishes are at present abandoned and deprived of their pastors, with the exception of the Batanes Islands. These islands have a population of about ten thousand inhabitants, and for the last ten months eight Dominicans have been carrying on the work of the sacred ministry in them. In April, 1901, three religious were able to return to the Province of Pangasinan, and three others to the Province of Cagayan.

*The Dominican Missions of China and Tonquin have derived great benefit from the events that have destroyed the work of our fathers in the Philippine Archipelago. The large number of religious freed from their ordinary duties by these events has increased the staff of missionaries in both countries. At the commencement of the year 1901 we find that there were forty-five Dominican missionaries of the Province of the Philippines engaged in the functions of the sacred ministry in China, besides nine in Formosa and fifty-two in Tonquin.

*At the end of 1897 the Province of the Philippines counted in its two houses of novitiate at Ocana and Avila twenty simple novices, one hundred and eighteen clerics, students of philosophy and theology, and forty-six fathers, the greater number of whom were engaged in the functions of Professors, Masters of Novices, Priors, etc., and about fifty lay brothers. At the beginning of 1901 the two convents of Ocana and Avila numbered one hundred and five students, eighty fathers and sixty lay brothers.

*All these prelates are still alive, except

Bay were echoing with the roar of cannon of the powerful American fleet, which, in less than an hour, reduced the little Spanish fleet that was connected with the defense of the Philippine archipelago. The native population did not show the Spanish authorities any more demonstrative than sincere. Apparent fidelity was given with the hope of slackening the vigilance of the Spanish functionaries, the better to seize the outbreak of the revolutionary movement, which had been prepared on in secret.

When we read the account of Father O'Connell we are driven to the conclusion that the time had come for Spain to lose sight of her colonies. At every point, whether on the archipelago the Spanish troops on land and sea, dispersed in groups too far separated from one another, defeated without a blow, and often in such conditions, to the leaders of the army or to the officers of the Spanish fleet.

At Orion, three hundred marines, under the command of Colonel Garcez, abandoned the defence of the post entrusted to them, at the command of six American soldiers. They withdrew to Manila, their object being to avoid encountering rebel troops in battle. They did not trouble themselves about the munitions of war which they left behind them to the enemy, and they charged the rector with the duty of transporting their munitions to Manila.

At Bulacan, after the capitulation of the troops, the Colonel of the Fifth Battalion of Light Infantry did not take the trouble to hide or destroy the flag of the

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Brazon, who died at Manila October 18, 1898. To this list must be added two names—that of Mgr. Alexander J. J. who died October 18, 1898, and before his death was known in Rome as Bishop of Ascalon in the Consistory of November 28th, and, finally, that of Cardinal Clement, named by Brief of October 18, 1899, titular Bishop of Angina, present Vicar-Apostolic of South-Korea.

Her Uplano Herrero y Sampedro. *Prision en Poder de los Revolucionarios Filipinos*. 1 vol. in 8, Manila,

regiment, a trophy of victory that fell into the hands of the rebels without their having need to fight in order to get possession of it. The Civil and the Military Governors delivered up their chests, and the Spanish money fell into the power of the insurgents. Both these functionaries were at once rewarded for their treacherous conduct. They were liberated by Aguinaldo, and sent back to Europe.

The Spanish authorities seemed to have lost their heads in the crisis. With a heedlessness that was surprising under the circumstances, they raised levies of native troops on all sides, giving them arms to repel the invaders, and yet no sooner were the American ships in view than the newly raised levies turned on the regular troops and compelled them to surrender their arms.

There were, however, glorious exceptions to this state of weakness. During these sad days many a feat of arms accomplished by the regular troops recalls the past glories of the ancient Spanish valor.

At Orion, under the command of Gomez, a young lieutenant, in his nineteenth year, very devoted to his religious and military duties, twenty-five soldiers bravely attacked the rebels. For a certain time they made the enemy retreat, but, on their ammunition being spent, they were surrounded by a thousand men, armed with stakes and batons, who rushed upon them and massacred them to the last man.

At Mariveles, there was another garrison of twenty-five soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Pavon. The people seemed entirely devoted to the Spaniards, yet one day, when these unfortunate soldiers were preparing their dinner, they were treacherously betrayed. Sixteen were massacred, and the rest surrendered and were made prisoners.

On the second of June the rebels took possession of the town of Gamal. Seventy regular troops in this place and one hundred and fifty volunteers, irregulars, forming a special troop known in the country under the name of Macabebes, were there. The Spanish officer who commanded the place surrendered to the enemy, and all the garrison were made prisoners. The

Macabebes were commanded to cry out, "Long live the Philippines! Death to Spain!" These brave men, considering this act contrary to the oath they had taken, refused to utter a cry, which would have saved their lives at the price of their honor, and calmly awaited their fate. They were all cut to pieces to the last man.

On the seventh of June the troops of Aguinaldo took possession of Bagag, and the regular troops who formed the garrison were suddenly disarmed and massacred.

On the same day, at Morong, another detachment was assailed by the insurgents. The captain and the lieutenant were assassinated. The detachment of troops refused to surrender their arms, and withdrew in good order to the parts occupied by the Americans. For some time these latter gave them the use of their arms to defend themselves against the troops of Aguinaldo, but finally delivered them to him.

In the midst of the disorder consequent on these events, a certain number of friars were made prisoners by the troops of Aguinaldo, some, surprised at the rapid course of events, having neither time nor means to escape from the rebels. The greater number of the friars who fell into the hands of Aguinaldo desired, in such critical circumstances, to remain in the midst of their flock up to the last moment. A large number, however, forewarned by their parishioners of the movement that was preparing, absconded and took refuge in Manila.

We cannot here follow one by one our Dominican religious in the various phases of their imprisonment, so we shall just bring forward some examples. The same facts in analogous circumstances reproduce themselves nearly everywhere.

At Calamba, Father Saturnino Gomez felt the insurrectional movement grow more and more intense around him. On Ascension Day, the nineteenth of May, he consumed the Blessed Eucharist that was reserved, so much did he fear that the events which cast their shadows before would no longer permit him to freely devote himself to his ministry. On the fol-

lowing days the news became worse and worse. The popular rising won over to its side all the people round about. On the thirtieth of May he had sent the funds of his church and parish to Manila, to prevent their confiscation. On the same day twenty-three invalided Spanish soldiers were brought to his house. They had been nursed in a military hospital that they were obliged to abandon in view of an imminent siege. This father, with two lay brothers and the invalids, were placed under the guard of some regular Spanish soldiers, who formed the garrison of the country. On the first of June they were surrounded by a thousand of the rebels in arms. After some slight show of resistance, Captain Juan Gonzalez, on June the third, displayed the white flag on the house of the rector, and proposed to the leader of the insurgents, General Rizal, a capitulation, which was accepted. All the Spaniards withdrew with the honors of war, and put themselves en route for Manila.

Then began the truly touching exodus of these religious with the Spanish soldiers across a country in the throes of a revolution. They began their journey by sea, put into port at S. Peter's, Tunasan, and on June the seventh they arrived at Muting Lupa. On the eighth one of the two lay brothers, fellow travelers of Father Saturnino, seriously affected by the excitement of the preceding days, and worn out by the fatigues of the voyage, fell seriously ill, and at the end of some hours expired in the arms of Father Saturnino. Not being able to assist at the obsequies of his companion, he was obliged to continue his journey in all haste. On the eleventh he arrived at Taguig, where the Spanish prisoners were insulted by the rebels. From Taguig our travelers went by land to Binau, where the population received them with cries of death. They continued their journey by Guadalupe, and arrived at San Pedro Mocatil. When only a few miles from Manila, the officer who commanded the insurgent troops cried a halt, under pretext that the route was not safe. For their better protection, he sends them under a good guard to Cavite, where they

id Dictator Aguinaldo, who, according to the agreement concluded with General, will doubtless send them safe Spanish authorities. After their arrival at Cavite, Father Saturnino and his companion, Brother Felix Dominic, were presented to Aguinaldo, who kept them as prisoners, notwithstanding the promises given by General Rizal.

June twelfth the independence of the Philippines was proclaimed in Cavite. The decree was filled with Masonic allusions, blasphemous against God and the Catholic religion, and was drawn up by a priest, an impious sectary, Secretary to Aguinaldo. There was a great flourish of drums in the streets, mingled with cries and frenzied hurrahs. Representatives from surrounding provinces had been sent to Cavite to take part in the proceedings, and before leaving the city they generally paid a visit to the prison

to contemplate the imprisoned friars—a spectacle dear to their eyes.

The religious made prisoners by order of Aguinaldo belonged to the different Orders of S. Augustine, S. Dominic and S. Francis. They soon exceeded a hundred in number, and all had been parish priests in the Provinces of Batanes, Cebu, Dagupan, Bulacan, Morong, etc.

On June eighth, one of the first to arrive at Cavite was Father Ulpiano Herrero, parish priest of Oriong, thirty-five years of age, and his companion, Father Julian Misol, thirty-one, both of whom had been laboring in the same locality. It is to Father Herrero that we are indebted for the greater part of the facts related in this work. The diary of his captivity, kept exactly day by day, and recently published in Manila, has furnished us with numerous and interesting details. *To be continued.*

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

ADAM OF S. VICTOR.

Thou art sent from Heaven to carry,
Christ's faithful emissary,
Greetings to the Blessed Mary,
Whom I have heard words with her rehearsed,
And sweet the word he taketh,
In her chamber speaketh,
Of "Eve" "Ave" maketh,
Turning Eve's name thus reversed.

Thou art given he, fear dispelling,
The Holy Ghost's in-dwelling,
The Highest's shadow veiling,
Thou," said he, "shalt bear the Lord!"
Thou art so," by her was spoken,
His handmaid by this token;
My virgin seal unbroken
Thou, according to thy word!"

Thou art promise thus declareth,
The incarnate word appeareth:
The virgin ever sharest
Thou intact virginity.
Thou art a birth no mother showeth;
Whom mortal man ne'er knoweth,
Nor labor undergoeth,
When she hears her progeny.

Of a wonder new thou hearest:
Have but faith, 'twill then be clearest;
This shoe's latchet if thou nearest,
Thou art powerless to unite.
Great the lesson is, none higher!
In the bush and in the fire;
With feet shod let none draw nigher,
Lest he come unworthily.

The dry rod, without a shower,
In new manner, through new power,
Fruit produced as well as flower:
So a maid hath born a son!
Blessed he that fruit forever,
Fruit of joy, of sorrow never!
Had he tasted its sweet savour,
Adam ne'er had been undone.

Jesus, gentle as none other,
Holy son of holy mother,
King of heavens, is, as our brother,
To a manger-cradle brought.
May He, thus for our salvation
Born, effect our guilt's purgation,
Seeing that our occupation
Of this earth with risk is fraught.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

CHAPTER I.

"Gertrude, you look sad this afternoon. Why, what is the matter, child?" asked Mrs. Grayson, as she raised her eyes from the book which she had finished reading. Just then a girl turned her head slightly, like a frightened dove. She was barely eighteen—a lily with all its sweetest leaves yet folded—slight and graceful, with the features of a saint, whose expression was half of sweetness, half of innocence. Her little head, covered with ripples of deep black hair, was proudly set upon a snowy, slender neck, and her eyes were large, tender, living eyes, capable of changing with every thrill of emotion. She had been sitting there, in the winter twilight, gazing idly into the deserted, snow-filled street, when the voice of Mrs. Grayson suddenly called her away from her little world of thought, and, swayed by tender feeling, she answered:

"Yes, I am sad—and why should I not be? Ten years ago to-day dear mother was buried, and oh, what a gloomy day it was for me. It was just a day like this, with sullen skies, bitter winds and heavy snowfalls. Yes, and when I left the city of the dead, that awful morning, I knew that I had left my best friend behind. Poor, dear mother! To think that thou must sleep in that lonely, snow-covered grave!"

The tears crept into Gertrude's eyes, and she was silent for a few minutes. Then again she went on:

"But, Mrs. Grayson, you have been so good to me, and I am grateful. You have been to me a second mother, and it pains me deeply to think that I will some day have to leave you."

"Leave me, Gertrude? Why, what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Grayson.

"I mean that I intend to go away. I am not happy here, though you have been

goodness itself to me. The world is empty and cold, and I am going to sacrifice all its pleasures and pomps for the convent. Yes, Mrs. Grayson, I am going, and I will spend life's remaining days there. I have chosen my vocation, and when the happy day arrives, and I receive the humble habit and veil of a nun, oh, then my fondest hope will have been realized, then my dearest prayer will have been answered."

"Gertrude Ferguson, are you really serious?" questioned Mrs. Grayson, half uneasily. "Child, this is a foolish fancy of yours. I am a Protestant, and I cannot understand how you Catholic girls can sacrifice all life's gayeties for the dull, cold, methodical and monotonous life of an obscure, insignificant nun. How dare you bargain for such an existence, when the world, full of promise to the brim, offers you wealth, distinction and happiness? Gertrude, think of your future. It is fresh as the rosy morning, glorious and full of promise; it is bright as the noon day sun. When your dying mother asked me to be a mother to her only child I swore that I would protect and guard you always, and now you speak of leaving me forever. But, Gertrude, if it is your wish, why, I have nothing to say. However, you are quite young, and you need be in no hurry—so do stay with me a while longer."

Gertrude did not answer, but sighed deeply, and Mrs. Grayson rose and proudly left the room. Then she stirred the fire in the grate, and sank down upon the sofa, and again her thoughts stole back to that lonely grave, in a distant country churchyard, and her lips moved in prayer, while the shadows were creeping stealthily around the silent, cosy drawing-room.

The Graysons were well known in and around Evansville. They were not a rich

by any means. But they always put up a fashionable appearance, and as much as possible like the Catholics and the Smiths, whose income nearly equaled or trebled their own. They belong to that sort of people who sacrifice everything for outward appearance, when Mr. Grayson died everybody thought that surely now Mrs. Geoffrey would have to come down from her lofty pedestal. But no, Mrs. Grayson had made up her mind at the time that she would dress as well as her father did, and she accomplished her aim and was more than ever a slave to Fashion. Her bonnets, cloaks and gowns were made after the latest fashion patterns, and she had a collection of diamonds that would have made the heart of any woman with money. She had an only child. The boys' Club Sans Souci called him Jack. He was not more than twenty-five, and he found he had inherited from his father a favorable nidus in his heart, and burst forth in all its force. Through his dead father's inheritance Jack had received an appointment as clerk in a large loan office. The salary, however, was not over great, but there were good chances for promotion. It was the last day of the old year, and Mr. Grayson was sitting at his books, settling up the monthly account. A feeling of despair crept into his young mind as his fingers trembled visibly, as he looked up the long rows of figures. "A package of two hundred dollars," he said wildly. "How can I ever make it now foolish of me to have taken out four times the amount of my monthly! But oh—the debts were crushing this high life was crippling me. I am going mad. Oh, what am I now, oh that I am a liar and a thief." He turned sickly pale, and buried his face in his hands. "The money must be in the safe to-day," he groaned, hoarsely; "if not, then, my God, I see it all. I will be disgraced, and disgraced—oh, wicked that I am!" He sat as silent for a moment, and heavy

beads of perspiration were forming on his cold forehead. His eyes opened staringly. His pen fell to the floor, and he whispered to himself:

"I have it. Mother's diamond brooch! Ah! it will serve my purpose. I will steal the valuable jewel from the casket on her dresser—and pawn it. It will bring me the two hundred dollars. Ha, ha! She will never suspect me. Two months ago to-day I offered my heart, my hand to Gertrude. I loved the girl, but she spurned my offer. Now the hour has come in which I will do my deadly work. A mother has no right to shelter the girl that offered an insult to her son. I will turn my mother's heart to bitter hatred by fastening the theft of the brooch upon—upon Gertrude Ferguson."

Just then a wild, cutting laugh rang through the empty office, and in another minute Jack Grayson disappeared in the crowds that were thronging along King's street. Just as he was turning the corner he met his mother.

"Ah, Jack! Where are you going?" she asked, pleasantly.

"I am going home for dinner, mother. This is my busy day," answered he, huskily.

"You may tell Gertrude, then," she added, "that I'll have dinner at two o'clock. This is the night of Mrs. Cathcart's New Year party, Jack, and I have not yet ordered the flowers."

Fifteen minutes later Jack Grayson unlocked the door of his mother's private boudoir. In another minute the casket on the dresser was open—and there lay the crested diamond brooch in all its brightness. Quickly he grasped it and placed it in his pocket. Then he drew forth a tiny, embroidered handkerchief, which he had just procured in one of the upstairs rooms. A hideous smile stole over his ugly face, and he chuckled lustily, as the perfumed handkerchief fell to the floor. Upon it was worked the name of Gertrude Ferguson. A moment later the door was locked, and Jack placed the keys where he had found them.

The city clock had just struck the hour of eight. The night was bright and chilly,

and the moon was flooding the city with her golden gleams of light. The streets were filled with dark, surging masses of busy people; all hearts were longing patiently for the dawning of the New Year—the year that was to bring joy to some and sorrow to others.

Gertrude Ferguson was in excellent spirits. Her pure, young heart throbbed gladly within her as she rose from the piano and began to twine branches of holly and mistletoe around the large drawing room arches. She could not repress her inner feelings, and suddenly a ripple of girlish laughter sounded through the room. Then she burst into a song. It was the sweetest of music. It was like the song of a lark, so clear, so sweet, so tender. Again the words stole upon the silent air—louder than before:

“Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our greatest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.”

Again her laughter filled the room. It was like the sound of a distant river—its rippling waves making music on the rocky ledges.

Just then Jack Grayson passed through the hall, in his full-dress suit. He knocked at the door of his mother's private boudoir and asked:

“Are you ready, mother? The coachman is waiting.”

“In a few minutes, dear,” came the answer, softly.

Jack entered the drawing-room, and threw himself on the sofa, and waited. Gertrude turned her head and smiled, and Jack's face reddened. A few minutes later there was the sound of a door opening, and, almost breathless, Mrs. Grayson sprang into the room, her face betraying very forcibly the varying emotions of chagrin, mortification and despair. She bestowed a searching glance upon her son, and then her eyes were riveted upon Gertrude. Her teeth chattered; she tried to speak, but the words stuck to her

throat. Again her eyes flamed with righteous indignation, and, in a hysterical tone of voice, she accused Gertrude of the theft of the missing jewel.

Gertrude's face paled. She almost sank to the floor, but in a moment she was herself again. She raised her deep blue, innocent eyes to the angry, stern, accusing face in front of her, and answered, tremulously:

“Madam, it is false! I am innocent! I know nothing of the theft. In all these years I have never even dared to enter your private dressing room. How can you therefore, blame me? O God! Thou knowest I am innocent.”

“You lie, girl! This speaks for itself,” thundered forth the enraged woman. “This handkerchief was found in front of my dresser. How did it get there? Now explain that if you can, innocent angel!”

Jack Grayson smiled bitterly, and, rising from the sofa, turned to his mother and said, in a sarcastic tone of voice:

“Mother, I always told you that your heart would be stabbed by the cruel ingratitude of this thankless girl. That time has come.”

Gertrude snatched the handkerchief from the haughty woman, and, glancing down at the name, she uttered an exclamation of surprise. Her cheeks paled, her eyes opened widely, and she fell to the sofa, trembling like a leaf, and wept like a child.

Again Mrs. Grayson's shrill voice rang out wildly, like the cry of a woman going mad:

“Gertrude, I do not believe you. Wretched, unhappy girl! Little did I dream that I was sheltering a thief. I have no affection for you any longer. The very sight of your face is hateful to me. Come, Jack, let us go! I little feel like going myself this evening. Gertrude—Miss Ferguson, I mean—remember this affair is not settled yet. I will see you on the morrow. I am afraid it will be a sorry New Year for you.”

When Gertrude again raised her head from the sofa they were gone. She walked over to the piano, but she—poor girl—was in no mood for playing. Then she

opened the front door and stepped out upon the large, open veranda, and looked out into the night. The clock on the Cathedral tower yonder pointed the hour of ten. It was a glorious night, crowned above with a canopy of blue, gemmed with golden stars. The streets were still lively with people. In another two hours the New Year will be dawning, and there stood Gertrude, in the moonlight, and on her pure, young face the lines of sorrow were deepening.

Then, under her breath, she whispered to the busy night winds:

"Heaven bless them for it all. I was hungry, and they gave me bread; I was sick, and they comforted me; I was an orphan, and they took me in. How can they think me so ungrateful? How can they accuse me? Ah no! I am innocent, and God in heaven knows it. That is enough. I know they love me no longer. Their soft, warm hearts are now cold as stone, and I will not bruise my feelings on such barren, hard rocks. How foolish

it is for me to worry so! I will pray to God to soften their hearts; I will pray to Him to open their eyes—and some day, some day. He will tell them all."

When Mrs. Grayson and Jack returned home that evening Gertrude Ferguson was gone. On the drawing room table a note awaited them. It read:

DEAR FRIENDS: I am truly poor and needy, yet I feel that I have been dependent upon your charity long enough. I am leaving you to-night, to return no more. I forgive you both, and beg God to bless you for the kindness you have shown a homeless girl. As a parting gift I ask you to accept these little crucifixes for yourselves. Should we never meet in this world again, remember that the heart of a grateful girl has not yet ceased beating for you. Once more, then, may God bless you and reward you for the kindness you have shown one whom you have known as

GERTRUDE FERGUSON.

To be continued.

Athirst and weary, sitting by the banks
Of waters clear and sweet
That gush beneath their feet,
They hold the chain, and count its every
link,

Yet, bound by some strange spell, they
will not drink.

O parched and fainting soul! Did they but
know!

'Tis all our hearts can say

As by that well they stray

With thirst unquenched, while near them
and below,

We hear the floods of those deep waters
flow.

Did they but know the Gift beyond all
gifts,

Could but their eyes discern

The Beacon whence they turn;

But o'er the desolate waves their vessel
drifts,

While still the Light its friendly warning
lifts.

Oh, look into their eyes, and read the tale
Of wounds they cannot hide,

And thirst unsatisfied!

Shall they forever seek, and seeking fail,
With only light their blindness to bewail?

Let not the blessings be for us alone,

We cannot see them die

And pass unheeding by;

Sing Zion's song of joy, and hear them
groan

As with sad hearts they worship the Un-
known.

Did they but guess at all we have to tell!
Our hearts' best blood should flow

That gift to make them know;

To draw the blinding veil, to break the
spell,

And lose the golden chain in the Well?

Pray, ever pray, 'tis all that we can do!

Pray when those whose eyes you meet

In throng or busy street;

Pray, lifting holy hands, for were we true
Unto our light, their loss we might not
rue.

Pray on and judge not, for a day will
show

Which soul the guiltier lives;

He who the light receives,

Yet strays afar with backward step and
slow,

Or he who missed the path, but did not
know.

Judge not, but trim thy lamp, and hold it
high,

That men the truth may guess;

Oh that its rays might reach some wander-
ers' eye

Who, did he know the Gift, would love
it more than I!

—Augusta T. Drane.

ENGLAND.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Lest England's dullards make my rhyming dull,
 I'll take you to the best of London shows,
 Where every patriotic Cockney "gull"
 Right loyally and regularly goes.
 It's known to fame as good *Madame Tousaud's*,
 Where all the royal English thugs and quacks
 Are seen at once, lined up in stately rows;
 Fear not their life-like scowl nor battle-axe—
Madame assures us they are made up of harmless wax!

II.

For all the world I'd not your patience tax
 By tedious gossiping or tale banal;
 So through three centuries we'll make quick tracks
 In Madam Tousaud's pleasant *Salle Royale*!
 From wild Plantagenet to "Bluff King Hal"
 We'll go the rounds of the queer regal pack,
 And each salute with merry madrigal.
 Plantagenet we've seen, and won't go back
 To him—he died in France a raving maniac!

III.

Here's Richard First, nicknamed the *lion heart*;—
 The butcher, brawler, troubadour and fool
 Of Europe, and clean wanting in all art
 To govern England or himself to rule!
 There's John *lack-land*, who kicked like stubborn mule
 'Gainst *Magna Charta*, and, to steal the crown,

(1) Richard I., Cœur de Lion, knew not how to rule even *Englishmen*. "During his reign the laws were utterly disregarded, and England swarmed with robbers. He could not rule himself; and met his death in a quarrel altogether unworthy of a king, being killed in a common brawl for the possession of a *treasure trove*." Drane Hist. of Eng.

(2) Like the average English king, John, out of pride and avarice, strove to depress the nobles and curtail their rights, as well as the liberties of the Church. *Magna Charta* was drawn up by Archbishop Stephen Langton from ancient laws on good government compiled by Alfred the Great as the result of his education in Irish

Drowned little nephew Arthur in a pool !
 The Pope first made him lay the sceptre down,
 Then gave the bauble back to humor the vain clown

IV.

Here's Henry Third, surnamed the *waxen heart*,
 Whose state of *mind* was often *imbecile*,
 And who, *up to his limit*, played the part
 Of tyrant o'er the Church and England's weal !
 There's Edward First, the *shyster*, whose great zeal
 For points of law was such that ten score Jews
 He hanged for *Usury*, that he might steal
 Their gains ; while seizing Abbey revenues,
 And legal Scotland fleecing for old outlawed dues !

V.

Here's Edward, surnamed *longshanks*, who won *fame*
 By hanging England's barons out of hate
 For freedom, and, by deed without a name,
 In Berkley castle met his awful fate.⁴
 There's Edward Third, *wool-gatherer* of State,
 Who countless homes destroyed by unjust war
 In France, and left all England desolate,
 While holding empty shows with vain *fanfar*;—
 Three thousand villagers he murdered near the Loire !⁵

monastic schools. Its articles were designed to secure the liberties of England and the Church; and S. Edward the Confessor had adapted and promulgated them—they were called the "laws of good S. Edward." To this charter the barons now compelled King John to fix his signature; and when afterwards he repudiated his act they sought to depose him. King John, like the liar and hypocrite he was, wrote a false and one-sided account of the proceedings to Pope Innocent III. The Pope, being entirely misled, excommunicated the barons for their supposed unlawful rebellion; but, on learning the true state of affairs, he sent his Legate to England to restore the barons to communion and to excommunicate King John, ordering him to deliver up his crown to the Legate in sign of forfeiture for high crimes committed against the nation and the Church in contravention of the terms of his *coronation oath*. On John's submission and pledge of good behavior, the crown was restored to him.

(3) Davidson's *Kings of England*, Edward I.

(4) Amid his agonizing shrieks, heard beyond the massive walls of Berkely Castle, on the night of the 22 September, 1327, King Edward II. was done to death by the blackest crime in the annals of mankind. Two ruffians, commissioned from *high quarters*, strapped him down, and, inserting a tube into the royal fundament, burned out his intestines with red-hot rapiers.

(5) Davidson, Chap. V.

DOMINICANA

VI.

Here's Richard Second, who held jousts and games
 While England starved, and the *poll-tax* decreed
 To pay for pomp and feed his amorous *flames*,
 While dooming Church and barons to his greed !
 There's Henry Fourth, who slew him, as, indeed,
 He murdered others—e'en good Bishop Scroop
 For venturing the people's cause to plead !
 This *leprous* king became *one maggot-loupe*
 To whom the rottenest wretch in *England* would not stoop !

VII.

Here's *madcap* Henry Fifth, converted *rake*,
 Who led the *roughs* of London into France
 To rob and slay the prisoners they'd take;—
 His virtues lay in sprinting and the dance.
 There's Henry Sixth, a king scarce yet in pants,
 Who long was ruled by Regents, then by wife,
 Because of epileptic fits and trance,
 That kept him daft throughout his worthless life;—
 In London tower he paid the price of blood and strife !

VIII.

Here's Edward Fourth, who murdered Henry Six,
 And violated *Sanctuary Law*
 To reach his victims, while on *Holy Pix*
 He swore ! but satan got him in his maw !
 There's Edward Fifth, who was too young and raw,
 So dear, good *Uncle Richard*, Duke of York,
 Kindly relieved him—and his brother "chaw"—
 Of burden not, by half, so light as cork,
 While gobbling princes young and old like famed *King Stork* !

IX.

Here's *crooked* Richard, born with teeth to bite,
 Who through assassinations reached the throne,
 And would have swapped it, in his *Bosworth fight*,
 For one poor "plug"—what though 'twas not his own ?
 There's Henry Seventh; crafty, sly old crone ;

Eaves-dropper, perfect in duplicity;
 Suspicious, making everlasting moan
 For money under cloak of piety,
 While plotting several murders from *State policy*!

X.

These royal toughs, by emptiest of "fakes,"
 All styled themselves, in documents of State,
 The *lords of Ireland*, while the rotten rakes
 Did never once that people subjugate!
 However English scribblers lie and prate,
 From the *lean* English liar Plantagenet,
 To the *fat* English "bully" Henry Eight,
 Ireland, by English treachery beset
 For those four hundred years, remained unconquered yet!⁶

XI.

As at Clontarff, would Irishmen unite!
 But pardon me—'tis England is my theme;—
 Whose records it were pleasanter to write
 Were there one virtue found that might redeem!
 Yet, lest the damning history should seem
 Too tedious in its uniform disgrace,
 I've gathered from three centuries the cream
 Of England's boasted royal humbug race,
 And lined the rascals up as in Tousaud's *show case*!

XII.

These mangy, curst, *aristocratic* dogs,
 When not engaged in mutual deadly fight,
 Herded the people like dull sheep or hogs,
 And tore and harried England as they might!
 No record offers more disgusting sight
 Than this, where Englishmen successive hail
 The latest brute that rose to drive and bite;
 And still, as then, the base droves herd and wail,
 With these same English curs, called *nobles*, on their trail!

(6) It is a matter of common history that throughout this entire period the *settlement* were kept confined by the Irish within the narrow area known as the Pale, which extended, even as late as Henry the Eighth's reign, to only four counties; and that they uninterruptedly paid tribute to the Irish Kings, while the 27 remaining counties happily knew nothing of English *rule*, or of any English "lord of Ireland."

(7) To every blood-stained usurper, in turn, the English people tossed their caps and cried: "An Edward! A Richard! A Harry!"

XIII.

We've come to Henry Eighth; but I'll reserve
 A canto for this nameless hell-born brute.
 To sing of him demands no little *verve*,
 And somewhat higher pitch upon the lute!
 Thus far, at least, the commonest astute
 Will grant that, by true history in rhyme,
 I've clearly won in all fair minds my suit—
 That, through the ages back to *History's prime*,
 England exceeds the world in folly, vice and crime!

A Warwick!" etc.; and to-day it is this scheming *aristocracy* that officers the army, and hounds the people to their robber wars; while hireling *Laurates* compose such lying doggerel as: "*Britons* never, never, never shall be slaves!" We take this opportunity to beg our readers to bear in mind that this slight sketch of England's heroes must, for want of time and space, be lacking in the requisite details of their history, and that while we have thrown on the canvas sufficient color to suggest true portraits for the *rogues' gallery* of English royal scoundrels; there yet exists a bonanza of recorded villainies calculated to throw one into the condition aptly styled by the French, "the embarrassment of riches."

We like a small study, where we are almost in contact with our books. We like to feel them about us—to be in the arms of our mistress Philosophy, rather than to see her at a distance. We do not know how our idea of a study might expand with our walls. Montaigne, who was Montaigne, "of that ilk," and lord of a great chateau, had a study "sixteen paces in diameter, with three noble and free prospects." The figure of my study is round, and has no more flat (base) wall than what is taken up with my table and my chairs, so that the remaining parts of the circle present me with a view of all my books at once, set upon five degrees of shelves round about me." A great prospect we hold to be a very disputable advantage upon the same reasoning as before, but we like to have some green boughs about our windows, and to fancy ourselves as much as possible in the country when we are not there. Milton expressed a wish with regard to his study extremely suitable to our present purpose. He would have the lamp in it *seen*, thus

letting others into a share of his enjoyments by the imagination of them.

"And let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be *seen* in some high, lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What world or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook."

—*Leigh Hunt*.

Menge says: The first thing one ought to do, after having borrowed a book, is to read it, so as to be able to return it as soon as possible.

A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the wealth of the Indies. The miseries of a vacant life are never known to a man whose hours are insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasure of study. The love of study, a passion which derives great vigor from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual round of independent and rational pleasure.

—*Edward Gibbon*.

S. ROSE'S WORK IN NEW YORK.

EDITH R. WILSON.

"The garden of roses is known by its perfume," saith the Persian proverb, and in like spirit our Lord teaches, "By the fruit the tree is known. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Clear and irrefragible logic of the Holy Ghost which none may gainsay; and, as if to impress its truth still more deeply upon our minds, the same Holy Spirit has placed upon the lips of S. John, the Apostle of love and gentleness, this solemn warning: "Little children, let no man deceive you, he that doeth justice is just."

The Catholic Church has ever laid stress upon the necessity and merit of good works. Not by faith alone is man saved, as Luther would fain have had it, but by his work also shall he be judged, she teaches. This practical spirit of the Catholic Church in its higher manifestations, the spirit of heroic self-devotion which sends forth its Father Damians to the lazaret-house, its Sisters of Charity to the battle-field or the hospital, has ever won the commendation, the admiration even, of the rationalist and the skeptic. There is, however, another aspect of Catholic devotion at which nineteenth century agnostics, and, alas, at times nineteenth century Catholics as well, look quite askance.

We stand in one of the famous galleries of the Old World, before a painting of the "Penance of S. Anthony" or a "S. Mary of Egypt," while our non-Catholic friend remarks: "Curious superstition"; or, with politely veiled scorn, "Do you really conceive God to be pleased by such self-maceration? Of what practical value to religion is all this asceticism?" Leaving the first question to find its answer from the theologian, we turn to the second. The reply seems clear, so clear that he who runs may well-nigh read. Space permits us to select only two great Catholic ascetics, that we may learn the lesson of their lives.

Let us see what manner of fruit they bore. We turn, then, first to that prince of ascetics and mystics, S. Francis d'Assisi, whose love for "Lady Poverty" poet and artist have so justly lauded. Whether we view him as a youth, in the first fervor of his zeal casting his clothing at his father's feet, that in absolute poverty, stripped of all things, he might follow the steps of his crucified Lord; or, again, in later life, in mystic trance upon Mount Alverno—with wounded hands and side yet quivering from the freshly imprinted stigmata—there is no doubt as to the reality or intensity of his asceticism.

What were its fruits, Let the history of the Franciscan Order answer: "The life of Francis," says the Protestant historian, Green, "falls like a stream of tender light across the darkness of the times." The rapid progress of population (in the great cities) had outstripped the sanitary regulations of the Middle Ages, and fever or plague or the more terrible scourge of leprosy festered in the wretched hovels of the suburbs. It was to haunts such as these that Francis had directed his disciples, and the Gray Brethren at once fixed themselves in the meanest and poorest quarters of each town.

Their first work lay in the noisome lazaret-houses. It was among the lepers that they commonly chose the site of their homes. At London, they settled in the shambles of Newgate. At Oxford, they made their way to the swampy ground between its walls and the streams of the Thames. Huts of mud and timber, as mean as the huts around them, arose within the rough fence and ditch that bounded the Friary." [Short Hist. of Eng. People, p. 149-150.] Here the love of poverty went hand in hand with the love of the poor, the love of suffering with the love of the sufferer. The work of S. Francis still goes on, men and

women still seek the leper and minister to the sick in his name.

Can our non-Catholic critic, averting his eye from the terrible penance of S. Anthony, name some modern substitute for asceticism which has led men in equal numbers and with the same joyous abandon of all that life holds dear to throng the galley, the prison-ship and the pest-house, to seek out and gladden the dark places of the earth with the light of their loving service?

Our next subject shall be an extremely humble one—a young South American girl, of whom little is known beyond her lowly circumstances and her extraordinary penances. She was, indeed, no cloistered recluse. She toiled with her hands, and her labor was the mainstay of her parents; she did the little she could for those in greater need than herself, and at her death the sick and poor of the city crowded around her bier with sobs, refusing to be comforted. A short story, however, and one we might suppose soon to be forgotten. It is comprehensible that such a nature as that of S. Francis might have power to sway the minds of men, but can this young Spanish devotee, this poor servant girl, have left any imprint upon our present practical life? And yet her influence can be traced in many a work of charity. It is only recently that two most practical works of charity were begun in her name in this busy city of New York.

In the first the Free Cancer Hospital, founded by Mrs. Lathrop (Rose Hawthorne) some three years since can be recognized the true spirit of its patron. We can almost picture S. Rose herself ministering to these poor sufferers in their pitiful repulsiveness. The second is quite different in character and needs a little more explanation.

One evening in April, in the year 1899, a little audience was gathered in the hall of La Salle Institute to attend a conference on settlement work among Catholics, its nature and needs. The conference was held under the direction of the Right Reverend Bishop Farley. The speakers were the young Dominican founder of S. Rose's settlement, Rev.

Clement Thuente, with other priests, prominent in mission work. Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, the Jesuit representative, spoke of the great work confronting us in the needs of our non-English speaking emigrants, and from among the secular clergy Dr. Dennis McMahon dwelt on the terrible problem of the tenement house in our midst, while Dr. Joseph McMahon spoke of the use and abuse of reading—that great instrument for good or evil among the poor of our cities.

These speakers set before their hearers three of the special features of S. Rose's work. The little settlement stands in a part of the city where the population is divided among Italians, Bohemians and Irish. Its first mission seems to be to labor for the preservation of the Faith of those who are drifting from it. Dr. McMahon's words on tenement life made evident a second feature in S. Rose's work—that of house to house visiting, seeking to win and influence by persistent contact, to become acquainted with the needs, not only material but also social and spiritual, of the lives encompassed there—thus to relieve and uplift with a judgment and power no stranger could have.

While the statements given as to the kind of literature most in demand at our free libraries, the hostile and sometimes even blasphemous animus evinced toward religious teaching, as shown by marginal comments placed over against sacred names or allusions to sacred truths, pointed to a third department of the work, to be fulfilled through the media of the library, the reading circle, the lecture, and, if possible, the publication of such simple, patriotic, moral and religious literature as its needs may demand. A Normal Training Class for Catechists has been but now begun by the Settlement. This it is hoped may benefit both teacher and pupil, for the very poor are by no means the only class in New York whose faith needs to be more firmly grounded and protected against an almost unconscious drifting from Catholicism.

It was perhaps, however, in the words of the first two speakers that the keynote

of S. Rose's settlement work was struck. The Bishop opened the conference with an introductory address on the "Idea of the Settlement," which Father Thuente elaborated in practical detail with illustrations from personal experience. Here was given the motto of S. Rose's work, "*Habitavit in nobis*," revealing both the model on which the work was to be formed and the power from which the influence was to be drawn.

No mere humanitarian effort, however noble, still less the base outcome of utilitarian policy to minimize crime, but the endeavor to follow and to present, however humbly and from afar, the ideal of that life lived among men—"from stall to rood"—of Him who was "made Flesh and dwelt among us." The presentation of the vitalizing thought of the Divine sympathy for man; this sympathy which is the living fire, ever burning in the Sacred Heart, ever communicated to and enkindling its members.

S. Rose's Settlement, then, is fitly

named. As the rose grows out of the dark, dark soil, gradually unfolding its beauty and its fragrance by virtue of a divinely implanted power, so the Catholic Settlement must be the manifestation of a higher, a diviner principle than that which any outside the Church can offer. As God sent no "lesser angel to our race," but stooped in all His Divine fullness to our need, so let us Catholics give our best to our brethren, let us give ourselves, our gifts, our labors, our culture. All are needed. Indeed, no small degree of culture is requisite for such service. The ability to speak to the foreigner in his own tongue is most desirable. The able lecturer is in demand, the classes for manifold industrial art work require skilled teachers. Let no one idly dream that this work can progress apart from the doctrinal and devotional side of the Church's life. Catholic prayer is needed for Catholic work. May S. Rose bless what is begun in her name and send it laborers!

CONSECRATION TO MARY.

[Suggested by "The Secret of Mary," by Blessed Louise Marie Grignon de Montfort, O. P.]

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Say it daily—say devoutly:

Ave Mary! full of grace.
Hail to thee, the Lord is with thee,
In thy womb's pure dwelling-place.
Blessed art thou 'mongst all women,
Blessed is thy fruit divine!
All I have is thine, dear Mother,
All thou hast is mine!

Say it daily—say devoutly:

Holy Mary (trusting say):
For us sinners, *Mater Dei*,
Now and at death's hour pray!
Pray, and grace shall warm my spirit,
Like a draught of golden wine;
All I have is thine, dear Mother,
All thou hast is mine!

'Tis a loving kiss I give her,
Give our Mother, pure and sweet,
When I pray *Ave Maria*,
Kneeling at her holy feet.
'Tis a radiant rose I offer,
Precious pearl upon her shrine;
All I have is thine, dear Mother,
All thou hast is mine!

Sweetest music—Gabriel's greeting;
Sweetest song—the Church's prayer:
Hail to Mary (oft repeating):
Holy Mary, Virgin fair!
Rosaries of fragrant *Aves*
Round her brow I thus entwine;
All I have is thine, dear Mother,
All thou hast is mine!

BLESSED JORDAN OF PISA, O. P., PRIEST.

(Died 1311.)

Blessed Jordan of Pisa, called also Jordan of Rivalto, was born in Italy in the latter half of the thirteenth century. After studying humanities at Paris, he took the habit of the Dominican Order at Pisa, 1280.

Having completed his novitiate, he pursued his studies at the Universities of Bologna and Paris, and became a distinguished lector, teaching with great success in some of the most important convents of the Order.

Blessed Jordan's learning was said to excel that of all the Fathers of his province put together. Besides being an eminent philosopher and theologian, he had studied Greek and Hebrew, and was gifted with so prodigious a memory that he is reported to have known by heart the Breviary and Missal, the greater part of the Bible, and a large portion of the Summa of S. Thomas. But his renown as a saintly religious and an apostolic preacher far exceeded his reputation for learning. Following the new custom just then coming into vogue, he used to preach in Italian instead of Latin, and the fragments of his sermons which have come down to us are regarded as models of pure and beautiful diction.

The Italian language at that time was as yet unformed. The irruptions of the northern nations had corrupted the dialects spoken in various parts of the peninsula, and there might be said to be no vocabulary of purely Italian words. In spite of these difficulties, Jordan succeeded in forming for himself a beautiful system of language, and we are expressly told that the words that he used were intelligible to all. These words in no way differ from those now in use, whence Blessed Jordan is entitled to the honor of being among the first to give its present fixed and beautiful form to the Tuscan tongue.

The holy man exercised his apostolic

ministry in many cities of Italy, and probably also in Germany. But Florence was the chief scene of his labors, and his popularity there was unbounded. He sometimes preached as often as five times on the same day, and to the same audience, who never wearied of listening to his words. As the churches were too small to contain the crowds who flocked to hear him, he frequently delivered his discourses in the public squares.

Italy, at the close of the thirteenth century, was a prey to terrible dissensions and to the deadly feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, but by dint of prayer and preaching Blessed Jordan succeeded in extinguishing all animosity for a time in Florence, and in establishing peace between the rival factions. The city was completely transformed. The women laid aside their luxurious apparel; sinners abandoned their vices and gave themselves fervently to the practice of virtue; and the holy man was able to say, with regard to his penitents, "I know many who are prepared to sacrifice their property, and even life itself, rather than commit a mortal sin."

His success at Pisa was equally great, and a confraternity in honor of our Divine Saviour established by him in that city subsists even in our own day. His style of preaching was eloquent but simple, and adapted to the capacity of his audience, and his sermons were interspersed with anecdotes, usually drawn from Holy Scripture. His confidence in God and the efficacy of prayer knew no bounds. Preaching one day on the conditions which should accompany prayer, he exclaimed, "If you pray thus, I swear to you by Christ, the Holy Scriptures, by all the Saints, and by my own soul, that you will obtain whatever you ask; for heaven and earth would sooner perish than that your prayer should go unheard."

used Jordan had a filial devotion to the Blessed Lady. The old chronicle relates that it was always he who began office in the dormitory, and this led his brethren to similar piety. By a beautiful vision was granted as he sat at table in the refectory. He held the Queen of Heaven escorted by a princesses of paradise and by a multitude of angels, bringing food to the men and serving them with their own hands. The name of his Holy Father St. Dominic was constantly on his lips, and he had no opportunity of celebrating his Mass in the pulpit.

In the midst of all his successes, the aid of God ever preserved profound humility of heart and had a horror of all honors and dignities. His superiors, however, were anxious that he should take his doctor's degree, and, in obedience to their commands, he accordingly set out for Paris. But, on arriving

at Piacenza, he fell sick and piously departed to our Lord on the 19th of August, 1311, being assisted on his deathbed by the Master-General and other members of his Order.

When the sad news reached Pisa the principal inhabitants at once set out for Piacenza to bring back the sacred remains, which were met outside the city by a vast concourse of people, weeping and mourning over the loss of their beloved fellow citizen. Many miraculous favors were granted through his intercession, and the walls of the Dominican Church in which he was interred became covered with pictures and ex-votos, bearing witness to his power with God.

Pope Gregory XVI approved the veneration, which for upwards of five centuries had been rendered to Blessed Jordan, and gave permission for the annual celebration of his festival throughout the Dominican Order and in the Diocese of Pisa.

SAINT PATRICK.

Isle's champion Saint, all hail!
A fadeless glory crowned;
Inspiring of your ardent zeal
Each day your praise shall sound.

and glorious Saint Patrick,
For that dear country,
Land of our fathers;
Great and glorious Saint Patrick,
Listen to the prayer of thy children.

On the wings of charity,
Erin's coast you flew,
Satan from her valleys flee
Her dark shrines o'erthrew.

Ring through error's gloomy night,
Sires lost their way,
Heard their hearts with heavenly light,
A truth's consoling ray.

O, what a harvest crown'd thy toil;
The earth long cursed was blessed;
Each lovely virtue graced its soil;
The sinner's heart found rest.

From faith's bright camp the demon fled;
The path to heaven was cleared;
Religion raised her beauteous head;
An Isle of Saints appeared.

To God who sent thee to our Isle,
Be endless glory given;
O may He ever on it smile,
And lead its sons to Heaven.

Great and glorious Saint Patrick,
Pray for that dear country,
The land of our fathers;
Great and glorious Saint Patrick,
Hearken to the voice of thy children.

OUR CONSOLATION.

MARION OLIVE DONNELLY.

No unpleasant task
And, ne'er of thee, might ask;
All the days were bright—
No cloud eclipse the light
Of sunshine in thy soul.

Wouldst thou appreciate,
When at the Jasper Gate,
The glory of that Home,
Hence none shall ever roam
From Love's supreme control?

If not a single thorn
Were in thy pathway borne,
Unto thy feet to grant,
Or in thy heart implant
Some new and bleeding wound.

Couldst thou then comprehend
At thy sad journey's end,
The sweetness of that rest
God giveth to the Blest
Whom He hath saved and
crowned.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY AMONG LAYMEN.

Bishop Spalding enjoys a reputation for "saying good things," the right to which he delightfully emphasized at the German Catholic Convention which held a three days' meeting in Chicago recently. We deem a generous extract from his address, which formed a very important part of one of the sessions, a greeting of such value that we are anxious to give it still wider publicity. To our good friend, *The New World*, Chicago, we are indebted for a report of the address, during which the Bishop said:

"The opportunities of laymen for religious work are in some respects greater than those of priests. In the manifold relations they have with one another, in their social intercourse, in their business, means for doing good are given them, which are granted more sparingly to the clergyman. If we trace the history of conversions, we shall find in many instances that they are due to the silent influence of a layman or of some gentle and pure-hearted woman. How often have churches and schools been established because two or three devoted families have believed and made it possible. One might think it almost tragical that the masses should be shut out from the world of high thought and noble emotion which lies in the great literatures; but is it not still more tragical that the multitudes who heard Jesus gladly, who are ahungered and athirst for God, should be so little acquainted with the wealth of joy and love and strength there is in Catholic faith?

"This must be so, so long as they remain but passive members of the Church—of the Church which needs the hearts and minds and energies of all its children, whose welfare and progress depend on the moral condition and spiritual activity, not of the priesthood alone, but of all Catholics. It is one of the glories of America that here every man and woman may, if they will, find fruitful work to do. This is one of the things that makes it the most attractive of all lands, drawing to

itself the millions from all the earth. In the Catholic Church, too, there is work for every man and woman; and if opportunity is denied to any one, it is not because the Church is not wide and great and rich enough, endowed as she is with the treasures of the mind and heart of Christ, but because they do not avail themselves of her generous policy. A more living participation of all Catholics in the work of the Church is one of our most urgent needs, and whoever might have power to awaken in them a longing for this larger and higher life, and open a way for them in the Church to exercise an influence in the things which concern man's permanent and most essential interests, is the leader whom we should all hail with delight and follow with enthusiasm.

What brilliant examples of enlightened and beneficent lay action in Catholic affairs have we not had in the nineteenth century! It was O'Connell who led the Catholics of Ireland, and I may say of the English-speaking world, out of the bondage of the penal laws. Mallinkrodt and Windthorst were the captains of the hosts that triumphed in the Kultur Kampf. Goerres more than any other man brought about the Catholic revival in Germany nearly a hundred years ago. In France Joseph de Maistre and Chateaubriand reawakened enthusiasm for the Church which seemed to have perished in the general ruin wrought by the Revolution. Brownson is the most vigorous writer who has advocated Catholic principles in America. In England Dr. Ward, the most loyal and devoted of believers, surpasses Cardinal Newman in metaphysical insight and in logical cogency. How nobly Ozanam and Montalembert served the cause of religion.

"What these have done, why should not many do, according to the measure of their gifts?

"There are in this country thousands of intelligent Catholic laymen who feel that

not enough for them to be merely
 s or professional men. They would
 share in the work done for hu-
 and for souls. They would gain
 and purer life for themselves by
 to help save multitudes that
 ishing. What tasks are given us
 orm. There is the question of edu-
 in which the laity, if the Catholics
 to sink into indifference and hea-
 a, must come to the rescue. If
 and mothers fail to see that the
 c school concerns their most vital
 ts, they have no care of their
 olds, and have denied the faith.
 re is the question of temperance,
 and people. The custom, now
 ng, of giving the pledge to
 till they are twenty-one, is
 d to exert a most salutary
 ce both in the home and in
 urch. There is the question of
 fication of municipal politics. The
 rs who call themselves Catholics,
 io may contribute even to the sup-
 f the Church, are the lowest, the
 cious and the most harmful type
 anity that has sprung from the
 oil of our democracy. How shall
 ust them forth into the utter dark-

ness where they belong, if the people and
 the priests do not stand together in fear-
 less defence of our honor, our truth, our
 rights and possessions? There is the so-
 cial evil, eating like a canker into the
 heart of the Nation, an ever-present men-
 ace to homes and churches, a poison the
 blood of our young men most easily sucks,
 to remain forever after tainted and un-
 clean. How can one love the Catholic
 faith, love America, and remain indiffer-
 ent to these issues of life and death? Is
 it not manifest that our numerous socie-
 ties might perform indispensable service
 to the cause of religion and civilization,
 if insisting first of all upon a high stand-
 ard of Christian manhood among their
 members, they threw all the weight of
 their prestige and strength on the side of
 the things that are pure, wise, just, be-
 neficent and holy?

"Ah! let us believe that the new cen-
 tury shall accomplish greater things than
 the one we have just buried; let us be
 thankful that we are alive in the new
 dawn; and let us all, bishops, priests and
 people, draw together in the love and
 sympathy which is the heart of Christ,
 that we may labor not in vain to do God's
 will, to prepare the way for the coming
 of His kingdom on earth."

EASTER MORNING.

M. N. GOODNOW.

Through days of gloom
 rs the woman watched 'mid an-
 ished prayer;

When lo! the tomb
 pen, and no martyred Jesus there!

"O gardner, speak!—
 moved'st Him we laid beneath
 is stone—

The Master meek?
 where He lieth and these arms
 one

Shall bear my Lord
 To new and safer sepulture away—
 This boon accord!"

In His most tender voice she hears Him
 say

"Mary!" And then
 At Jesus' feet in ecstasy doth kneel
 The Magdalen!

First graced by Him who died for sin-
 ners' weal
 And rose again!

A MOAN FROM A BROKEN HEART.

ALIDA MARY BIBBY.

From my casement I heard the song of a
bird

Through the golden silence dart,
And it flooded my soul with its echoes
clear

Like joy to a grieving heart.

It was wafted through trees on the sum-
mer breeze,

Through mountains and sun kiss'd
meads,

And it came to my heart like an answered
prayer

I asked in my Rosary Beads.

Ere the melody died the breezes sighed
As friends from friends depart,

And the song die'd away on the zephyr's
wing,

Like a moan from a broken heart.

At my casement long I waited that song,
When my ears were greeted again

With the silvery note of that beautiful
bird,

Warbling a flute-like refrain.

In throbbing life there is ceaseless strife,
Some sorrow or careless word;

For we live a life where we never find
A perpetual song of a bird.

I strained my ear to catch each clear
Note of that lullaby song,

And my heart felt glad as children feel
When summer days grow long.

And I dried my tears which had flowed for
years

Through the path of care and pain,
And a faint smile played from my tired
lips

As sunshine greets the rain.

'Till I suddenly heard through the song of
the bird

A little flutter and start,
And the notes died away on the breeze's
sigh

Like a moan from a broken heart.

And my fanciful thought, in the sunny air,
wrought

A magical cage of birds,
Whose song produced in the listener's
heart

A chain of golden words.

In my reverie still, by the window sill
I sat in the silence alone,

And I heard not a thing but a winged
flight,

And a sound like a piteous moan.

But enthroned in my chair, I waited there,
With a hope of hearing again

That beautiful bird, from his feathery
throat,

Singing that tender refrain.

In thought I was lost as a shadow crossed
Quickly my window pane,

And I smiled as I saw the beautiful bird
Alighting and singing again.

In a throbbing life there is ceaseless strife,
Some sorrow or careless word;

For we live a life where we never find
A perpetual song of a bird.

And my heart was glad, for the note so
sad,

I had caught on the zephyr's sigh
Had banished quite, and the warbling
clear

Was wafted to the azure sky.

The song so blest, as a perfect rest
Stole to my wearied brain,

And I listened intent 'till the wild song
burst

And lulled to a pathetic refrain.

And I strained my ear to catch each clear
Note of that lullaby song,

And my heart felt glad as children feel
When summer days grow long.

'Till I suddenly heard, thro' the song of
the bird

A little flutter and start,
And the song died away on the zephyr's
wing.

Like a moan from a broken heart.

EDITORIAL.

resurrection of Jesus Christ on Sunday morn—nineteen centuries transcends in glory and power all previous miracles performed by the Lord of mankind. It is the fulfilment of the prophecy—the most sublime attestation of the divinity of the Son of God. For they had accused Him, saying: "being a man, makest thyself God!" although Christ's enemies had admitted His miraculous power during His career, they had set limits to it and sought to entrap Him.

They had seen the lepers cleansed; they had heard the dumb speak; they had seen the lame walk—yea, they had greeted Him as he came forth from the tomb in obedience to Christ's command. They had given glory only to Christ's omnipotent virtue in His words of council: "What doest thou for this man doest miracles." Still, they doubted till the end. They had said to Him, saying: "If thou be Christ, shew thyself and us."

Christ had said: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up: for that is, I have power to deliver my Son, and I have power to resume life after death—to die when I will. Hence His death upon the cross; hence His glorious resurrection!

After the death of Jesus upon the cross the apostle says: "And all the multitude of them that were come together to see the light, and saw the things that were done, returned, striking their breasts. And all his acquaintances, and the women who had followed Him from Galilee, afar off beholding these things." The real darkness enshrouds the soul of man. The Life, the Light had departed out of the world! The spirit of man had returned to the bosom of His Father. His body is consigned to the tomb! Till the third day Christ rose in the sepulchre that He might raise the fallen, that he might renew upon earth, that He might redeem us in hell.

It behooved Christ to suffer and to rise again from the dead on the third day. Christ rose from the dead by His almighty power. He arose joyously. He had delivered the world from misery, infirmity and servitude.

"And on the first day of the week Mary Magdalen cometh early, when it was yet dark unto the sepulchre." Waiting for the first rays of the morning sun to reveal to her the Body of her beloved Lord, Mary beheld the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. The Body of Jesus was not there. Almost distracted with grief, she seeks the disciples, to whom she says: "They have taken the Lord away out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid Him."

S. John relates in his Gospel that Mary Magdalen, after weeping silently for some time beside the empty tomb, turned and beheld Jesus, whom she failed to recognize. Jesus said to her: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" And Mary, taking Him to be the gardener, answered: "Sir, if thou hast taken Him away, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." But Jesus said to her: "Mary!" And Mary, the faithful penitent—she who had received forgiveness for many sins—she who had loved much—recognized her Lord and adored him.

Miracle of the resurrection! Christ victorious over death, "appeared first to Mary Magdalen!" Magdalen—figure of the sinner, exalted type of the penitent. Salvation is thine through the risen Saviour. "Why weepest thou?" Christ has risen gloriously from the dead. Thou art sent as an Apostle of penance to an erring world—a messenger of pardon to the contrite heart, a harbinger of peace to the weary soul.

Behold the marvelous beauty of Jesus after he had issued from the tomb—immortal—for "Christ dies no more." And by His great mercy God has raised us in hope of life by the resurrection of

Jesus Christ. For, as in Adam death came to men, so, by man—that is, Jesus Christ—eternal life has come to men. And, although our resurrection be deferred until the last day, we may say with the psalmist, "At even song Time shall be weeping, and on the morn gladness and joy."

By His glorious resurrection Christ robbed hell of its prey. According to Jeremiah, "The lion had risen out of his bed," and was about to fulfil His promise to ascend on high and to draw all His own with Him."

Christ rose by His almighty power—we rise by Him; He is the cause of our resurrection. And to the erring he especially says, "I came not to call just men, but sinners to penance." And to Mary Magdalen our Lord appeared first. In her was verified the saying of Christ to the hypocrites and Pharisees that common women and publicans should go before them to the kingdom of Heaven.

Christ appeared first to Mary Magdalen for the additional reason that, as a woman was the messenger of death, so a woman should be a messenger of life after the resurrection; and, as sin had abounded, so should grace abound more fully.

Christ appeared secondly to the three Maries upon their return from the sepulchre. After having been addressed by Him, they took hold of His feet and worshipped him.

Finally, Christ appeared to His disciples, at intervals during forty days, encouraging them and instructing them for their divine mission. To Peter he said, "Feed my lambs; feed my sheep," thus giving him spiritual supremacy in the Church.

By the passion of Jesus Christ the bonds of death were broken; he was transported from infirmity to virtue, from mortality to immortality.

Let us rise with Him from the grave of sin, let us seek Him with his beloved disciples, and find Him in the eternity of His glorious resurrection.

On the feast of S. Thomas Aquinas, celebrated this month, members of the

Angelic Warfare are reminded to renew and persevere in their profession of devotion to the patron of angelic purity. They are exhorted to encourage by word and example all those with whom they come in contact, to love and practice purity throughout their entire lives.

The celebration of the feast of S. Patrick, on the seventeenth of March, each succeeding year, has for its end two noble objects; first, thanksgiving to God for the divine gift of faith to the Irish nation through this glorious apostle; and, secondly, thanksgiving for the preservation of the spirit of Irish nationality despite centuries of persecution, suffering and exile.

Unique in the history of her acceptance of the Christian religion established by S. Patrick, Ireland, for fourteen centuries, has demonstrated the indestructibility of the edifice which he so lovingly erected. The faith received from S. Patrick is ineradicably fixed in the heart of the Celtic race—fresh, young, beautiful, undying.

Ireland's faith has withstood the assaults of the Saxon and the Dane, it has been tested by the subtle analysis of the scientist, it has stemmed the tide of Protestantism and finally it has triumphed over the inhuman devices of the Penal Code that were calculated to destroy, not only religion, but to exterminate, if possible, the entire Irish race.

Seven hundred years of barbarous persecution has failed to wipe out Ireland's nationality. Persecution, religious and political, has intensified Ireland's yearning for independence, augmented her patriotic spirit, even in exile, and strengthened her fidelity to her priceless treasure of pure faith.

Well may the children of Erin rejoice on the feast of their nation's Apostle to whose sublime labors are due their tribute of devout thanksgiving as well as their continued supplication for his guardianship of their divine faith.

The first joyful mystery of the Holy Rosary—the Annunciation—commemorated on the twenty-fifth of March,

recalls to the Christian mind the celestial joy of the Blessed Virgin at the announcement of the Archangel that she was to become the Mother of God. With Mary we rejoice in her holy joy, sharing her consolations in the fruits of the great mystery of the Incarnation.

Let us, therefore, cling to her in the sorrow that follows—share her maternal anguish by prayer and penance, during the agony of her divine Son, His cruel scourging, His crowning with thorns, His carriage of the Cross, and finally stand with her at the foot of the Cross resigned in all things until we shall hear from the lips of the Saviour of the world, "It is consummated."

In the month of March, so rich in spiritual favors attached to special devotion to S. Joseph, the Church sets apart the nineteenth day for particular veneration and intercession in his powerful protection.

The tender care manifested by S. Joseph for the Infant Jesus and his devoted protection of his virgin spouse while upon earth inspire us with confidence in his loving watchfulness over our welfare.

Let us not cease to implore his guidance in the ways of charity, peace and love.

MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for February opens with a complete novel by John Strange, entitled "The Standings"—the family name of the heroine and her sister, who both love the same man. The usual hasty, ill-assorted marriage is depicted, with the up-to-date remedy—divorce, followed by the double consolation of a second matrimonial venture—detailed with an energy worthy of a more noble morality. "Lincoln's Official Habits," as illustrated in his dispatches on record in the War Department, are selected for publication by Leslie J. Perry. These records demonstrate the vigorous precision of Lincoln's character, his personal courage and the sound judgment exercised by him in situations of extreme danger. In the papers on the "Music of Shakspeare's Time," Sidney Lanier presents some in-

teresting details of the theory and practice of music in the sixteenth century. While the writer claims little, if any, originality in musical composition for the people of England, he instances their deep appreciation of music and musical instruments as introduced by foreign lovers of the art. After citing some facts to prove the musical character of different grades of society from the King to the peasant, the writer considers the musical nature of the Bard of Avon, as revealed in his immortal songs. From discordant elements in man's life the poet would draw the most perfect concord. The pure tones of musical instruments were to him but the echo of eternal harmonies as struck on the chord of Time.

Thus, reflection upon his broken life is forced upon Richard II., on the eve of his death, by the sweet notes of lutes under his window in pathetic farewell from a faithful friend:

"Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! Keep time: how sour sweet
music is
When time is broke and no proportion
kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives,
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered
string;
But, for the concord of my state and
time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time
broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste
me."

Again:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
the bank
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of
music
Creep into our ears; soft stillness and the
night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of
heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright
gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings, •
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls.
But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear
it."

Interesting contributions of poetry and fiction fill out the number.

The midwinter number of *The Century* opens with a profusely illustrated article on "Chicago's Great River-Harbor." This issue also contains two articles of especial importance relating to the frequently discussed scheme for beautifying the city of Washington. The first article, by D. H. Burnham, the second by Charles Moore, initiate a series of papers treating of contemplated improvements. Maps, plans and drawings accompany the article. The paper entitled "A Visit to Mount Vernon a Century Ago," details some interesting conversations of General Washington. "In the Century's Year of American Humor," "The Cathedral of S. John, the Divine"—the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral now in course of erection in New York City—are papers of interest.

The edition de luxe of the *Dominican Star* is a dainty piece of bookwork from the Tablet Printing and Publishing Company, New Zealand.

The *Star* is edited by a Sister of S. Dominic at the Priory on Dowling street in the city of Dunedin. Among the many excellent literary contributions we note the story "Esma of Carrington," by A. L'Estrange; "Remanded," a thrilling tale of a calumniated priest in a little Irish town by the Blackwater, by Father Sheehan; "A War Chronicle," by a Dominican Nun, near the scene of conflict, is interesting in detail, particularly on points relating to Boer characteristic intolerance in matters of government and religion. The writer says: "A large section of the Dutch people are really a peace-loving people, happy in their simple home life; but the masses are ignorant and the governing classes bigoted and intolerant, as is instanced in the clauses of their statute-books, the 'Grondwet,' which debar all Roman Catholics from official positions. This bigotry was much stronger in the past years; contact with and clearer knowledge of those of our creed has worn much of it away. And this has been mainly effected by religious education.

"Necessity at first drove the Boer race to send their children to convent schools, for no other could be had. As years rolled by, choice directed their decision; they learned from experience to appreciate religious teachers and the whole-hearted generosity with which those who are consecrated to God devote themselves to those children entrusted to their charge. They saw that in the Sisters their children would find not alone excellent teachers, capable of training heart and mind, but also wise counsellors and careful, loving guardians.

"Much of the old suspicion and bigotry disappeared on a closer acquaintance with Catholics and religious, and invariably resulted in confidence and friendship. I trust this will continue to spread and increase until the races meet on the common plane of Christian fraternity. In the future, as in the past, convent schools will be a dominant factor in eradicating from the Boer character distrust of and dislike to Catholics. It is the old Calvinistic hatred transmitted through the years, and in the present instance, being in the case of hundreds the result of ignorant prejudices, it is the more easily pardoned."

Notwithstanding the number of Dutch children that attend Catholic schools in the Transvaal, no conversions to Catholicism are instanced—so great is the tenacity of the Boer character in adhering to traditional prejudice.

Poems, short stories and articles of varied interest complete this delightful little volume. The illustrations unite elevation of subject and artistic execution.

In the February *Forum*, Mark B. Dunnell points out how the Powers might and should have settled with China for the interests of all, without violating even one of the Christian precepts.

Major John H. Parker estimates that we should gain more from the Philippines with only treaty rights than under assumed responsibility of government.

"Wanted.—An Opposition," is an article by Allen G. Gilmour, in which is pictured England's heaping up of crimes to her

own destruction, unless there be an opposition party to awaken the public conscience.

"Errors Touching the Schley Court of Inquiry," by Merrill A. Teague, is worthy of special notice for its logic and sense of justice.

In *The Arena* for December there appears an able article written by General C. H. Howard, the President of the National Publishers' Bureau, entitled: "Publishers and the Postal Department." A recent ruling made by the Postal Department relative to premiums for subscriptions offered by the publishers of periodicals has brought forth this carefully prepared explanation of the status of the case. The general trend of the article can be learned from the following resolution, passed at a meeting held in New York, April 23, 1901:

Resolved, That the publishers represented at this meeting are unanimously of the opinion that the postoffice ruling proposed by the Third Assistant Postmaster General in his circular letter of April 13, anecting the use of premiums for subscriptions, if issued, would be contrary to the traditions and practices of our postal system, an assumption of legislative power not vested in the Postoffice Department and detrimental to the interest and circulation of periodicals now legitimately included in mail matter of the second class.

Then follows a list containing the names of some thirty-four prominent publishers who respectfully remonstrate against the issuance of an order which, they claim, would be an attempt on the part of the executive department of the Government to enact a law. Other articles of prominence are "The Rights of Men," "Medical Freedom" and "Evolution vs. Theology."

In a very comprehensive paper contributed to the *New York Independent* of January 2d. the Hon. B. Penrose, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, presents some telling arguments in favor of the re-enactment of the Chinese exclu-

sion law, with stringent amendments. Proceeding as they do from the chairman of the Senate Committee on Immigration, the words of the writer carry with them the weight of authority. After noting the fact that no less than 50,000 of his constituents have made pressing appeals to him to work in the interests of Chinese exclusion, he tells us that the committee in charge of the measure will soon present a bill worthy of the Senate's best thought. The remainder of the Senator's interesting paper is taken up with the consideration of the "Problems of Immigration."

MUSIC.

The Oliver Ditson Company of Boston contribute for review the following songs: Two by Franz X. Arens, No. 1, *AT MY GRAVE*, for low voice, in A minor (A-F). This is dedicated to Gertrude May Stein, the famous contralto of New York. The weird text is from the Spanish. There is a royal chance for large, low voices, with plenty of room for realizing strong-colored dramatic effects. It is not technically difficult for voice or piano. No. 2, *MISSION*, for medium voice (C-F), dedicated to the renowned baritone, David Bispham. This is a song only for advanced development and good natural endowment in voice and at the piano. It is a large song, to be delivered in a broad, sympathetic style, which will then leave a remembrance with its last lingering note. The general trend is melodic, clear and rich. *THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS*, for medium voice in E (C-E), by Carl Busch. These verses of Heine's, which Longfellow has so well translated, echo again and again in this fine song. Words help to a good result, but there is no such need here, for this song is musical—abundantly so—ear-filling and heart-filling. It is colored in purple and gold, and the quaint strength of the undertide in the accompaniment carries one along with a thrill. It is in the *lied* style, stimulating to the singer. *O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR*, for medium voice in G (D-E), by P. A. Schneckner, text by Robert Burns. Here are bonnie lines of his put to a tune that will find many a

willing ear, for it is written in the enjoyable encore style. There are no tiresome repetitions, hence the variety will wear well. The accompaniment is simple, and the song charming. ONLY TO PASS THRO' THE GATEWAY, for high voice in E (E-A), by Edward M. Fuller. A sacred lyric, very melodious and natural, with mellow touches here and there of peculiar charm. The accompaniment is good support. The second stanza carries the same melody with harp-like arpeggios in the accompaniment, giving the effect of an obligato. There is a fine climax worked on the Gounod-triplet idea of piano support. This is a song of sterling worth. CHILDHOOD, for high voice in F (C-G or A). It is but two pages long, and yet has much to say. It has individuality and offers an opportunity to a sympathetic singer.

Wm. A. Pond of New York has sent us the following interesting selections: For piano, AIR DE BALLET (THE GOSSIPERS), Grade III; GAVOTTE in G Minor, Grade III; VALSE, LES PAPILLONS, Grade IV, all op. 69, by Samuel S. Aronson. No. 1 is a good teaching piece; tuneful, varied and effective. The Trio is E flat, contains a bright little melody which necessitates a crossing of the hands, a movement always interesting to the young student. No. 2 is a broad, strong Gavotte, well fingered, and full of a certain authority of accent. A pleasing and interesting teaching piece. No. 3 is a brilliant Valse, full of melody. There is a good application of short ascending chromatic scale passages for the right hand, and effectively bold, rolling arpeggios for the left hand, with some firm octaves and chord passages. It is characteristic of the reckless flight of the butterfly in its onward jump from flower to flower, well expressed by quick, high, bounding staccato notes. ON THE BARN FLOOR (Danse Rustique), by Henry Mayer, Grade III, a characteristic, lively dance. Purely finger work; no octaves. The second subject is in legato vein in the soprano, with a sustained alto, mainly played by the thumb over a wide bass. Not difficult and very amusing. The accompanying vocal selection was also re-

ceived: OUT OF THE DEEP, O LORD, by D. E. Henery, a quartette and chorus. It is built on the Canon form, in close harmony, and requires cultured musicians and good voices to render it with effect. Each part is very fine in itself; when all are combined they make a richly harmonized quartette. GOD BE MERCIFUL, by H. E. Parkhurst, a chorus with tenor and alto solos. It contains a fine combination of vocal chording; the interspersed solos are melodious, without being remarkable; the recitatives are broad and convincing in their upward sweep of tone. The climax is not disappointing, with an ad libitum C in alt.

J. Fischer & Brother of New York have sent us ABIDE WITH ME, for contralto or baritone, English and German setting of the beautiful hymn. This particular melody, by the well-known song writer, John Wiegand, is especially pleasing and sweet. Its quiet restfulness is its principal charm, leaving a hopeful feeling to both singer and hearer, with its tender Amen. A small pamphlet entitled A BRIEF MANUAL OF SINGING FOR CHOIR TRAINING, by G. Gubing, with short explanatory chapters on duration or time-value of notes, measure and pitch. The object of the little book is entirely for training the Sunday-school choir in sight-reading. Each interval has its elemental exercise with accompanying short melodies on that particular interval, using do, re, mi, etc., and later on with words. Exercises on dynamic signs and chromatic intervals follow. The scales are not forgotten. Part singing, in fugue form, accompanied with words from the Mass, form a distinctly good feature. The end of the book is devoted to the bass clef, for the larger boys. All this is compiled into only twenty-two pages, making a worthy little book.

We have received from Brooks & Denton, New York, ACES UP, by Wm. N. Nelson, a spirited, dashing march and two-step. THE DIXIE GUARDS, patrol march and two-step, by Paul Rubens. It is of rousing vigor and accent. MY LADY

Lu, arranged for banjo by Brooks & Denton. There is a simplified method on an additional staff.

BOOKS.

Although the fame of the great Florentine friar, Jerome Savonarola, rests on his oratory rather than on his writings, still his genius was not confined to the spoken word; the productions of his pen prove that, as a writer, he possessed talents of a high order. A fearless champion of the truth and an implacable foe of error and falsehood, he was no respecter of persons. In attacking vice he did not hesitate because its votaries were "men in high places"; nor in correcting error was he overawed by the number of its followers.

His was the fine courage of the hero which, not content with pleading for a cause, is ready to die for it. Such a man necessarily had enemies who did not scruple to impute to him words which he had never uttered and doctrines which he had never taught. Hence it was that, in vindication of his orthodoxy, he resolved to write a treatise which would be at once a clear and uncompromising statement of Catholic doctrine and a generous profession of his belief in these unchangeable truths. In the accomplishment of this self-imposed task he wrote his masterpiece, *THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS*, a defence of such vigor and a source of so much enlightenment that, for conciseness and erudition, it has been compared to the writings of his brother Dominican, S. Thomas Aquinas. Well has it been said that what the *CONTRA GENTILES* did for the Middle Ages, *THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS* was destined to do for the Renaissance.

The distinctive merit of this volume lies in the fact that it is a faithful translation of the original Italian and the first entire edition that has yet appeared in English. The editor, the Very Reverend Father John Proctor, O. P., makes a vigorous protest against the claims of a former translation by O'Dell Travers Hill, F. R. G. S., which appeared in 1868, and purported to be an accurate translation from the Latin. Father Proctor

cites many instances in which whole chapters have been purposely omitted with a view to support the Protestant contention in regard to Savonarola. This mutilated edition he brands as a *Pseudo TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS*.

The work of the publishers, Sands & Co., London, is creditable; the binding and letter-press being in every way worthy of so notable a book. B. Herder, St. Louis, is the American agent. We shall be gratified if we hear that a second edition is in demand.

THE PERFECT WOMAN, in a dress of perfect design, comes to us from Marlier and Company, Boston.

This instructive treatise on the means of reaching the perfection that constitutes true womanhood is a translation from the French of Charles Sainte-Foi.

Having proved a safeguard to many women aspiring to high ideals, and often without a trustworthy person to advise them, the present translation, by Zephirine N. Brown, should be heartily welcomed by English readers.

The author considers woman during the various stages of mental and moral development, the dignity and character of woman, her mission in the world and the means by which she is to fulfil her mission.

Speaking of the character of woman the writer says:

"It is especially in misfortune that woman is truly strong, and that her greatness is manifested in all its splendor. Like to the willow growing on the border of a river and bending its branches over the flowing waves, the heart of woman seems to grow young again and take on a new life in grief and tears. Adversity, which dismays and overthrows man, uplifts her, on the contrary, and multiplies her energy. Forgetting herself to think only of others, she is capable of carrying the burden of her own grief and of alleviating the sufferings of those whom she loves. Her soul expands and grows, and the features of her countenance seem to bloom afresh under their rain of tears and clothe themselves in new beauty.

The instructions on "Matrimony," "Ill-assorted Marriages," "The Desire of Pleasing and Vanity," "The Choice of a Friend" and "On the Will and the Spirit of Sacrifice" are of universal application in the world of woman.

The noble standards of virtue presented by the author appeal to the generous enthusiastic woman in whose heart, piety, patriotism, love and friendship reign, not for her sole enjoyment, but that she may sweetly diffuse the vivifying influence of these exquisite sentiments to others.

The elevated style of language and the convincing exposition of the happiness derived from the practice of Christian virtues enhance the worth of this admirable guide for the young girl who would become:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of angelic light."

IRELAND, HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE, by Charles Johnston, published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, is a marvel of elegance in effective printing, binding and illustration. Twenty-five full-page photogravures (made by A. W. Elson & Co.) charm the eye of the reader, and transport him to those regions of beauty so alluringly depicted.

The Land of Eiré, by the magic stroke of the author's eloquence, rises before us in majestic splendor, pathetically appealing to our understanding of the reasons of her long-continued sorrow, her heroic endurance of persecution throughout the centuries, her martyrdom for the priceless gift of faith.

The author outlines the elevated character of the civilization that existed in Ireland previously to the Christian era—the refined intelligence of the people, their freedom from degrading observances even in their pagan worship, their ages of peaceful hospitality and enlightened science, their practice of the moral virtues, without the possession of which no man was permitted to bear the title of king. In a word, a nation that had never been enslaved, glorious in martial ardor, sternly repellant to the barbarous in-

vader, chivalrous in defense of "justice, learning and women."

Beautiful Erin, Isle of Destiny! How eagerly thou didst welcome the Apostle of Christ, how faithfully hast thou retained his teachings. Ireland, throughout centuries of assault from barbarian and despot, has remained steadfast; unwavering, undying, invincible in the Christian faith. Centuries of struggle for national life have but intensified her love for her holy religion and won for her the glorious title of "The Island of Martyrs."

Noble, indeed, is the subject of Ireland's history—too vaguely known by her friends—too often misinterpreted by her foes.

S. ANTHONY IN ART, AND OTHER SKETCHES, is a most artistic reproduction of masterpieces, by Marlier & Co., Boston.

The accompanying sketches of the artists and their religious subjects are from the spirited pen of Mary F. Nixon Roulet, whose well-known discriminating artistic sense is a guarantee of pleasing descriptions of noble subjects.

Ten reproductions of the masterpieces of Murillo illustrate the religious fervor of that heavenly painter. It is said that he made nine paintings of S. Anthony alone, all combining beauty of coloring and religious feeling.

Raphael, Guido Reni, Sassoferrato, Carlo Doici, Correggio, Fra Angelico, Titian, Perugino and several other artists of eminence are represented in this exquisite collection.

The circulation of this handsome volume would correct a vitiated taste in the selection of sacred pictures, oftentimes arising from ignorance of the fact that copies of religious masterpieces are in existence.

A revised edition of THE RATIONAL METHOD OF READING, by Edward G. Ward, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Brooklyn, New York, is published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.

This unique method consists of four books for the youngest pupils, covering two years of school. It combines the best

features of the A, B, C, the Phonetic and the Word or Sentence method, but avoids their weaknesses, and has a distinct, original character of its own. It aims (1) to make the child self-reliant in his reading; (2) to increase his vocabulary and mature his mind; (3) to enable him in a year and a half to read; (4) to make him a precise speller. These aims are decisively realized in practice.

The Primer—Material: Conversations. Complete book or in parts. Part I.—Reading by the Word Method. Part II.—Sight and phonetic reading combined.

First Reader—Material: Conversations and stories. Complete book or in parts. Part I.—Sight and phonetic reading, largely review exercises. Part II.—Sight and phonetic reading, advance work.

Second Reader—Material: Stories and poetry; literary and ethical. Complete book or in parts. Part I.—Sight and phonetic reading; advance work. Part II.—Sight and phonetic reading; the remaining phonograms.

Third Reader—Material: Stories, poetry, etc., from history, folk-lore and standard fiction; literary and ethical. Complete book. Sight and phonetic reading. Diacritical marks omitted from the easier and more familiar phonetic words.

Accompanying this set is a manual of instruction to teachers, which is an original presentation of sight and sound work, leading rapidly to independent and intelligent reading.

A set of phonetic cards accompanies each book. These sets are valuable aids to the teacher.

THE BOOK OF KNIGHT AND BARBARA is the title of a series of stories told to children by David Starr Jordan, the President of Stanford University.

This delightful collection of tales of adventure will assuredly instruct while gladdening the mind of the child. The little folks, as well as their elders, unite in grateful acknowledgment of the services rendered by Mrs. Louise Maitland and Miss Harriet Hawley, who have contributed so much to their pleasure by

preserving the narrations of the ingenious author.

"How Barbara Came to Esconditè," "The Boy That Whacked the Toadstools," "The King Whose Eyes Were Opened," "The Ogre Who Played Jackstraws," "The Spider That Caught Beasts," are a few of the titles of these inimitable tales. The stories of the heroes and heroines who "once upon a time" lived and treated with goblins and ghosts are of special interest.

The illustrations, from original drawings of the children, are significant realizations of the young people's practical views of life.

The book is handsomely printed and bound by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The child who is denied the opportunity to read these wonderful stories suffers the deprivation of a real pleasure.

From the same house we have another handsome volume entitled *IN THE DAYS OF AUDUBON, A TALE OF THE PROTECTOR OF BIRDS*. In this story is delineated the tenderness exercised towards the feathered tribe by the distinguished ornithologist.

Hezekiah Butterworth paints in glowing colors the characteristic traits of Audubon, during the life of the naturalist in the great American forests of the pioneer West.

This historical narration, containing an element of fiction, is filled with spirited anecdotes illustrative of the life-long devotion of the naturalist to the study of the habits and protection of the birds of America. The monumental evidence of his perseverance is displayed in the artistic productions that have immortalized his name.

The story will not only excite sympathy in the minds of the young for dumb brutes, but it will stimulate interest in the formation of societies for the prevention of cruelty towards our bright, beautiful friends—the birds.

Seven full-page illustrations, two of which are from original plates, enhance interest in the text.

Number Four of the Series of TEXT-

BOOKS OF RELIGION, by the Reverend P. C. Yorke, has been issued by The Text-Book Publishing Company, San Francisco.

The book is intended for the use of pupils in the fourth grade of an eighth-grade school. It combines Old Testament stories and Catechism of Christian Doctrine.

The book contains three hundred and four pages, strongly bound in cloth. Forty-three half-tone reproductions of masterpiece paintings embellish the work. A pronouncing dictionary completes this attractive and practical volume.

Of the plan and utility of this series of text-books, the Right Rev. Bishop Messenger, in his excellent edition of Spirago's method of Christian Doctrine, says:

"The inventive American mind and the ever-increasing activity of Catholic writers in the field of Christian Doctrine has given us, at the close of the nineteenth century, the 'Text-Books of Religion for Parochial and Sunday Schools,' published since 1898 under the general authorship of Rev. P. C. Yorke, the accomplished Catholic writer of the Pacific Coast. The aim of the series is to provide manuals of graduated religious instruction which will take the pupil from the lowest to the highest grades. The foundation of the series is the Baltimore Catechism. Each lesson consists of a reading part, the catechism (questions and answers corresponding with the preceding reading) and an appropriate short hymn. Beautiful illustrations are copiously distributed through each volume, and serve at once as most excellent object lessons on the corresponding reading or subjects. The plan and execution are certainly very ingenious, and, what is far more important, the use of these graded religious readers in school is perfectly feasible and practicable. While the present volumes are as yet an experiment, we believe they will mark a new phase in the method of Christian Doctrine, in combining more faithfully and more perfectly the concentric progression of Catholic instruction with the possibly greatest unity of subjects and treatment."

By THE HIGHER LAW is a novel portraying some dramatic situations that

vary the daily routine of the "smart set" in New York.

The authoress, Julia Helen Twells, Jr., without any preliminaries makes the reader aware of the presence of her heroine "beautiful, yes, but cold as a glacier!" Filled with wholesome fear of the dynamic and possible energy of a "glacier," the reader cautiously pauses to admire, at a safe distance, this singular phenomenon, ensconced in a "bepalmed and crowded room" in "fashionable" New York.

But the "glacier" proves to be a widow—thirty-three, with all her *young life* before her. She has a "flower-like face, with a setting of auburn hair; steady, large-lidded eyes, dark with some *deep* color, *brilliant* as stars.

Aye, more, she has a "sensitive mouth," and most important of all, she has a secret sin. She is the murderess of her husband. Touched by the rosy finger of love, however, the "glacier" thaws gracefully, slides half way down the heights of pleasure into the valley of repentance and sorrow.

At this point of the story the widow, Daphne, is taken in hand by a Parisian Countess of the cigarette puffing type, who assures Daphne that "there is no doubt that many repentant criminals have been made saints by large donations to the Church, and absolute renunciation of the world under the Divine Law."

Thus encouraged Daphne resolves to rid herself of her secret burden through the "human medium of confession."

Therefore, Daphne resolves not only to join the Church, but to take the veil. The Countess estimates as Daphne is intellectual beyond the average woman—that all the principal doctrines of faith might be mastered "in three weeks!"

But Daphne finds that there "was much red-tape to be gone through with, and considerable reading and discussion," so she abandons the idea of giving her millions to the Church and undertakes to direct her own conscience for the future.

On the eve of her departure for Naples she is joined by the hero—Lester Ormerot. They exchange confidences and find that their actions are evenly balanced in wrong—Daphne having committed mur-

without willing it—Ormerot having murdered, but failing in the act of committing it. Finally, there is mutual affection, joy of spirit, unity of heart and hand follow their interpretation of higher law."

The writer may be an authority on the tastes of the "smart set"—she certainly does not show her ignorance of matters theological or moral.

Leahy T. Coates & Company, Philadelphia, have published the book in attractive form.

The revised edition of *FIRST YEAR'S LATIN GRAMMAR*, by the Reverend G. E. Smith, S. S., of St. Charles College, Ellensburg, Maryland, is published by the John F. Tennyson Company, Baltimore. The practicality of this model text-book will be recognized by the earnest teacher of beginners in Latin. The essentials of the language are presented in a condensed form, in clear, concise language—a decided enrichment to the pupil—and a stimulus to further research.

The first part of the work, comprising the general rules of etymology, may be completed during the first half year. The second part, comprising the exceptions and irregularities of etymology, will occupy the second half year.

The photostatic exercises of skillful preparation of Latin, which often terrorize the most classically inclined pupil, have been omitted.

The author very justly remarks that the learning of a language, to be natural and practical, should bear some analogy to the manner in which we were taught to speak. We learned many things from our mothers and other people before we were taught in school the rules of the language. In like manner the living teacher should precede the study of the abstract rules of grammar." The index, containing Latin and corresponding English words used in the text, is appended.

CHILDREN OF NAZARETH is a handsomely illustrated volume, adapted for the instruction of children. The author, Thomas, having, during an extended

sojourn among the Nazarenes, made himself familiar with the traditions and customs of the inhabitants—particularly those habits of social life that have been perpetuated throughout the ages, influencing the manners of the present day—presents a most picturesque study of the people of Nazareth.

Nazareth and the Nazarenes must ever hold for the Christian an absorbing interest on account of the thirty years during which Jesus lived in that little town and associated with its simple inhabitants. From the daily habits of the artisans, the songs of the children in the street, the games of the boys and girls, the devotion of young mothers, the author gleams many facts that throw light upon the childhood of Jesus, as He "grew in grace and virtue before God and man."

Nineteen centuries have brought but slight changes to the famous spot where Jesus played and sang as a child. At Nazareth, after the death of Joseph, our Lord dignified labor by His daily toil for the support of His beloved mother, thus exciting in the hearts of His neighbors holy charity and active emulation of his wonderful patience.

From Nazareth, Jesus set out to inaugurate His public career for the salvation of the world.

From this spot His eye often rested upon the heights of Calvary, that altar of sacrifice upon which He was to shed the last drop of His blood for the salvation of the world. How deep should be our veneration of Nazareth! How earnestly should we instill this veneration into the hearts of the young by placing before them the actual happenings in the life of the Child Jesus—a child like themselves in physical development and human needs.

This estimable work, translated by Lady Herbert, will place children in sympathetic contact with the environment of Christ during the greater part of His life—hidden in an obscure village, practicing the virtues that alone withstand the influences of corruption.

T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh, whose

American agents are Benziger Brothers, New York, are the publishers of this little volume.

WHY CATHOLICS CANNOT BE FREEMASONS, by D. Moncreiff O'Connor, is published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

This learned treatise on foreign Freemasonry—its position *vis-a-vis* of Christianity and of Catholicity—appears in print for the first time on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. O'Connor, the distinguished writer and linguist, has put forth the ultimate object of Freemasonry in the exact words of its oracles and rulers.

He clearly shows from its statutes and ritual that the end to be achieved by Freemasonry is the total destruction of faith in God, and this while purporting to solemnize Masonic acts of benevolence by the dedication of them "To the Glory of the Great Architect of the World."

The information contained in this little pamphlet is of priceless value to all Christians. It is published in the interest of Catholic truth, and is full of matter for deep reflection. Energetic action against the revolutionary spirit which animates Freemasonry and threatens to wreck the very foundations of the State itself is necessitated by the nature of the evil.

In showing Catholics why they can not be Freemasons, Mr. O'Connor also shows that the Catholic Church, by Divine right, has authority to legislate in matters concerning the spiritual welfare of her children—that obedience to her divine teachings alone can save society from disintegration and utter ruin.

MUSIC AND ITS MASTERS, by O. B. Boise, comes from the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The author of this work is thoroughly conversant with its subject, having had thirty years' experience in teaching musical composition. He presents an instructive and entertaining treatise on the nature of music, its progressive development and what is requisite for its wider scope, making many comparisons and analogies of absorbing interest, intended to arouse enthusiasm for true music. Of the many famous

musical composers, the author claims that only six are recognized as originators of improved forms of art expression far in advance of their times, viz: Palestrina, Johann Sebastian Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wagner. This number may possibly be augmented by either Tschalkowski or Brahms—preferably the former, whose music is emotional, while the latter's is chiefly mechanical. These composers the author styles "high priests" of musical expression. They enter into the inner temple, and the perfume of their song-incense diffuses itself unto the remotest parts of the outer temple to the delight of the music-loving laity.

Music may have reached great heights of perfection before the invention of notation, but unfortunately no records have been preserved. How we should rejoice with the author could we find even a trace of the musical accompaniment of the sublime psalms of David.

We live in an age light and frivolous whose tendency is to ignore the more solemn quality in music. Would that we could appreciate the heavenly thought expressed in peculiarly sacred harmony.

THE LITTLE IMPERFECTIONS, by the Reverend Frederick P. Gareche, S. J., is published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. This useful little volume will greatly facilitate the work of self-examination. It exposes fully those "smaller vices" too often overlooked even by pious souls, and which when allowed to remain become the entering wedge which disturbs where it does not overturn the whole edifice of spiritual life. A perusal of this volume will bring home to the thoughtful reader more vividly the truth of the scriptural admonition, "He that despiseth little things shall fall little by little."

Benziger Brothers, New York (the American agents for James Duffy & Co., Dublin), have published a small devotional book entitled A CASKET OF JEWELS, collected from the writings and sayings of the patron saints of the Order of Mercy. It is a veritable casket. The jewels of

piety contained therein sparkle with the brightness and purity of the saintly authors from whose words and works they have been gathered.

This enterprising house also sends *THE TREASURE OF THE CLOISTER*, a book of selected prayers and pious devotions dear to every Catholic heart. Appropriate prayers and litanies are given which will enable members of confraternities to follow the novenas and other exercises appointed for the various festivals throughout the year.

A number of volumes dealing with the great social questions at present agitating the public mind, have of late been written by men of acknowledged ability. Among them is Dr. Lyman Abbott's collection of lectures on *THE RIGHTS OF MAN*, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. These lectures were delivered, with one or two exceptions, during the months of January and February, 1901, before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

The author's object is clearly stated in the opening paragraph: "In the course of these lectures on the rights of man it will be my attempt to define with some accuracy what these rights are, in state, church and society." The doctor then proceeds to trace the growth of democracy, political, industrial, religious and educational, in their relations to human rights and to one another.

In the course of these lectures the doctor treats of a variety of subjects, six of which deal with fundamental principles, while the other six concern their application to the problems confronting the American people. Even in printed form the lectures read well, and hence we may say that those who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Abbott must have listened with attention. He possesses a clear and concise style, and consequently presents each subject in an attractive manner. While we may not be in accord with all the conclusions drawn by him, we do not hesitate to recommend this volume on *THE RIGHTS OF MAN* to all who wish to study the social questions of the twentieth century.

A LIFE'S LABYRINTH, by Mary E. Manix, comes to us from the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The reader is introduced to the hero and heroine of this charming romance in far-away, sunny Greece.

Filial devotion on the part of the heroine brightens the labyrinth of sorrow in which her father has brooded for years, her persevering efforts finally restoring to him his name and fame. She recalls him to his beloved England, from which he had so long been exiled. Having accomplished her mission, the lovely Alice or Constance is free to reward the patience of her lover with heart and hand.

The book is handsomely printed and bound.

T. Nelson & Sons, London and New York, have brought out in substantial and agreeable form a *DICTIONARY OF IDIOMATIC ENGLISH PHRASES*, compiled by James Malre Dixon, Professor of English Literature in the Imperial University of Japan. This volume, arranged in alphabetical order and divided under practical heads, may be commended as a useful book for students beginning their literary work and for foreigners learning our tongue. The compiler has read extensively and illustrates from a variety of sources. Unqualified praise of works of this kind is neither expected nor desired.

LUKE DELMEGE, by the Reverend P. A. Sheehan, has been greeted with an enthusiasm in this country equal to that accorded to "My New Curate." Father Sheehan's deep insight and rare sympathy with human needs enables him to depict character as it is—true to life—instructive in its varied phases.

The hero of the present volume has a mission to perform in the world of moral literature. That he shall accomplish it we have no doubt. We trust at he will exceed in gratifying results the highest expectations of his genial originator.

The publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., New York, have brought out the book in attractive form.

From the Ave Maria, Notre Dame, come two timely pamphlets on education:

The Right Reverend J. L. Spalding, D. D., in his review of *THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION*, points out the wonderful achievements in science, art, literature and philosophy which were fostered by the Christian faith.

The noble standards of education held up by Bishop Spalding are worthy of the deep consideration of parent and teacher. The Bishop says:

"There are grave reasons for thinking that the churches are unable effectively to perform this all-important work. But a small part of the children attend Sunday school, and if all attended, a lesson of an hour or two once in seven days can produce no deep or lasting impressions. The result, then, of our present educational methods and means can hardly be other than a general religious atrophy; and should this take place we shall be driven to confront the problem whether our ideals of manhood and womanhood, of the worth and sacredness of human life, whether our freedom, culture and morality can survive. Religion and virtue are the most essential elements of humanity, and they can be taught; but they are the most difficult of things to teach, because those alone in whom they are a life principle, bodying itself in a character which irresistibly inspires reverence, mildness, love and devotion, can teach them.

"This indeed is a truth of universal application; for, whenever there is a question of educational efficiency and progress, the primary and paramount consideration is not methods nor buildings nor mechanical agencies of whatever kind, but the teacher.

"Education being a process of conscious evolution, they who assist and guide it must continue themselves to grow. The teacher's culture must broaden and deepen as knowledge increases. The more progress is made the more difficult his task becomes. It is easier to train to obedience than to educate for freedom. This, however, is the only true education, for authority rests on liberty, and its chief end is to secure and enlarge the

rights and opportunities which freedom can possess.

"To educate to the freedom which is truth, it is not enough to strengthen and fill the memory, to discipline the practical understanding, or to accustom to observances; one must quicken the whole man, must raise and purify the imagination, the heart and the conscience.

"When the purpose is to inspire piety, reverence, enthusiasm, awe, love and devotion, it can be accomplished by those alone in whom these high and holy sentiments are a living power, whose thought and conduct create an atmosphere in which the soul breathes a celestial air and is made aware of God's presence. They who have no religious faith or feeling can no more teach religion than one who has no literary taste or knowledge can teach literature, than one who has no musical ear can teach music."

The Right Reverend James Bellord, D. D., under the title of *RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND ITS FAILURES*, points out some erroneous methods of catechetical instruction heretofore employed, and gives many suggestive hints for effective results in religious education upon altogether different lines.

Both pamphlets should be widely circulated among earnest teachers willing to profit by the experience of those engaged for years in the instruction of Catholic youth.

THOMAS WOLSEY, LEGATE AND REFORMER, by the Reverend Ethelred Taunton, is an attempt to rehabilitate the worldly, ambitious and Machiavellian English Cardinal, who was mainly, though unconsciously, instrumental in furthering the religious revolution, called the Reformation, in England, by his imprudent pandering to the pride and dissipation of Henry VIII. The questionable method by which the author endeavors to succeed in his vain attempt is by blackening the character of the best men of the period who were in any way connected with the King's miserable "Divorce" muddle. The author even goes so far as to suggest gross ignorance and base enmity on the

part of Rome in relation to the aims and person of the Cardinal. Beyond this, the book adds nothing new to the study of the causes which led up to the Reformation.

Father Taunton is extremely unhappy in his introduction of irrelevant scandals, as an offset to charges against Wolsey. He also speaks of the "sale of indulgences" in a truly Protestant style. The impression vividly made up us is that this author is first an Englishman, next a Catholic, and lastly a historian.

While thus dissenting from the evident purpose and the methods of Father Taunton, we must praise the generous art of the publisher, Mr. John Lane, London and New York, whose skill in letterpress, illustrations and binding justify our commendation of this work, to recall our expression in our January number, as a sumptuous volume.

LEGENDS OF GENESIS, by Herman Gunkel, is an English "re-hash" of German infidelity, compiled from Gunkel's writings by W. H. Carruth and issued under the auspices of the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. This ignorant screed vainly pretends to establish the "legendary" or *unhistorical* character of Divine Revelation as contained in the Sacred Scriptures—in the present instance, the Old Testament; and, while absolutely false in concept and scope, it is impudently dishonest and sophistical in its entire procedure. Under a hollow and pretentious "legendary" theory, almost every Scripture narrative involving a Divine intervention—or the supernatural, "where the shoe pinches"—is instanced, without even a decent effort at proof, as a case of "legend." Infidel assurance is pyramidal; but that assurance is just its fatal and fated point of weakness. The zeal of infidel scribblers for the destruction of the Christian religion is neither honest nor earnest enough to urge them to a respectable amount of study. Read this specimen of Gunkel or Carruth: "The objection is raised that Jesus and the Apostles clearly considered these accounts to be fact and not poetry. Suppose they did; the men of the New Testament are not

presumed to have been exceptional men in such matters, but shared the point of view of their time," etc.

With the October issue of *The Missionary* a very interesting brochure was issued, entitled FIRST MISSIONARY CONFERENCE held in Winchester, Tenn., during the week commencing August 25, 1901. Accompanying the account of the proceedings appear the series of papers read by the missionaries to non-Catholics on the work of making converts. A general idea of the questions discussed may be gained by quoting the titles of some of the essays: "The Work of a Diocesan Band of Missionaries to Non-Catholics," by Father Cusack of New York; "The Use of Missionary Literature," by Father Xavier, C. P.; "The Missionary and His Topics," by Father Elliott, C. S. P.; "The Work in the South," by Father O Grady. There were in all about twenty papers read, wherein the different phases of non-Catholic missionary work were thoroughly discussed.

Twenty-four delegates were present, including two Bishops, members of religious orders and several laymen.

The non-Catholic missionary movement is spreading rapidly and widely. An important question that received much attention from the members of the convention is expressed in these words of the report: "More than one ecclesiastic has felt that it was more or less a disgrace to the Catholicism of the United States that, with its millions of people and an overflowing abundance of vocations, there was no specialized seminary for the cultivation of missionary vocations." Hence the proposition to found a seminary for the home and foreign missions was advocated with great enthusiasm. The report makes a very readable production and contains much information.

Among the educational works published by Silver, Burdett & Co., whose representative houses are in New York, Chicago and Boston, we note as worthy of special commendation, some select English Classics.

"The Famous Allegories," and "Book of Elegies," edited by James Baldwin, Ph.D. "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Lady of the Lake," "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," edited by Homer B. Sprague, formerly Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Cornell University.

This edition of Shakespeare's plays is designed to meet the special needs of students. Copious notes are arranged upon the principle of stimulating thought.

Professor Sprague, a ripe Shakesperian scholar, has adhered to the original folio even in some instances where former editors have differed from it.

Examination of Prof. Sprague's work will reveal many points of superiority over other school editions of Shakespeare. It contains the latest etymological and critical research. It gives the opinions of some of the best critics on almost all disputed interpretations. It presents the best method of studying English literature, by class exercises, by essays and by examinations. It presents an Elocutionary Analysis with suggestions for expressive reading.

THE SILVER SERIES OF CLASSICS include select works of Addison, Burns, Carlyle, Coleridge, Goldsmith, Macaulay, Milton, Scott, and other eminent writers. The books of this series are edited by able scholars to meet the requirements for college entrance. The value of this edition is enhanced by the presentation of a keen analysis of the subject. Biographical and critical sketches are appended.

For supplementary reading in schools the following works may be recommended: "Seven Great American Poets," "Beacon Lights of Patriotism," "American Inventions and Inventors," "Poetry of the Seasons," adapted for upper grammar grades.

"The Land of Song" consists of three illustrated volumes of choicest poems, arranged to suit needs of the growing child. Book I., for primary grades; Book II., for lower grammar grades; Book III., for upper grammar grades.

FIRST STEPS IN THE HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY, by Wm. A. Mowry, Ph. D., and Arthur May Mowry, is a fascinating up-to-date history of our country through personal narratives of eminent Americans from Columbus to Washington.

COLONIAL MASSACHUSETTS is a beautifully illustrated volume, containing thrilling stories of adventures enacted in the Old Bay State.

FATHER MACK, OR A STORY FROM REAL LIFE. This is an interesting account of a country pastor living in the little town of Ottway, situated on the Mississippi River. The author endeavors to place before his readers a true portrait of a typical country pastor. He has skillfully painted the lights and shades which tend to make the portrait a faithful representation of the original.

There are many chapters in the volume that will amply repay re-reading, especially those wherein the writer describes the cares and anxieties of Father Mack while canvassing his little parish in the interests of his festival. Any one who has had the least experience in the workings of a country parish will thoroughly relish Father Mack.

The book is brought out in good form by the Christian Press Association Publishing Company, New York.

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER, by Katherine Tynan Hinkson, is published in a superior style of printing and illustration by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Philippa Featherstone-haugh — the daughter of Johnny Featherstone-haugh — inherited her fathers wonderful spirit of self-sacrifice and patient meekness. These qualities were often called into requisition by the inconsistencies of Philippa's mother and half-sister, who dwelt with her in "the land of the Shamrock."

"Stately impoverishment" in Castle O'Kelly, romantic happenings, originating in a shipwreck, the disturbance of the course of "true love" and the final triumph of her father's daughter are all agreeably and sympathetically portrayed by the authoress.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

essed Christopher, O. P., Priest.
on to the Blessed Sacrament.)
Mass of the Rosary.)

FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
Sunday of Lent. Three Plenary
nces for Rosarians. (1) C. C.;
rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.;
on; visit; prayers. (3) C. C.; as-
exposition of the Blessed Sacra-
Church of Rosary Confraternity;

Communion Mass for Rosarians
m. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodal-
p. m. Rosary Procession, sermon
ediction at 7:30 p. m.

Andrew of Corsini, Carmelite and
(From Feb. 4.) Meeting of
1 Reading Circle at 8 p. m.

Casimir, Confessor; Prince of

Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr (from
(Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
Sermon and Benediction at 7:30

Jordan of Pisa, O. P., Priest.
High Mass of Requiem for de-
members of the Building Associa-
a. m.

Thomas Aquinas, O. P., Doctor of
rch, Patron of Catholic Schools
lars. Plenary Indulgence for the
C. C.; visit Dominican Church;
Stations of the Cross and Bene-
t 7:30 p. m.

John of God, Priest; Founder of
hers of Charity. (Votive Mass of
ry.)

SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indul-
r members of the Holy Name
nity, C. C.; procession; prayers.

Holy Name Sodality at 7 a. m.
at 3 p. m. Meeting of Men Ter-
t 2 p. m. Procession of Holy
ermon and Benediction at 7:30

Peter Jeremiah, O. P., Priest.
of Young Men's Holy Name
t 7:30 p. m. Novena in honor of
begins.

11—S. Pacian, Bishop of Barcelona.

12—S. Gregory the Great, Pope and
Doctor of the Church. (Votive Mass of
the Rosary.) Rosary, Sermon and Bene-
diction at 7:30 p. m.

13—B. Bernard Scammaca, O. P., Priest
(from Feb. 9.)

14—The Most Precious Blood. Stations
of the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

15—B. Reginald, O. P., Priest, to whom
the Blessed Virgin first revealed the
scapular to be worn by Dominicans (from
Feb. 12.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

16—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
Passion Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for
members of the Living Rosary, C. C.;
visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Ter-
tiales at 3 p. m. Rosary, Sermon and
Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

17—S. Patrick, Bishop. Apostle and
Patron of Ireland. High Mass at 9 a. m.
(Benediction.)

18—B. Sibyllina, O. P., Virgin.

19—S. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed
Virgin, Patron of the Universal Church.
Plenary Indulgence for members of the
Living Rosary. High Mass at 9 a. m.
Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30
p. m.

20—The Five Wounds of Our Lord.

21—Compassion of the Blessed Virgin.
Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.;
visit Rosary Altar; prayers. Plenary In-
dulgence for Living Rosary. Stations of
the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.
Novena in preparation for Easter begins.

22—B. Ambrose of Siena, O. P., Priest.
(Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

23—FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
Palm Sunday. Blessing and distribution
of palms at 10 a. m. Rosary, Sermon and
Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

24—Monday of Holy Week.

25—Tuesday of Holy Week.

26—Wednesday of Holy Week. The
Solemn Office of Tenebrae will be sung
at 7:30 p. m.

27—Maundy Thursday. Mass and pro-
cession of the Blessed Sacrament at 9

a. m. Ceremony of the washing of the altars at 2:30 p. m. Tenebrae at 7:30 p. m.

28—Good Friday. Veneration of the Cross, Procession and Mass of the Pre-sanctified at 8 a. m. Stations of the Cross and Sermon at 7:30 p. m.

29—Easter Saturday. Blessing of the new fire, Easter Candle and Water, followed by Mass at 8 a. m.

30—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Easter Sunday. First Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Confraternity, C. C.; visit; prayers. The same for members of the Living Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in com-

mon a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

31—Easter Monday. Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 p. m. (Benediction.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for the month are: The Joyful Mysteries—S. Fridolin, Abbot; S. Patrick, Bishop; S. Benedict, Abbot; S. Frances of Rome; S. Lucius, Pope and Martyr. For the Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Gregory the Great, Pope; S. Cuthbert, Bishop; S. Casimir, King; S. Joseph, Spouse of Blessed Virgin; S. Felicitas, Widow. For the Glorious Mysteries—S. Maud, Queen; S. Irenaeus, Bishop and Martyr; S. David, Bishop; S. Rupert, Bishop; S. Thomas Aquinas, Doctor of the Church.

MUSIC FOR MARCH.

March 2—Prelude in A minor, Bach; Adagio molto, Merkel; Mass (S. Louis), LeHache; Offertory, "Ave Maria," Ark-edelt; Postlude in B flat, West. Evening Organ Selections—Scherzo Symphonique, Lemmens; Andantino, Chauvet; Offertory, Pastorale in A, Guilment; Postlude in D, Pastorale in A, Guilment; Postlude in D, Tours.

March 9—Prelude, Andante Cantabile (4th Symphony), Widor; Cantilene, Mailly; Kyrie from Papal Mass, Rev. Father Di Marzo, O. P.; Credo, Guilment; Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, from Hayden's Imperial Mass; Offertory, Ave Maria, Lejeal; Postlude, Allegro Moderato (from Sonata), Volckmar. Evening Organ Selections—Fac Ut Portem, Rossini Cantilene, Salome; Offertory, Andante and Variations, Grison; Procession in E flat, Wely.

March 16—Prelude, Raff; "Communion in E," Devred; Mass, Concone; Offertory, Ave Maria, Wiegand; Postlude, Triumphale in D, Lemmens. Evening Organ Selections—Celebrated Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Bach; Le Priere, Thayer; Music Service (Seven Words of

Christ). Dubois; Offertory, Insanae et banae curae, Hayden; Postlude, Grand Chorus, Dubois.

March 23—Sonata in B flat, Mendelssohn; Mass, Dubois; Offertory, Palm Branches, Faure; Postlude, Hercules March, Händel. Evening Organ Selections—Cantabile, Lemmens; Pastorale, Whiting; Offertory in E flat, Devred; Postlude, Militaire, Whittier.

Good Friday, March 28—Evening Service. Prelude, Chopin's Funeral March, Priere in E, Thayer; Seven Words of Christ, Dubois; Offertory, Seraphic Chant, Guilment; Postlude, "Around Thy Tomb," (from Passion Music), Bach.

March 29—Holy Saturday—Mass, Concone in F.

March 30—Easter Sunday. Sonata in D minor, Guilment; Mass in G, Generali (with orchestra); selections Alma Virgo Hummel; Offertory, Ave Maria, Marlois, O Filli et Filiae, Gregorian; Postlude, Finale Brillante, Guilment. Evening Organ Selections—"Arm, Arm, Ye Brave," Händel; Adagio in E, Beethoven; Postlude, Coronation, Meyerbeer.

MATER DOLOROSA.

She stood; she sank not. Slowly fell
Adown the Cross the atoning blood.
In agony ineffable

She offered still his own to God.
No pang of His her bosom spared;
She felt in Him its several power,
But she in heart His Priesthood shared;
She offered sacrifice that hour.

Behold thy Son! Ah, last bequest!
It breathed His last farewell. The sword
Predicted pierced that hour her breast.

She stood; she answered not a word.
His own in John he gave. She wore
Thenceforth the Mother-crown of earth.
O Eve! Thy sentence, too, she bore;
Like thee in sorrow she brought forth.





S. CATHERINE OF SIENA

DOMINICANA

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1902.

No. 4

RECORD OF THE CAPTIVITY OF THE SPANISH FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

II.

On June twelfth, Father Saturnino Gomez, parish priest of Calamba, thirty-six years of age, and his companion, the lay brother, Felix Dominic, aged sixty, were brought into the same prison. They arrived at Cavite at the very time when the Judge of Calamba, D. Juan Fernandez, some officers of the army and two hundred and twenty-five soldiers were made prisoners at Calamba.

The nourishment of the religious who were prisoners at Cavite consisted in the morning of a cup of coffee with a little bread. Twice a day they were supplied with some rice, cooked in water with suet, and an ounce of meat. They got water to drink after the repast in the same vessels that had served to hold their food. The water served in this way was so nauseous that many found it difficult to moisten their lips with it. Afterwards they got a child to bring them water twice a day in an earthen vessel, which they took in through the window of their prison. If any one fell sick, it was almost impossible to procure him a supply of nourishment to restore his strength.

Father Vincent Fernandez became seriously ill during his sojourn in the prison at Cavite, and no remedy could be procured to alleviate his sufferings. Thanks to an insurgent chief, more human than the rest, a doctor was brought to the prison, who paid one visit, but he dared not return the second time, so great was the terror the rebels inspired and so

dangerous all sympathy shown to their victims.

The essentially Masonic character of the revolution, which now manifested itself, forbade the jailers to leave the least liberty to the prisoners to satisfy the duties of their religious state. The fathers, while in the power of the independent government, could neither celebrate nor hear Holy Mass.

During all the time of their captivity they had to content themselves with reciting the Breviary, saying the Rosary, and making the meditation in common which the rules of our Order prescribe.

On June twenty-sixth, the religious received a visit from the German Consul, Mr. Henry Spitz. Aguinaldo, being jealous of the least intercourse of his Spanish prisoners with strangers, who could enlighten the latter on the true state of affairs, got two of his officers to accompany the German Consul, who were to be present while the prisoners conversed with their visitors.

Under these conditions, all real conversation became impossible, and M. Spitz could not show any other sympathy for the captives except by leaving some money with them to assist them in their needs.

A few days afterwards, July first, a boat carrying a German flag arrived at Cavite. For some moments our sick prisoners believed that the Germans were bent on their deliverance, but their illu-

sion was of short duration, for the vessel quitted the port without our religious ever afterwards knowing the motive of its visit in these quarters.

They received a visit from several officers of the American Navy. Great was their astonishment on seeing Catholic priests lying in prison and treated so badly. They were particularly amazed at the miserable supply of nourishment provided.

"In our country," they remarked, "we have never seen either a Catholic priest or a Protestant minister imprisoned."

Two days after, July the fifth, a Catholic chaplain of the American army, Father McKinnon, also paid a visit. Seizing an opportunity of entering into friendly relations with them, he declared at once that he belonged to the clergy of San Francisco, and had known personally, the Dominican Archbishop of that city, the late Mgr. Alemany. In the course of conversation he informed the fathers of the reports that were in circulation about them among the Americans and the Philippine rebels, and which he himself seemed to credit—for instance, were not the friars and the Archbishop of Manila the soul of the resistance against the new regime, and was it not they who still found means of defending the trenches and delaying the surrender of the place? Was it not in consequence of their influence in the city that the natives who entered Manila were put to death?

"A sad thing to avow," adds Father Ulpiano, "more than one Spaniard helped to spread these lying reports and to enkindle against us the ill will of the natives and the Americans."

One of the Dominican friars, who knew the English language pretty well, Father Francis Garcia, tried to make the chaplain of the American Army understand that everything said against the Archbishop and the religious bodies was inspired solely with the view of serving the revolutionary interests; that envy and calumny had excited the popular credulity and that the parish priests belonging to the religious Orders were violently attacked merely because they had always been opposed to the secret practices of

Freemasonry among the natives of the Philippines.

"To avoid the reproaches leveled at us to-day from all sides," adds Father Garcia, "we should, contrary to all the teachings of the Church, permit in the midst of the people confided to us the free propagation of pernicious doctrines, the free establishment of secret conspiracies against the legitimate power of the Spanish government, then established in the colony, it would be necessary to hold strictly to the material exercise of our parochial ministry, without ever mixing ourselves up in any act of the public and civil life of the country, contrary to what Spain has the right of expecting from us; *and to adopt that course in order to facilitate the secret work of the anti-Christian revolution, which worked so actively for the religious and moral ruin of the country.* We could not, however, thus act. Neither our duty as rectors, nor our dignity as priests, nor our position as faithful subjects of the Crown of Spain, nor our honor as Spaniards, permits us to be co-operators in such base conduct. You have now the secret of the ill-will of which you see us the object. Believe me, that the mass of the Philippine people do not profess with regard to us the sentiments of hatred with which those are inspired, who in these latter times have excited and directed it.

On July 4th, there was another visit of Father McKinnon, this time accompanied by another American Catholic priest, Father Reaney, Chaplain of the U. S. Flagship "Olympia." Chaplain Reaney, of an *expansive* and affable nature, put himself at once in communication with each of the prisoners. He spoke English to Father Garcia; with the others he made use of the Latin tongue. He being also deceived by the campaign, conducted by the American newspapers against the Spanish clergy of the Philippine Isles, arrived full of prejudices on this point. But the situation soon appeared to him in its true aspect. Indignant at the treatment to which the prisoners were subjected, he promised to interpose without delay with Admiral Dewey to restore the Fathers to liberty,

to have them transferred to the American arsenal at Hong Kong, where they would receive suitable treatment from his fellow countrymen. They parted on these promises, and for a moment the Spanish religious believed to have encountered in Father Reaney the liberating angel who would free them from their chains.

Six days after, on July 14th, Father Reaney returned to visit the fathers in prison. This good Priest did not remain inactive, and he believed himself to be on the point of obtaining the deliverance of the Spanish friars, having treated of the matter with the American authorities, who consented to the transfer of the prisoners to Hong-Kong on condition, however, that these latter would pay their passage on a ship in setting out for China. The religious declared that they had a draft, payable in Hong-Kong, and that besides they would find means of indemnifying the Government for all the expenses occasioned by their transfer. Through the intermediary of the American authorities, Father Reaney also addressed himself to Aguinaldo, to whom he paid a visit and solicited the deliverance of the friars.

Aguinaldo gave Father Reaney a letter for the General of the rebel army, Emiliano De Dios, commanding the port of Cavite. The letter was written in the *Tagalo* language, a *patois* of the natives. Before consigning it to its destination, Father Reaney wishing to know its contents, came to the friars and asked them to translate it. The missive was construed in these terms: "Very esteemed Colleague: The bearer is the Chaplain of the American frigate, the *Olympia*, who came to visit the friars that have fallen into our power. I authorize him for this time to pay a visit to them. Nevertheless it will be necessary to have him accompanied by one of your officers, by a trustworthy man, who can understand all he will say to the prisoners. If he wishes to pay a second visit, ask him to get a new permit, and if he wishes to interest himself about the friars, do not allow him to act without first consulting the American Government." This letter was given to the American priest by Aguinaldo

himself, who on this occasion, made use of the blankest words the better to deceive his interlocutor.

"Father Reaney, seeing how he had been deceived by Aguinaldo, soon lost all hopes of being able to help us," adds Father Ulpiano. "He gave some money to us and offered us a more considerable sum, but we would not accept it, for fear of seeing ourselves robbed of it by our jailers. He gave us news from our Fathers in Manila with whom he was in correspondence. These gave us to understand that they were laboring constantly to obtain our release."

As regards Father McKinnon, he bade us good-bye, declaring that he could no longer bear the spectacle of such a number of priests made the laughing-stock of natives too happy to contemplate the humiliating state to which we were reduced.

As the number of imprisoned friars was always increasing, there came a time when the prison could not hold us all. It was then decided that the parish priest's house should serve as a prison. This change of domicile took place on July 15th. What was the sorrow of the religious when they arrived in their new abode and contemplated the lamentable spectacle that presented itself to their eyes. The church of Cavite was profaned! The altars were destroyed; the statues of the saints lay headless on the ground; the pavement of the church was broken into a thousand pieces. The house of the parish priest was profaned and transformed into an unclean place. The books and registers of administration were partly scattered across the streets. Others were used by vendors of eatables to serve as wrappers. Everywhere you could see how the hand of the ruling *Katipunan* had passed over these ruins. A band of brigands would not have caused such damage. After taking some nourishment the unhappy prisoners put themselves to work to clear the place, which was assigned to them as a prison, from the dirt which filled it on all sides.

However, at Cavite itself, the hearth of the Revolution, there were some good Filipinos who, deceiving the vigilance of

the sentinel, placed as a guard over the friars, found means of giving these latter a testimony of their charity and respect, and passed fruits of the plane tree, small fishes, eggs, honey and boxes of cigars through the prison window.

A woman belonging to one of the best families of Bacoar, frequently came to Cavite to assist the needs of her parish priest and the other prisoners. In order not to be recognized, she disguised herself as a fruit seller. On the first day that she presented herself at the enclosure where the prisoners were, the sentinels let her enter. Later on, they would not allow her and declared that if she wished to sell, she should go to the window. As she was a native, she easily knew how to get the better of her compatriots. Some fruit of the plane tree artfully distributed and a few witty remarks frequently obtained the requisite permission. It was wonderful to see how cleverly she put on the vender, in order to be able by this means to bring presents to the prisoners such as bread, eggs, a cooked chicken, soap or cigarettes. Father Mariano of the Ascension, a Franciscan religious, parish priest of Bacoar, was commissioned to purchase. The sentinels nearly always assisted at the sale. The woman presented her wares, which she put at a

very high figure, and then encouraged the Father to buy it.

"Your Grace," said she to Father Mariano, "must not be astonished that my goods are a little dear; since the beginning of the war, there is no commerce with Manila. However, I will lower the price because I see well that at present you are poor."

"Go away!" replies the Father, "have a little compassion on us. At this moment our finances, you understand well, are in a bad state."

"Yes, certainly; I understand your reasons, but I earn my living by selling thus. What your Grace is going to give me will not enrich me very much, see! Let me count of what you are going to buy from me. Then, it's agreed on. Two small loaves for a real; the eggs a real; the chicken a penta; the plane fruits, eight curatos—Total four reals."

"Very well," replied he. "Here is a peso, give me the change."

"Ah, what a misfortune," cried the seller. "I have no change to give you. Well, but I will be passing to-morrow morning and your Grace will pay me all. Take back the peso."

He took back the peso with the goods, and among the things sold he perceived another peso which the vender found means, in the last moment, of slipping among the eatables.

SAINT CATHARINE OF SIENA.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Thy spotless life, thy faith that ne'er
grew faint.

Most humble follower of thy Spouse Di-
vine,

Thou wert a sharer in His toil and pain;
He made His will, His law, His sufferings
thine.

Nor loss of friends, nor doubting world's
diedain

Could wrest thee from His Sacred Heart,
whose mine

Of priceless graces it was thine to gain.

Favored of Heaven! Sienna's Virgin
Saint!

Crowned with a halo of celestial fame,
Hailed by thy clients with love's sweet
acclaim,

Which fain, but vainly, would essay to
paint

Thy virtues free from every earthly taint,
Thy pure heart's love for Jesus' Holy
Name,

Thy patience when the slanderer would
defame

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

CHAPTER II.

Years had passed. The Graysons were preparing to leave Evansville for the Spanish-American War was Jack had heard the voice of his country, crying for help. He had, and in a few days he was going out to fight—if needs, to die. It was day for Mrs. Grayson, as she stood at the station, kissing her boy good-bye when the train was pulling out. The assembled crowds gave forth a loud, frantic cheers, that fairly shook to its foundations, Jack waved his farewells to that lonely, weeping on the platform, and, as he raised his hand again and again, one could see a shadow hanging from his neck. His hand had tied it there that morning. She said, with tears in her eyes, one poor Gertrude left for you ten years ago. The poor girl, I wonder where she is. Take her gift with you, have worn mine all these years. The cross will do you no harm—and, I know, it may do my boy some

Months later Mrs. Grayson left for New York, to make her home with an aunt residing there. On her way to New York that morning the postman brought her a letter. It was from Jack. It

MOTHER: We are preparing for a march up the country and I have few minutes to spare. Father McHugh, the dear old army chaplain, who is so good to me, is waiting for this. I must hurry. It was only yesterday I wrote you, but mother, something troubling me and I must tell you. Ten long years I have kept a secret, and oh! you don't know how I suffered. Mother, Gertrude Ferrer—innocent of the crime we accused her just ten years ago this coming day's day I stole the brooch, to make up a shortage at the loan office. The chief was Gertrude's, but I—I

placed it there. I know I should have told you this long ago, but, mother, I could not. Forgive me, then, and if you ever meet Gertrude in this world, ask her to forgive me also—for God knows, I have suffered enough. Your dear

JACK.

It was a cold and stormy night, late in January. Glaring electric lights contrasted with grim, dark shadows upon the icy pavements of New York City. A cold wind was blowing and the streets were well-nigh deserted. A woman, wrapped in a heavy black shawl, was walking hurriedly up Lexington Avenue. Eagerly she crossed the street and dropped a letter into the mailing-box on the corner. It was Mrs. Grayson.

On her way home she had to pass St. Vincent Ferrer's Church. It was brightly illuminated and every window threw forth a welcome ray of light into the black, inky night around. Mrs. Grayson halted before the sacred edifice. Benediction was being sung—and some strange power held her fast. She did not move a muscle, as she stood there and listened to the loud, majestic peals of the pipe organ, while its music floated out upon the wings of the lonely night.

A moment later a soprano voice, swayed by tender feeling, poured forth its pure, sweet, liquid notes. They were clear and joyous as a lark's, now rising, now falling. Never before had Madame Bonvini sung an "O Salutaris" with so much expression. Within the lofty edifice one could have heard a pin drop, and the immense congregation listened eagerly for every word that fell from the singer's lips.

"O Saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow."

Mrs. Grayson drew nearer. That ringing voice spoke to her lonely heart and sought out every longing, every pain. It

seemed as if Heaven itself had suddenly opened and an angel's voice was floating on the icy breath of night, so sweet was it—so wonderfully tender.

A minute later the huge door swung open wide; there was a slight noise, and then it closed again. Mrs. Geoffrey Grayson had entered S. Vincent's and was being ushered into a pew near the pulpit. Again that sweet, pleading strain floated over the heads of the large congregation, and clearly the leading soprano sang:

"To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, one in three!
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee."

Almost unconsciously Mrs. Grayson sank upon her knees and buried her face in her hands; a strange, mysterious feeling was creeping over her restless heart, and the tears were gathering under her eyelids. When the "O Salutaris" was ended, she raised her misty eyes to the pulpit, and there stood Father Anselmo, the learned, white-robed Dominican, his innocent, saintly, religious face aflame with an almost celestial expression. It was the opening night of the mission, and the eloquent theologian was to deliver a series of sermons, and, later on, form a class for those of the Protestant belief who were anxious to study the teachings of the Catholic Church.

Father Anselmo raised his hand to his forehead and piously made the sign of the cross. There was a momentary silence, then he began to speak. He spoke of life in the world as it is; of temptation, sin, shame, disgrace. He told his hearers how Christ had suffered on the Cross of Calvary for their sins, and that each sin committed by them was said to be but another Calvary of suffering for the heart of the merciful Saviour. He exhorted them most earnestly to live better and purer lives. Then he spoke of Heaven—that home of eternal rest and happiness, which would some day be theirs if they would only follow the Master's precepts. He spoke slowly and distinctly, as he pictured the beauties of that heavenly home beyond the skies, brightened and glorified by the sunshine of God's holy smile. The

hearts of the people were stirred very depths.

Mrs. Grayson in all her life had never heard so eloquent a sermon so grand and impressive, and the priest's words had sunk into her soul. She went home that evening better and happier for it all. The following evening Mrs. Grayson again attended S. Vincent's Church. Father Anselmo preached to large and interested congregations. Days, weeks, a month and during this time Mrs. Grayson had been a constant attendant at the services. A change was coming over her. Her former self was gradually disappearing, and she felt it. It was replaced by a nobler, freer, purer and she was happy. The distant preacher was doing untold good. He was veritably a harvest of souls. His class was daily increasing in number.

One day in February Mrs. Grayson called on Father Anselmo, who received her most kindly.

"Father," she said, "I have come to you, and you must make me a Catholic. I want you to make a Catholic of me. I have attended all the missions so far at S. Vincent Ferrer's, and on my own accord I come to you. Will you assist me, Father?"

"Why, certainly, good woman," answered he, softly. "A shepherd is always willing to reclaim his sheep. I have strayed away from the truth, but I shall only be too happy. It is my duty, and I shall do all I can for you. I will have my class every afternoon at five o'clock. I shall be pleased to see you again to-morrow. I gave my first instruction yesterday."

Father Anselmo shook hands with her and smiled gently. "May God guide her," he whispered to himself, as he closed the door and wended his way to the reception room, where others were awaiting him.

The next afternoon Mrs. Grayson attended her first instruction. Father Anselmo met her at the door with a warm welcome. That afternoon he spoke of the Seventh Commandment—"Thou shalt not steal." He grew more eloquent

ceeded; his clear, ringing, musical voice filled every one with nobler thoughts, nobler purposes. Mrs. Grayson listened to every word that fell from his inspired lips; she was deeply interested. Yet she was sad. The kind priest's words had recalled in her memories of a past that was painful to her, and on her way home that evening she could not help thinking of that New Year's evening, long ago, on which she herself had accused a poor, innocent girl of a theft of which she now knew she was innocent. Poor Gertrude! how she must have suffered. Oh, if she could only go to her now and throw herself at her feet and beg forgiveness—oh, then she could be happy; yes, happy as the day was long. But where was Gertrude Ferguson? Where could she find the poor girl she had wronged? Alas! nobody seemed to have seen or heard anything about her in Evansville, and Mrs. Grayson had almost given her up as dead.

That night she sank upon her knees and kissed the little crucifix which Gertrude had given her, and, in the fullness of her grief, gave vent to bitter tears. Then she lifted her eyes to Heaven and petitioned God to help her to find the blue-eyed girl she had wronged. "O merciful God," she pleaded, "show me poor Gertrude's face, just once again." Then she rose, and on the darkened horizon of her empty and desolate future a clear, bright ray of hope had suddenly beamed.

CHAPTER III.

Father Anselmo was very busy at S. Vincent's, but he loved work when it was done in the name of the Master. Often he would say: "No, I never weary of my work. I am only doing my duty as the humble priest—the shepherd of souls. I love to be near my children, to teach them the glorious paths of virtue, love and humility. The ways that lead to Heaven may be rough and thorny, but remember that behind those cruel and piercing thorns roses are clustered—bright red roses—which will some day be twined into garland wreaths to crown your noble brows, when Death shall gently part the silver threads of life that hold you fast."

The kind, gray-haired theologian and scholar was also overjoyed, for Easter was coming. Next Sunday he himself would baptize seventy converts in dear old S. Vincent's. Mrs. Grayson was also one of the many who rejoiced, for on that day she, too, was to be received into the bosom of the Church which she had learned to love so much. What would Jack say, if he only knew? But no, Jack was not to find out until she was a "real" Catholic—and then she would write him a long letter herself and surprise him.

She often thought of her poor boy and of the many hardships he had to endure on the distant battlefield, and her eyes would fill with tears. Then she would think of those happy days when he was but the little, golden-haired boy—the idol of her womanly heart. How she had fondled him in her arms in those moments of happiness! But now he was far away from her, fighting bravely for his country. Cheering letters from Jack, however, filled her aching heart with hope. Not a day passed but Mrs. Grayson was seen in the crowds around the newspaper offices, reading the bulletins that came fresh from the seat of war. They were like so many letters from home to her—for was not her heart, her life, her boy out there, and might he not be a victim of the cruel bullet at any moment?

Only three days more and Easter, with its glorious hosannas of praise, will again awake the lonely world, robed for a short season in penitential garments, to visions of beauty and gladness.

It was a beautiful afternoon. The sun was painting New York's lofty towers and buildings with golden gleams of light. The city clock was just pointing the hour of three when the ambulance slowly drew up and stopped in front of S. Joseph's Hospital. The door was suddenly opened and the form of a dying woman was gently carried up the granite steps on a stretcher by strong, willing hands. Mother Clotilde's kind faced whitened, as she turned her eyes to Dr. Steen, the ambulance surgeon.

"An accident, I presume," she said, sadly. "How did it happen?"

The young doctor lowered his eyes and began, and there was a tone of pity in his voice as he said: "The woman had been reading the bulletin boards on one of the down town streets, and just as she was turning the corner a west-bound car struck her and threw her ten feet into the air. She fell to the pavement with a sickening thud, and willing hands carried her into a drugstore near by. It was there I found her in an unconscious condition, but in the ambulance she opened her eyes once and cried out feebly: 'My boy! my boy! Gertrude! where is she?' Then she was silent again, and in an instant her mind was a blank. She opened her eyes widely and stared for a moment and then she closed them again. A few feet away from where she was lying they found this little prayer-book. It is blood-stained, and bears the following inscription: 'To Mrs. Grayson, from Father Anselmo.'"

Mother Clotilde took the little prayer-book in her hand, and the tears were creeping into her eyes as she said softly: "Poor woman! She is very ill, and she will need all her strength to pull through. Sister Patricia will take charge of her, doctor, and we shall do all we can for the poor soul."

In one of the large rooms in the ward upstairs Sister Patricia sat at the bedside of the poor, unfortunate woman. A whole day had gone by and not a word had passed Mrs. Grayson's lips. Her face was growing paler and there was a look of deep suffering upon it. The good nun watched her patient continually, and upon her lips there lingered the breath of many a tender prayer. The face of the sick woman seemed so familiar to Sister Patricia, but she could not place it, and, as she held the woman's thin hands in her own, she felt that they were getting warmer. A rosy flush was already creeping into the sickly, pallid face. Reaction was evidently being established, and the sweet-faced nun smiled gently.

A moment later Mrs. Grayson opened her eyes half dreamily and stared into the face of the good sister bending over her. "How my head pains me? Where am I? What has happened to me?" she asked, in

a feeble, trembling voice. Sister Patricia whispered something to her; then she closed her eyes and drifted into a sound sleep which lasted some hours.

When again Mrs. Grayson opened her eyes, Father Anselmo stood at her bedside. Her face was brighter and she talked considerably. "To-morrow, dear friend," said Father Anselmo, "is Easter Sunday—the day which both yourself and I were looking forward to with sanguine expectations. I regret very much that you will not be able to assist at S. Vincent's, but you will be quite happy here with the good nuns. I shall be here at eight in the morning and then I shall baptize you. Rest yourself now. I shall leave you in Sister Patricia's hands; I'm sure she will make you happy."

When Father Anselmo rose to go, a few stray gleams of sunlight fell upon his noble face and brightened his snow-white locks. He raised his hand in blessing and made the sign of the Cross. An anxious smile stole over Mrs. Grayson's face. When he had gone, Sister Patricia entered the room, with a beautiful bouquet of Easter lilies in her hands.

"Mother Clotilde has sent these up for you," she said kindly, as she put them into a vase on the table. The sick woman smiled her thanks, and her fingers moved nervously to a little crucifix that lay upon her breast.

"What a pretty crucifix you have there, dear," said Sister Patricia softly, as she walked over and looked at it. Almost suddenly the color left her face; a feeling of weakness came over her, and she sank down upon the bed. In an instant she was on her feet again, and Mrs. Grayson asked nervously: "What is the matter, Sister? Are you ill?"

"No, dear; It is nothing," she replied. "I once had a crucifix like— But no! I must be dreaming." Then she walked to the window and opened it and sighed deeply. The city was lively with people, and a boyish, sweet tenor voice was ringing up from the noisy street. He was one of those little wandering minstrels, and his musical accent was that of a son of sunny, vine-clad Italy. His pure notes

rose and fell and melted into each other as he sang:

"Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our greatest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way."

Sister Patricia could listen no longer, and when she turned and faced the sick woman, her heart throbbed with something which was akin to pain. That song had recalled the dearest memories, and her thoughts went back to a New Year's eve, hidden in the far-away haunts of her cherished past. Presently the lad struck up another strain, and Mrs. Grayson listened eagerly to the Italian love-song. It was so pathetic, and it floated into the room with a sweetness that was strangely penetrating, and, when the harp's last mellow notes died away on the deep silence of the sick chamber, she raised the little crucifix to her lips and kissed it tenderly. Just then a few large tears rolled down her flushed cheeks. Sister Patricia brushed them away, and spoke cheering words.

"No, Sister," began Mrs. Grayson slowly, "I cannot feel happy. This little crucifix holds the story of all my unhappiness. The little Italian in the street sang a song which I used to hear years ago, and the song reminded me of the dear girl who gave me this crucifix. If you will listen, Sister, I will tell you my story." Then she raised herself up in her bed and continued:

"Just ten years ago last New Year's I turned a poor girl out of my house in a town many miles from here. I thought a great deal of her, and would have done anything for her, but that very night I accused her of stealing my diamond brooch. I suspected her strongly, for I found a handkerchief bearing her name in my private dressing-room."

"Handkerchief bearing her name!" cried out Sister Patricia, as she raised herself from her chair nervously and moved towards the bed.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Grayson. "But

oh, it was hasty and wrong of me to have accused her. The poor girl, I know now, was innocent of it all. My own son—my own boy, had stolen and pawned the jewel to make up a shortage at the office that would have disgraced us both. But Jack is a brave boy now, fighting for his country. Yet, oh, I am so unhappy, for I feel that I must make amends to the poor girl I have wronged. I have searched in vain for her all these years, but God I am sure will some day—"

"Lead you to her," interrupted Sister Patricia. "And he has done so. The longer I look into your searching eyes and the longer I listen to your story, the stronger grows the thought that I have at last met my old friend and benefactor—the dearest friend I had in all this world. Mrs. Grayson, is it really—O God be thanked a thousand times!"

The sick woman opened her eyes widely; the surprise had been too much for her, and almost wildly she stared into the pale little face under the black veil. Then she fell back upon the bed, weak and exhausted, and murmuring: "Gertrude, my child! Come to my arms; forgive me for all my—"

The poor woman could not say another word. Sister Patricia kissed her cheeks tenderly and sank upon her knees. Together they wept tears of joy, while the Angelus was ringing a solemn peal of prayer over the roof-tops of the city, rich in its twilight glory.

Easter morning dawned with the chirping and twittering of the busy sparrows in the large pine trees that surrounded the hospital. Mrs. Grayson had rested well all night and she was now experiencing the happiest moments in all her life. Her prayer was answered. She had met the girl she had wronged. Sister Patricia had forgiven her in her heart long years ago. The very night she left the Grayson mansion in Evansville, the sweetest words of forgiveness had fallen from her lips. "Oh, no," she said kindly, "how could I forget you, after all you had done for me. I thought of you daily and remembered you both in my prayers."

"And now, Sister," began the happy woman, "I have a surprise in store for you.

Can you guess?" Sister Patricia shook her head in the negative, and then she went on. "Well, Father Anselmo, the dear Dominican, will be here at eight. This morning he receives his large class of converts into the Church at S. Vincent's. I am one of them—but I will not be there, so he is coming to hear my confession and give me my first Holy Communion here. My first Holy Communion! Yes, but Sister, do you know that something tells me it will also be my last. Oh, I am so happy now. If Jack were only here. Yes, Sister, in another few minutes I will be a 'real' Catholic."

When she had finished, Sister Patricia took her thin hands into hers and said, while tears glistened in her eyes: "Oh, I am also happy. My prayer has been answered."

Mrs. Grayson was growing weaker, and the complications that the doctors had dreaded were slowly setting in. A dark shadow crept into the gentle nun's face.

The hospital clock struck eight, and Father Anselmo had just baptized Mrs. Grayson. Then he heard her confession and administered the "Bread of Angels" and the Sacrament of the dying. Sister Patricia and the renowned and brilliant theologian knelt at the bedside for fifteen minutes and prayed. Mrs. Grayson repeated all the prayers distinctly, and when she raised herself slightly to bless herself there was a slight groan, followed by profuse bleeding from the mouth and nose. The fatal hemorrhage that the doctors had foreseen had taken place, and the end was nigh.

The poor woman was sinking rapidly, and she was gradually lapsing into unconsciousness. She turned slightly and raised her finger and motioned Sister Patricia to her side.

"I am dying. Oh, I am so happy. Pray for me!" she said faintly. Then she closed her eyes, and for the next half hour she was hovering on the brink of eternity. Just then there was a slight rap at the door. Mother Clotilde handed Father Anselmo a letter, edged in black. It was addressed to Mrs. Grayson, and was stamped "important."

The distinguished Dominican was

visibly affected. His eyes fell upon the dying woman. Then he handed Sister Patricia the letter and asked her to read it aloud. Trembling with emotion, the good Sister opened it and read softly:

DEAR MRS. GRAYSON: It is my painful duty to inform you of your son's death at the hospital. He died but ten minutes ago. He spoke of you almost until his last breath, and begged me to write you these few lines. Jack was a good soldier—respected and loved by all who knew him. I almost feel as if he had been my own brother. To-morrow I shall offer up my Mass for the repose of his soul. No doubt you will be pleased to hear that your son died a Catholic. We were very much attached, and on our tiresome marches through the country I taught him his catechism. I was with him in his last hours and prayed with him. Before he died he handed me this crucifix, which I am sending, with the words: "Send it to mother and tell her her son has atoned for it all. God grant that it may some day be returned to its giver—Gertrude Ferguson." I pray, my dear Mrs. Grayson, that God will strengthen you in this bitter trial, and, in closing, I assure you of my humble prayers.

Yours in Christ,

FATHER McBRADY.

When Sister Patricia had finished reading, a faint whisper echoed through the death chamber. The dying woman opened her eyes and said feebly: "Jack—a Catholic! Thank God! I am going to Heaven to meet my boy." Then a peaceful smile stole over her face and in another instant her soul had flown heavenwards.

Father Anselmo silently left the room and on his saintly old face there was a look of sadness.

Sister Patricia kissed the little crucifix, determined to keep it always. Then she rose and walked to the window. The bells of the city churches were sounding their anthems of gladness far into the busy streets. The golden gates of the morning were open and the sun was throwing his bright beams on the roof-tops of busy New York. Long she gazed upon that beautiful picture. Everybody was glad; everything looked so cheerful. She alone was sad. Again she raised the little crucifix to her lips, and, while in her deep-blue eyes the tears slowly gathered, her heart was filled with gratitude—for her friends were enjoying the vision of God—the glory of the risen Saviour.

THE END.

ENGLAND.

CANTO SEVEN.

I.

Warned by the Muse of coming wondrous sight
 In the evolving scroll of England's fate,
 I've tuned my lyre for somewhat loftier flight
 And dare to sing of awful Henry Eight! (1)
 No tragi-comedy exists more great
 In human story's universal scope
 Than the career of this extraviate,
 Ill-guiding star of Englishmen's vain hope,—(2)
His Holiness "Bluff Hal," apostate England's *Pope*!

II.

Though English quill-men style the era *new*,
 'Twas a most natural development—
 Like pox or pest to vicious living due—
 From centuries of English devilment!
 Nemo repente pessimus,—the bent
 Of English infamies led straight to this
 Grand drama of the dread and comic blent
 That hurled all England down the dark abyss!—
 Here follows the complete *Personæ Dramatis*!

III.

King "Hal," once candidate for Church, (3) but since
 A tyrant, debauchee, adulterer;
 Wolsey, of Holy Church a worldly prince,

(1) English historians, on coming to the reign of this Monster, seem to perceive the shadow of some approaching greatness ahead; and, in well-turned introductory phrases, dress their plumes for flights of bombastic praise of the "New Era," etc., etc., while, indeed, both the present subject and the whole pack of English kings and queens, when all is told, are found to be but "small potatoes!"

(2) "Henry VIII began his reign by the exhibition of just those frank and open qualities most admired by Englishmen" (Drane, *Hist. of England*, Hen. VIII.) "Frank and open," indeed!—with his unfortunate subjects' property, lives and honor from the very beginning!

(3) A blessing for the Church that events of State prevented him from entering the ranks of the clergy! though, like all *clerical failures*, he lost the moral poise of even the ordinary Christian.

And to the royal lusts a panderer; (4)
 Tom Cromwell, handy executioner;
 The Boleyns, wanton and ambitious girls;
 The Hierarchy, a "hireling shepherd;"
 Cranmer, a perujrer; lords, dukes and earls,
 With England's people, all base slaves and coward churls!

IV.

'Twas hardly for his own or England's good
 That Master Henry, scarcely turned eighteen,
 And not o'er-steady, as reports then stood, (5)
 Was vested with the regal power supreme.
 Into the *English Court*—not less obscene
 Than Turkish harem or the Lupercal—
 Young Harry plunged like a most verdant "green,"
 'Mid orgies managed by his seneschal,
 And questionable *masques* planned by the Cardinal!

V.

Among his flock of mistresses at court (6)
 The Boleyns were the principal decoy
 To lure fool Harry from his queen consort
 And blast true love and pure domestic joy!
 While one gay dame presented him a boy (7)
 'Twas Mary Boleyn *blessed* him with the girl
 Named Anne, whom the dread Furies now employ
 To lash a father's lust to damning whirl,
 And throne and kingdom in sublime confusion hurl! (8)

(4) It is beyond all question that Wolsey, in the beginning, could have restrained the dissipation of the young King, his friend; and might easily have reformed the licentiousness of his court; while on the contrary, he continually sought ways and means of pandering to the King's pride and excessive love of pleasure.

(5) "His vices even then"—at the age of 18—"were discernible to an experienced eye" (Lingard, Vol. IV, Chap. VI, Page 168.)

(6) "In his list of court expenditures for New Years, 1528, occurs the item: 'To the King's ten Mistresses,'" etc. (Taunton's Thomas Wolsey, Chap. X.)

(7) By a lady of the court named Elizabeth Talbols, Henry, very early in his reign and while not long married to Queen Katherine, had a son whom he named Fitzroy, and whom he raised to the several dignities of Earl of Nottingham, Duke of Richmond, Admiral of England and *Lord Lieutenant of Ireland*—save the mark!

(8) "There is a certain amount of evidence for the direct statement of Dr. Bayley in his "Life of Bishop Fisher," of Sanders in his "Anglican Schism," of Fr. Van Ortro, the learned Bolandist, "in his "Vie du B. Martyr. Jean Fisher," of Mr. D. Lewis in his "Introduction to Sanders' Schism," and of other historians, and for its indirect corroboration by Cranmer, the two Houses of Parliament and the King himself, that Anne Boleyn was Henry's child." (Fr. Guggenberger, S. J., Gen. Hist. Christian Era, Vol. II, Chap. II, Page 194.)

VI.

Ambitious Anne, in angling for the crown,
 Impelled the lecher to the last resource
 Of laying at her feet the sceptre down
 And seeking from Queen Katharine a divorce !
 The scheme must seem of *law* the proper course, (9)
 So Parliament and Hierarch must convene
 To nullify 'mid bribes and threats of force
 Good Katharine's marriage,—twenty years their queen !—
 The wretches met prepared to act out the vile scene !

VII.

While owning "her long course of saintly life
 And faithfulness unto" the *rake*, "her lord,
 The trouble was she once was Arthur's wife ; (10)
 And though the Pope dispensed, as Briefs record,
 Nought could the *royal conscience* ease afford
 Till by due search in folio and tome
 His marriage be proved *null* by their wise *board* ";—
 But Katharine had the wisdom to disown
 Their cowardly conventions, and appealed to Rome !

VIII.

Firm stands by Christian law immortal Rome ;
 And Catholics all, from humblest of the fold
 To mightiest sovereign seated on the throne,
 Alike amenable to law doth hold !

(9) The English were never anything if not hypocritical, and the tartuffian character of English policy reached its acmé in Henry VIII, who insisted on the "legal tag" being appended to his every villainy. "He was in the habit of hearing two or three Masses in the morning, and then, the same day, committing frequent breaches of the moral code." (Fr. Taunton, Thomas Wolsey, Chap. X.)

(10) "Marriage impediments are of two kinds, according as they are based on the *natural* or on the *ecclesiastical* law. The first cannot be dispensed with by any human power—the latter can be dispensed with by the Pope. The impediment styled *public decency*—from which Henry had been dispensed by Julius II. to be able to marry Katherine, his deceased brother's wife—wife in name only—was *ecclesiastical*. Julius II., who acted within his right, had provided for even the further possible *ecclesiastical* impediment of *affinity*—"forsitan consummatum"—in his Bull of dispensation. The claim that Henry, after twenty years of contented married life with Queen Katherine, was tortured by "scruples of conscience," is too grotesque to deserve consideration in a man, who, among his many schemes of shameless effrontery, included a petition for bigamy to the Holy See" (Guggenberger, Vol. II.); while the fact that "Wolsey also joined the royal petitioner in urging Clement VII. to grant the divorce," proves that this time-serving Cardinal either

Nor threat, nor flattery, nor show of gold
 May from the Vatican false judgment gain ;
 While on each page of history is told
 The fact, to each succeeding age more plain,
 That no wronged Catholic e'er appealed to Rome in vain ! (11)

IX.

The Seventh Clement—as his gracious name,
 So was he both by nature and true grace—
 The trampled rights of Katharine did maintain
 Against all threats and bribes for nine years' space ;
 Then closed all further parley in the case
 By *Bull* declaring mighty Henry Eight
 "A scandal to the Christian name and race ;
 "Adulterer and public profligate,—
 "Struck 'neath the ban of Rome and excommunicate !"

X.

Meanwhile the King's bad scheme demanded haste ;
 So Cranmer, raised to the episcopate
 As suiting to a *T* the royal taste,
 Annulled the marriage of "Bluff Hal" and Kate ;
 Then married him to Annie Boleyn straight ! (12)
 For things had got into an awful mess,
 That urged dispatch for reasons grave of state,
 Which an experienced eye could easily guess,—
 In Anne the mother of the future "Good Queen Bess !"

(13)

XI.

And now—if ever into mortal man—
 The devil surely entered Henry Eight
 In wickedness the wretch to further damn,

knew nothing of Canon law and Theology, or that he was so far wanting in Christian principle as to request what his Superior could not grant without the gravest sin.

(11) Witness the cases of Lothaire II. and Queen Teutberga, under the Pontificate of Nicholas I.; of Robert the Strong and Bertha, under Gregory V.; of Philip I. of France and Bertha of Holland, under Urban II.; of Philip Augustus and Ingelberga, under Innocent III.; and of Jerome Buonaparte (brother of Napoleon I.), and Miss Patterson of Baltimore, under Pius VII.

(12) "Archbishop Cranmer would not hesitate to do whatever the King might demand of him—that point being gained, the rest was not worthy of a thought." (Dean Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, Vol. VI, Page 500.) Of Cranmer Henry said: "I have the right sow by the ear this time!" This pliable villain and *secret heretic* bastardized, in almost the same breath, the issue of the King both by Katherine and by Anne Boleyn; the English Parliament and Hierarchy, as usual, concurring!

(13) Some English writers have excogitated the idea that four

And England to the depths precipitate !
 For hell alone could mortal instigate
 To such a mad and *Antichristian* hope
 As this mere lay or civil potentate
 Included now in his ambition's scope—
 The aim, no less, of being Catholic England's *Pope* !

XII.

Yet Parliament, obsequient to his word,
 With Hierarchy as pliant as a rag,
 The Popedom on the miscreant conferred !
 And most effectually all mouths to gag
 'Mong Englishmen with tongues disposed to wag,
 The *King's Supremacy Papistical*
 To priest, lord, commoner, high dame and hag,
 On treason's pain and sentence capital,
 By oath was tendered from *His Holiness*, Bluff Hal !

XIII.

As northern monks resented such high sin,
Pope Hal, by a commission of *lewd rakes*,
 Whose purses, like his own, were lean and thin,
 On England's Abbeyes *Visitation* makes.
 Their goods and revenues he confiscates :
 Their inmates driving forth to beggary;
 Some Priors he pensioned, but burned more at stakes ;
 A plan which, while it filled the *Treasury*, (14)
 Served well to seat him firmly in his *Papacy* !

months previous to this farcical marriage by Cranmer, Henry had been privately married to Anne Boleyn by Chaplain Lee; and as the fact of this "private" marriage had to be announced in order to meet the emergency of Anne's pressing condition, a report from *high quarters* was circulated to that effect. Others suggest an amendment to that bright idea by wisely ante-dating the supposed "private" performance sufficiently far back to intimate with better semblance of truth that Anne's child, Elizabeth, was born in wedlock; though what style of "wedlock" it could be while Katherine yet lived and no competent authority gainsaid her rights as wife of Henry VIII and Queen of England, these English gossips fail to inform us. What is certain is that Elizabeth was born Sept. 7, 1533, only four months after the marriage performed by Cranmer!

(14.) These monastic institutions, besides being homes of learning and Christian perfection were exhaustless centers of a far-reaching charity and industrial aid among the lower orders throughout England. To every great Abbey were attached free hospitals and free schools for the poor. Their revenues were held in trust for the people as for the poor of Christ; and how faithfully they fulfilled their trust is sufficiently shown by the subsequent wide-spread ignorance, vice and beggary entailed upon England by their suppression. "Henry suppressed 645 religious houses, 110 endowed hospitals, 90 colleges; and the very beds of the sick, as at the hospital at Winchester, were sold 'for the King's use.' The

DOMINICANA

XIV.

As by the Furies seized, the wretch now plunged
 Adown the steep declivity of crime ;
 And, drunken-wise, on all sides fiercely lunged
 At friend and foe with equal aim malign !
 From that dread height where Anne did rashly climb
 He thrust her down, and sent her to the *block*
 For cause which none dared utter to the time,—
 Not e'en herself, whose mouth, as with a lock,
 He closed lest all the world reel dizzy from the shock ! (15)

XV.

Meanwhile, with lust to bloody mind allied,
 The brute had chosen in Anne Boleyn's stead
 Jane Seymour, whom the day poor Anne died,
 He married ; but Jane died in first child-bed ;
 He then took Anne of Cleves, whom Cromwell led
 From Belgium to the *Blue Beard's* nuptial feast ;
 Her he divorced, while Cromwell lost his head !
 Kate Howard next, who on the *block* deceased ;
 And then Kate Parr, who happily survived the beast !

XVI.

That such a wretch was suffered to live on,
 And trample under heel all England down ;
 Both civil and religious freedom gone ;
 The Peerage made to cringe before the Crown,
 And England's bishops tremble at his frown ;
 Surpasses all that history can show
 Of *cowardly* in nation, state or town !
 And yet your wonderment must cease to grow,
 On due reflection that,—*it's English, don't you know !*

annual revenues from all these institutions swelled the King's treasury to the sum of \$750,000, an enormous sum in those days. Yet within two years Henry had dissipated the whole amount." (Drane Hen. VIII.)

(15) When Anne got into trouble this *English Nigger*, Cranmer, by order of Henry, easily declared the King's marriage with her null and void from the beginning, and her offspring, Elizabeth, illegitimate; in which decision both Parliament and Hierarchy as easily concurred!

In our opinion, the cause of Anne Boleyn's execution was the discovery by this fool King of the relationship between himself and her, as intimated in Note 8; he surpassed blind Aedipus and out-heroded Herod!

XVII.

As death approached to end his bad career,
 His body was, from vice, one ulcer heap ;
 His *conscience* stabbed him with despairing fear ;
 And at each human face he'd rave and leap !
He died blaspheming Heaven's Mercy Seat !
 His coffin, placed 'neath ruined *Sion's* Rood,
 Refused the desecrator's corpse to keep ;
 And bursting, o'er the pavement made a flood ;
 While prowling, starving English dogs licked up his blood !

XVIII.

Thus ended the Eighth Henry's *royal* role !
 While of his work, the *English Papacy*,
 Or Church 'neath King's and Parliament's control,
 Which severed England from St. Peter's See ;
 Suffice to say—from its nativity
 In lust and blood, through past three centuries nigh
 Down to its putrid incoherency
 In modern Anglicans, Low, Broad and High,
 'Twas never else than a foul-reeking English lie !

s to daily social readings—continued
 n year to year, while a family is run-
 g through its course of changes—they
 stitute a bright continuity of its in-
 ctual and moral existence. This com-
 ion of intelligence, and this recollec-
 of books, that have left an impression
 n the memories of the listeners—they
 ily coalesce with the remembrance of
 ily events. I have said the same as to
 connection of the seasons with family
 ory. The book, and the events that
 ked the time of its perusal, weld into
 , and especially it will be so, if in
 instance, the heavy hammer of suffer-
 and sorrow has come, stroke upon
 ke, so as to make all one in the mem-
 Taking a glance round at my own
 ives, I see books, never to be forgot-
 for they were in the course of reading
 uch and such a time.—*Isaac Taylor.*

natural turn for reading and intellec-
 l pursuits probably preserved me from
 moral shipwreck so apt to befall those
 are deprived in early life of the pa-

ternal pilotage. At the least my books
 kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the
 tavern, the saloon, with their degrading
 orgies. For the closet associate of Pope
 and Addison, the mind accustomed to the
 silent discourse of Shakespeare and Mil-
 ton, will hardly seek or put up with low
 company or slang. Later experience en-
 ables me to depose to the comfort and
 blessing that literature can prove in sea-
 sons of sickness or sorrow—how power-
 fully intellectual pursuits can keep the
 head from crazing and the heart from
 breaking—nay, not to be too grave, how
 generous mental food can ever atone for
 too meager diet—rich fare on the paper
 for snort commons on the cloth. Many,
 many a dreary hour have I got over—
 many a gloomy misgiving postponed—
 many a mental or bodily annoyance for-
 gotten, by help of the tragedies and come-
 dies of our dramatists and novelists !
 Many a trouble has been smoothed by the
 still, small voice of the moral philoso-
 pher—many a dragon-like care charmed
 to sleep by the sweet song of the poet ;
 for all which I cry incessantly, not aloud,
 but in my heart, thanks and honor to the
 glorious masters of the pen, and the great
 inventors of the press!—*Thomas Hood.*

THE LABORS OF THE JOSEPHITE FATHERS AMONG THE NEGROES.

REV. FRANCIS J. TOBIN.

It is, no doubt, a pleasure for our readers to know that at present the Church has thirty priests working exclusively for the colored people in the South. These good priestly laborers all belong to the Congregation of S. Joseph, the mother house of which is located in the city of Baltimore, Maryland. The members of this community are commonly known as "Josephite Fathers." Each one of these priests has a church and school and a



REV. THOMAS B. DONOVAN.

colored congregation of at least forty families. Many of the fathers have several missions to attend, in addition to the one they make their headquarters. The good Josephite missionaries are scattered over nine different States between Delaware and Texas.

Taking these few facts as a summary, we can see a nucleus forming in the Southern States from which the Church may expect to reap a glorious harvest. It has taken about ten years to get these outposts in position, but, now that they are well established and held by zealous missionaries, the fact argues well for a successful combat with the powers of darkness.

The Josephite Fathers, in their labors among the colored people of the South, look for no less a conquest than the eternal salvation of no less than nine millions of Negroes. Certainly the desire of the Missionary Fathers is rather great, but it is, nevertheless, consoling. The Lord, too, will no doubt reward it as He rewarded Daniel the Prophet, whom He praised for his great desires. To desire ardently the salvation of an immortal soul is something which must be pleasing to the great Heart of Jesus. The goodness of our Blessed Redeemer urges the missionary, no matter in what clime he be, to undertake great labors and to look for marvelous results. Hence it is that the Josephite Fathers labor zealously and patiently among the Negroes of our own land, and heartily expect to win them to the true Church, and thus bring millions of souls to Christ.

In their missionary endeavors the Fathers of S. Joseph employ every possible means to foster their good work. Their schools for the colored children are conducted by the sisters of the different teaching orders, who, by word and example, implant in the hearts of the little ones a love for Christ and His Church. Many of the pupils later on wander away from a good and moral life, 'tis true, but invariably, the remembrance of their early Christian training comes back sufficiently to enable them at least to prepare for a good death. The schools are open to Catholics and Protestants alike. All are taught their prayers and catechism. In the day school on the Houston, Texas Colored Mission, there are at least six hundred Protestant children, this being three-fourths of the total number on the roll. Against studying the catechism or learning the prayers there is never a murmur.

When they leave school at the end of a term they know their catechism remarkably well.

Giving the Protestant colored children this knowledge often works to the advantage of the missions, because it frequently happens that the priest is called to a dying Negro by some Protestant boy or girl who had been taught the great importance of having a priest at the death bed. These same Protestant children attending the colored Catholic schools learn a great deal of truth about the Church, and they have many opportunities to laugh to scorn the foolish and wicked insinuations against the Church so frequently made among the colored people of the different Protestant sects. They form, as it were, a little guard of honor in their neighborhoods, and often repay the Church a hundred fold for the care she took of them in their school days.

The good done by Protestant children instructed in our colored schools, however little it may appear to outsiders, has been, in the eyes of the Missionary Fathers, of great importance. It has been the source whence sprung the idea of educating Catholic colored boys to become catechists in their neighborhoods and among their own people. The very fact that Protestant children defend our Church gave rise to the idea of educating colored Catholic boys for this same purpose. Hence it was that Father Slattery, the Superior of the Fathers of S. Joseph, ventured to suggest the opening of a special school or college wherein colored boys of the South could be instructed in the doctrine of their Catholic faith, and sufficiently to equip them to be spokesmen in their own neighborhoods for the Catholic Church. To do this Father Slattery obtained the approval of the Holy See to open what is now known as S. Joseph's College for Negro Catechists. He purchased an estate in Montgomery, Alabama, for seven thousand dollars, and sent Rev. Thomas B. Donovan to begin the new work. The undertaking was not a pleasant one, but hardly a better man could have been selected than Father Donovan. He has always shown great zeal in his

labors among the colored people. He recognized from the first that his new work was no easy task. Nevertheless, he set about it in his characteristic energetic fashion, and soon had the doors of the college open.

On the estate which Father Slattery had bought for the new college there were, when Father Donovan reached it, a barn and a residence; the residence differed only in name from the barn. There were no accommodations, and apparently no possibility of turning the house into use for a college. "Tear it down," was the verdict of all. But Father Donovan refused to abide by the general opinion. To build a new house would require money, and he had none. It would also take time which he did not like to lose. He said he would improve and repair the old building, and have it ready for students in November, 1901. His first move then was to beg for money. This he did by appealing to the Catholics of the whole country through the Catholic Press. The generous response of the people from all over the United States and Canada was very gratifying to him. This enabled him to fulfill his promise to open the college at once. He next issued an appeal to the priests of the country to send him good Catholic colored boys about fifteen years old. From all the clergy he received sincere encouragement, and he certainly deserved it all. His college, opened since November, has now ten colored pupils. Father Donovan had started the good work in real earnest.

The object of this college, to quote Father Donovan, "is intended to meet the needs of a certain class of young Negro men who desire education, with a view of making themselves more widely and effectively useful to their people. As Catechists they will get near to their people, and will instruct and prepare subjects for baptism, and in the intervals between the visits of the missionary they will call together their neighbors on Sunday for prayers, instruction and the singing of hymns. Thus they will prove a valuable help to the missionary priest in winning converts, and in preserving the faith

among many who might otherwise stay away through the lack of that constant attention which we all know to be so essential.

This college of which Father Donovan is rector is about five miles out from the city of Montgomery, Alabama. Every day he has to go that distance for his mail. People from all over the country send him small contributions, and his mail at times is quite large. When he started his good work he had to walk to the city. Sometimes he would ride to town in a farmer's wagon. Later on he got a bicycle, but he being rather heavy, and the road an up and down one, the walk was considered preferable. Father Donovan brought his eatables from the city, and employed a farm hand to do the cooking.

The first pupil was a one-armed colored boy from Louisiana, and for five months this boy was Father Donovan's only com-

panion. The boy, however, was very useful, for he could sweep, wash dishes and carry water, even though he had but one hand. It was very amusing to see him try to make up a bed.

Father Donovan's labors and sacrifices were soon rewarded, for our Lord blessed his noble efforts. Friends were not long in learning to appreciate such a priest. His house was made comfortable, students came, an assistant priest was sent, farm hands took charge of his lands, and a horse and buggy saved him the weary five-mile walk to the city. Thus at present he is nicely fixed, and feels grateful to the Lord, who has enabled him to put S. Joseph's College in good shape. This opens an avenue of advancement in piety to the colored youths of the South.

Father Donovan is a well-known figure in the city of Montgomery. He is respected by its citizens, who admire his zeal and self-sacrifice, and who wish him success in his arduous undertaking.

ABIDING.

ALONZO L. RICE.

Three things—a child's laugh, flowers, and
a face
Of angel beauty—still with me will bide;
The first is music that will sweetly glide
Between discordant notes of life; the second
grace
The earth that else might be a barren
place;
With fragrant beauty, these two fill the
wide,
Sad vales with sound and odor half
allied
To scenes with which the poets people
space.
I heard the laughter of the children,
caught
The perfume of the flowers on the air,
And then I saw your face whose beauty
wrought
A halo like the saints of glory wear;
Now close are heaven's portals then I
thought,
And through the fields of fadeless green
I fare.

VIOLETS.

H. M. TUCKER.

In purple robes of penance clad,
Children of Passion-tide,
Humble, and lovely as a face
By sorrow sanctified—

So strangely out of place they seen
Where Pride and Pleasure meet;
The altar and the grave are theirs
And cloister's calm retreat.

The purple vesture Jesus wore,
The violet wears again.
Close to the crucifix they cling
And whisper of His pain.

Exiles from Christ's dear Cross, they are—
The saddest flowers of all,
Its sombre shadow beautiful
Upon them seems to fall.

The royal color of Our King,
Who thorny chaplet bore,
They whisper of the Passion-time
When Lenten days are o'er.

FATHER RAYMOND JOHNS, O. P.

announcement of the death of Father Raymond Johns, in San Francisco on February-fourth, was received by all those who had known his genial, kindly nature or who had been brought into contact with his ever-falling, gentle way. By his brethren of the Order the sad news were not unexpected, for they knew the fatal character of the disease.

During the two days which followed the manifestation, and his death, Father

displayed a spirit of patience and resignation, under sufferings most rare, worthy of a true religious and an example to all who witnessed his fortitude.

Though not naturally robust, Father Johns was actively engaged in the duties of his charge until two months previously to his death, when the disease, from which he had long suffered, took so sudden a turn that the change gave a shock to all his associates.

He was born in London, March 13, 1841, his parents, exemplary members of the Episcopal Church, were remarkable for their intelligence and culture. From his earliest years he was required to be diligent in the household and to avail of every opportunity of instruction that was afforded him. He soon developed an eye quick to comprehend and a mind apt to comprehend the harmony of colors and the proportion of forms. He determined to

devote himself to the study of architecture. His later years gave splendid evidence of his artistic genius. Architectural disproportion was to him a real source of affliction.

Having been converted to the Catholic faith, Father Johns entered the Novitiate of the Dominican Order at Woodchester, England. He made profession in 1871. In 1876 he came to California, and in the following year was ordained priest by the late Archbishop

bishop Alemany. Since his ordination Father Johns labored zealously and successfully in San Francisco, Vallejo, Benicia, and in the neighboring towns.

According to his plans were erected St. Dominic's Church, San Francisco, and St. Dominic's, Benicia, both conceded to be monuments of architectural ability. Many conventual buildings also bear the impress of his artistic skill.

Naturally of a kind and generous heart with a temperament not easily ruffled, he proved a pleasant and agreeable companion to all his associates. By his life he taught the blessedness and beauty of a gentle heart.

He died as he had lived, thinking well of all, and by no one disesteemed. He exhaled a spirit of charity and hearty toleration, redolent of the atmosphere of peace in which he dwelt, and in which he enjoyed a foretaste of that eternal peace into which, as we pray and hope, his soul has entered.



S. VINCENT FERRER, O. P., PRIEST.

(1346-1419.)

This great ornament of the Dominican Order was born about the year 1346, at Valentia, in Spain, of pious and well-to-do parents. Even before his birth wonderful signs presaged his future sanctity, and, after a childhood of singular holiness, he took the habit of a Friar Preacher when entering on his eighteenth year. During the years of study and teaching which followed his profession, he doubtless practiced the lesson he so beautifully gives to others in his "Treatise on Spiritual Life," a book which in its day enjoyed as great a popularity as the "Imitations of Christ" and the "Spiritual Combat" in our times. When you are reading and studying you should often turn to our Lord to converse with Him, and ask Him to give you understanding.

* * * Hide yourself in the Wounds of Jesus, and then resume your reading. Never, perhaps, had Europe stood in such need of being evangelized by a saint as during the latter half of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century. Two terrible scourges, each bringing countless evils in its train, were desolating the Church and the outer world.

One was the awful pestilence known as the black death, which is said to have carried off one-third of the human race. The other was the Great Schism, during which sometimes as many as three rival Popes divided the allegiance of Christendom. It was by no means easy at the time to know which election had been valid, and, whilst England remained faithful to the true Pope, France and Spain, probably in perfect good faith, supported the Anti-Pope, who had established himself at Avignon. S. Vincent Ferrer was for some time Confessor to the Anti-Pope, Peter de Luna (Benedict XIII). The anxieties of this office caused the saint a severe illness, but our Lord appeared to him and cured him, at the same time bidding him quit the Pontifical Court and go forth to

preach throughout the length and breadth of France and Spain the approach of the Last Judgment. With extreme difficulty the saint at length obtained from Benedict permission to obey the command, and entered upon his commission with ample powers as Legate of the Apostolic See. The Divine Head of the Church, who was thus providing for her needs in her hour of trial, endowed the messenger with miraculous gifts almost unparalleled in history. The remaining twenty years of S. Vincent's life was spent in evangelizing the countries which our Lord had assigned to him as his field of labor. He also preached in Savoy and Italy.

In Christian art he is depicted with wings, in allusion to the passage in the Apocalypse relating to the "angel flying through the midst of heaven having the eternal Gospel to preach unto them that sit upon the earth, and over every nation, and tribe, and tongue, and people," bidding them fear the Lord, and give Him honor, because the hour of His judgment is come." For the common theme of S. Vincent's preaching was to exhort men to prepare for the coming of the Judge. A large number of people was accustomed to accompany the saint from place to place, the number amounting to many thousands. These followed him either from devotion and to have the advantage of his daily sermon, or they were penitents, great sinners converted by him and anxious to atone for their past life. It was calculated that more than 100,000 persons, who were considered hopelessly obstinate in an openly wicked life, were brought to sincere and lasting repentance by the preaching of S. Vincent. Wherever he appeared heresy was put to flight, enemies were reconciled, and deadly feuds extinguished. God was pleased by his means to convert twenty-five thousand Jews and eight thousand Moors in various parts of Spain.

By his persuasion a large number of churches, monasteries and hospitals were erected in various places, and he caused many bridges to be built over rivers for the benefit of the people. He loved to collect children around him, and would teach the Our Father, Hail Mary and Creed, instructing them in the simplest words how to show their love for God, to obey their parents, and to do good to others.

He is regarded in Spain as the special patron of orphans, and was the founder of some celebrated orphanages, which were placed under the care of Dominican Tertiaries. After his daily sermon, S. Vincent, to satisfy the devotion of the people, was obliged to allow them to kiss his hand, in token of reverence, and to bring the sick, that he might lay his hand upon them with prayer. An immense multitude, whose number is known only

to God, were thus perfectly cured of every disease. On more than one occasion he raised the dead to life, and he may be considered the great Thaumaturgus of the Dominican Order. In the midst of these astonishing signs of the Divine power working through him, S. Vincent's humility remained ever his most distinguishing virtue. To a Franciscan friend, who, in the midst of a public ovation, said to him, "Brother Vincent, how is pride now?" the saint replied, with a smile, "It comes and it goes, brother, but it never stays." And no one was ever more sincere in acknowledging himself an unprofitable servant. Worn out with age and labor, S. Vincent was attacked by his last illness at Varnes, in Brittany, and happily departed to our Lord on Wednesday, April 5, 1419, at the age of seventy-three. He was canonized by Pope Callixtus III in 1455.

THE BITTER CUP.

M. N. GOODNOW.

I knew, O God, from first he lay
Upon my breast, in infancy,
That all of grief a heart may hold,
As well as happiness untold,
Would fill the measure of my years.
But, God of Love, these bitter tears
Would hold more of wormwood and of
gall
That e'er I dreamed of heart could fall.

O feet that in my hands oft lay,
Like petaled flowers, cold as clay,
Now, 'neath the hammer's cruel knell,
And blood-stained where my kisses fell.

About my neck, a cross is hung.
Where each fair strand had loved to
stray;
And lo! a crown of mockery!

Hast Thou, O God, forsaken Him—
The "Holy One" of Bethlehem?
Let pass this cup. O take it, Thou,
Beneath whose rod and cross we bow;
O'erflowing bitterness and bane.
Yet would my lips its fullness drain.
I ask it by each tender bond
That held Him, nursing, true and fond.
O sunny hair, that once had clung

By lips that plead in baby-guise,
By tenderly entreating eyes,
By hands that, crossed upon my knee,
In soft beseechment unto Thee;
By every grace of manhood's prime,
By souls brought spotless through the
grime,
By motherhood's unceasing cry
Of childless agony.

EDITORIAL.

With the *Alleluia* of the Paschal season this April ushers us, in Easter gladness, into the joys of our risen and triumphant Lord. The glorious mysteries of the Rosary call to every client of our Lady, and in their spirit and grace they urge us on in the struggle of this life, by the promise and cheer of the true life beyond the grave.

We spend more than a billion dollars a year for drink, not counting tea or coffee; more than half a billion for tobacco; more than a quarter of a billion for confectionery, fruit and flowers. How many dollars do we spend for the furtherance of the great cause of Catholic literature in Catholic homes? We fear not even a tithe of the sums named.

The new force that has been called into being by the energetic efforts of the missionaries of the apostolate of the Catholic press is happily at work, but we do not care to see it exercised only for the benefits of its own agents. It must be truly an apostolate; its work of evangelizing must be active. We desire that it will be as a leaven among those whose sense of need is dull, and whose poverty (especially if they are rich) should appeal more strongly to us because of their very helplessness.

We must rouse them, the mental consumptives, the spiritual cripples, whose food has not been even clean husks, but the very refuse of insipidity, sensationalism, stale wit, poverty-stricken ideas, baldness of thought, more baldly expressed; a mass of literary rubbish. We must inspire them with new tastes, new hopes, with a longing for that strength which comes to those whose dish is not dainty, but whose hearty appetite and discriminating taste enable them to partake freely of the good things set before them by the intellectual caterers of every age.

Our people should know to some extent the share of the Church in shaping and developing modern civilization; her influ-

ence on laws and society, even where her gentle yoke has been forsworn; the career of her noble sons and daughters, in all ways inspired by love for God and zeal for their fellows that make up the glorious story of historic Christianity.

There are many of our American Catholics to whom Lacordaire's thought applies: that we need a more thorough knowledge of the Church's great men, her saints, her civilization, her moral and civil superiority, the progress of humanity under the influence of the Cross; and, again, that we must know the attitude of the Church on all the questions of the day, in which souls run more risk of being led astray than of being enlightened by the modern, self-appointed teachers.

When will parents rouse themselves to a full sense of the responsibility they are under in the matter of providing good wholesome reading for their children? When will they realize the stern necessity of an active, vigorous campaign against the lies and calumnies of a sensational and irreligious press?

Alas! too frequently, when they shall have witnessed the physical and spiritual ruin of the children confided to their care.

On the 23d of this month the devotions of the "Fifteen Tuesdays" in honor of S. Dominic, will begin. The pious practice of dedicating the fifteen Tuesdays immediately preceding S. Dominic's day (August 4th) to the honor of the holy Patriarch, had its origin in Florence in the year 1631, under the direction of the Dominican, Father Bruni, Prior of S. Mary's, who urged the people to seek the saint's help for deliverance from a plague. The clients of our Holy Father have since lovingly followed this devotion. It is but just to venerate the institutor of that form of prayer which is dearest to our Lady and to the Christian heart. Tuesday is the day of the week specially dedicated to S. Dominic, on account of the numerous miracles which God worked, in tes-

timony of his merits, on the day of the translation of his relics, which took place on a Tuesday. The conditions for gaining the indulgences were determined by Benedict XIII., January 19, 1726. On each of the fifteen Tuesdays, a mystery of the Rosary is honored, in commemoration of the holy Founder, whose example is set before all for imitation, in the study of the Beads. The sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist are received in a Dominican church on each Tuesday (though weekly confession will suffice, no matter on what day made), and the following indulgences may be gained: one hundred days' indulgence for each Tuesday, and a plenary indulgence for one Tuesday chosen at will.

Although suffering from physical indisposition during the prolonged discussion of Filipino complications before the Senate Committee, Governor Taft preserved his genial good humor—even to the point of facetiousness. Upon the minor considerations of independence for the Filipinos and a reduction of tariff for the Islands, slight deviations from former expressions of the Governor's opinion were noticeable.

On the land question, however, no amount of Senatorial cross-questioning elicited any inclination on his part to swerve from his original statement—those four hundred thousand acres must be purchased!

When will the Pacification Committee make an appropriation?

In giving space to a long extract from a recent number of *The Sun*, New York, we desire only to emphasize our agreement with the distinguished Episcopalian clergyman whom we quote, on the question of godless education:

Memorial services were held under the auspices of the New York Society, Sons of the Revolution, at St. Paul's Chapel, in honor of the dead President, Mr. McKinley. The members of the society met in the parish house in the rear of the church, and at three o'clock marched into the church. The Rev. W. Montague Greer, vicar of St. Paul's chapel, preached the

sermon. It was an arraignment of what the preacher called the "Godless Educational System of the United States."

"This dreadful calamity," said he, "looks very much like a visitation upon us of the wrath of the Most High. The nation must realize that it is alone with an angry God. We must get back to the foundations, back to the guiding principles of our forefathers to find out wherein we have offended Him. God expects much from us. He probably expects more than from any other nation on the globe.

"The acts of God do not always work out to our understanding. We know that we have not sinned or erred in twice electing to the Presidency the great and good man in whose honor we have gathered here. We must look elsewhere for the fault that has led to this manifestation of the wrath of the Almighty. The sin of slavery we have expiated and wiped out. The sin of intemperance we can master and are mastering. The sin of allowing the abomination of our city government to continue here in New York rests with the citizens of this municipality.

"It is not national. Is there then any evil so widespread as to call the wrath of God down upon us? Our Godless system of education is a far worse crime than slavery or intemperance. I believe that the United States are suffering from the wrath of God to-day because our people have consented to the banishment of Jesus Christ from the daily lives of our children. If to-day Christ were on earth and should enter almost any public school house in our country, the teacher, acting on his instructions, would show Him the door. If, on the other hand, He were to enter any of our private schools, He would be worshipped by teacher and scholar on bended knee. To see the awfulness of this comparison and its significance, we have only to realize that the private schools of the land are the schools where the sons of the rich and well-to-do are educated, and the public schools the nurseries of the poor. Do the children of the rich need religious instruction more than the children of the poor? Why does Christian education come so high that it

is beyond the reach of the children of the poor? Here is the sin—here the fault. And close upon it follows the speedy and appalling decline of religious life in the home.

"The question now is, to what extent can we mould and remodel our educational system. To solve this problem we must put forth our best energies. Almost any system is better than the present one. It were infinitely better to divide up the money received from the school-tax among the various Christian denominations and Hebrews than to continue the present irreligious system."

It may not be out of order to add, here, our qualified dissent from Doctor Greer's claim that the public schools are not frequented by the children of the rich. We believe that thousands of parents, well able to pay for the tuition of their sons and daughters in private schools, send them to the public schools, and there continue them, long after the children of the poor are obliged to leave for their life's labor, in the enjoyment of unequal and undeserved advantages for the support of which the poor man is unjustly taxed, without representation or share in benefit, and this is a grievous wrong that demands adjustment. It is good that light is breaking in so many places.

During the course of another McKinley memorial sermon delivered in New York Doctor Huntington, a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, used the following language:

"What are the Ten Commandments?" an advanced young woman, in one of our colleges, is reported to have asked her instructor. "What are the Ten Commandments? I have just happened upon a reference to them in Chaucer."

"That is the sort of thing that is furnishing a seed-plant for lawlessness. Let us inject more of Christian morals, I do not say of Christian dogma (though there is a close connection between the two), but more of Christian morals into our scheme for maturing the child-life of the nation."

Again we say that the spreading of the light is gratifying.

The New York World, commenting on "benevolent assimilation," says:

"Gen. Bell's orders to his soldiers to make the Filipinos 'want peace and want it bad' is followed by an order from Gen. Smith, in the Samar district, proclaiming that 'every native, whether in arms or living in the pueblos or barrios, will be regarded and treated as an enemy until he has conclusively shown that he is a friend.'"

"Oaths of allegiance do not count; 'neutrality must not be tolerated'; priests are 'suspects'; wealthy natives and 'men of influence' may be arrested and held as prisoners 'until released by orders from these headquarters,' even when positive evidence is lacking."

"All of which goes to show what a very grim jest our policy of 'benevolent assimilation' has become, and how much reliance can be placed on the statements—stale by two years and a half of repetition—that 'the war is over' and the people 'practically pacified.'"

MAGAZINES.

The North American Review for March contains a notable contribution from the pen of Stephen Bonsal, who deals in a thought-provoking manner with our affairs in the Philippines. To some of his conclusions we may advert in another number. Meantime we commend to our friends the reading of his excellent paper.

In *The Atlantic Monthly* for March Fred W. Atkinson descants upon "The Educational Problem in the Philippines."

"The problem of establishing a modified American school system in the Philippines," says Mr. Atkinson, "is the problem of supplanting an old system deeply woven with the religious beliefs and social institutions of a semi-civilized people."

* * * With the new educational machine in motion, "the wheels of which are oiled by American teachers, free schools, free class books," public libraries, lecture courses, broad commercial relations with other countries, a widespread daily press (a la American), street corner political discussions," Mr. Atkinson is willing to "venture an opinion" that culture will sup-

juated spirituality, antiquated in the schools, antiquated etc.

reciprocity of literary data will be established between America and the Philippine Archipelago, Mr. Atty have the happy privilege of some literary curios among—not distinctively religious—among which are many purely works, as well as the early histories of the Islands. From such chronicles we learn the facts that the early missionaries—eminent as Europeans—were “up-to-date” in running educational machines.” For, from the first arrival in the Islands early in the sixteenth century, free courses of instruction were given to the natives, in the form of bamboo hunts; class-books and aids to education were lavished on the Natives by Church and State; printing was instituted as early as 1601, and printing presses were in operation as early

as on to the possession of Christendom without which science and art cannot truly thrive—the Filipinos were familiar with the technique of husbandry, carving, painting and weaving in the sixteenth century Manila was a center of intellectual enlightenment. It radiated the warmth of philanthropy, wisdom and charity—which contrasted with the gloom of Borneo, the Caraccas, extending to the mainland and rightening the shores of China

and, according to the testimony of the famous French *savant*, Elisee Reclus, “Filipinos son de los pueblos de la zona del Extremo Orient. Los indios de los fraltes”—that is, “They are one of the most civilized peoples of the Far East. The friars have benefited them.”

As to Mr. Atkinson's assertions that there is a real desire for school, and an eagerness to acquire English,” he is but one “opinion.” Mr. Atkinson does not take any active part in our political discussions,” else he would have been in possession of the fact that the Filipino youth are at

present manifesting a wonderful *agility* in their intense eagerness to escape the inflection of unadulterated English—at the point of the American sword.

Appropos of the subject of education—or, rather, the lack of “educational machines” in the United States—*The Atlanta Constitution* gives some plain facts:

“There is no more humiliating fact that an intelligent Southern man has to face than this: That among the white people of the South we have as many illiterate men over twenty-one years of age as we had fifty-two years ago, when the census of 1850 was taken.

“Make every allowance that may please on account of the Civil War and its consequent impoverishment of our people, and yet this depressing fact is not explicable on any grounds creditable to the white people of the South. To say that we have not had at least within the thirty years of our public school enterprises since 1870 opportunity and means to improve the educational status of our white people is to claim an excuse that ignores facts and outrages common sense.

This ignorance of reading and writing, the two primary necessities of the automatic citizen, to which we now refer, exists among the white men of the South who have come to full age, to citizenship and all its privileges, since the Cotton Exposition was held in Atlanta in 1881. These figures we write about do not include children or negroes. They speak their condemnation alone upon the grown-up sons of Southern men, the adult voters of to-day, upon whose intelligence, efficiency and ballots the interests of our civilization and society depend.

“It is useless to parade figures showing how much we have spent on schools, how many schools we have, and how many new fads and fiddlesticks we have imported into them from the hotbeds of Boston “culchah”—the fact remains that, in proportion to our white adult male population in the South, we have as many men who cannot read and write as we had fifty years ago. That is a mean-looking, measly fact that cannot be wiped off the record.

"Our sister States of the South may deal with this deplorable situation as they may elect, but surely it is time for Georgia to get down squarely to the work of correcting our educational system in a way that will work a continuous reduction and practical disappearance of this large volume of illiteracy.

"We need to go down to bed rock in this matter in Georgia and sacrifice much in the lines of ornamental instruction for the great end of wiping from the rolls of our white citizenship the stigma of abnormal illiteracy that now degrades it."

The Philippine Review for February advocates the letting in "of the light" on Philippine affairs. The light must needs be strong to thoroughly arouse a blinking public.

The Review says:

"The Philippine Legislative proposal probably ranking next in importance is that embodied in the resolution introduced by Senator Hoar for the appointment of a committee of seven Senators to investigate Philippine questions, and particularly the conduct of war. Everybody recognizes a dearth of real information of Philippine affairs, in spite of the mazy reports and the mass of testimony. To clear up something of the mystery is the Senator's aim. Unhappily, there is little prospect that it will be seriously considered. Public opinion does not demand of the dominant party that it should bring out the skeleton from its closet to public view and for the enhancement of its opponent's chances of success. Nothing less than an extreme public demand would compel the dominant party to adopt any such programme.

"The Congressional mind is not greatly aroused over the Philippine question, nor, for that matter, over any other question. So many topics constantly press for attention that few Congressmen really know much about the great questions until forced to study them. There is a great popular misconception on this point. The 'enterprising journalist' who writes so glibly of the 'feeling in Washington' on every topic that arises is criticised when

it is known that he draws this 'feeling' from the inspiration of his own intuition; but this criticism is unjust if the reading public insists upon knowing the 'feeling in Washington.' On topic after topic the search for real opinion and real conclusions among Senators and Representatives is most fruitless. Not until press and public have opened the discussion and suggested the texts do the Congressional opinions come to light. The chief concern of the member of Congress is in the needs of his own district, or State, if he be a Senator. A large part of this concern, of course, is over patronage. Next to this comes his committee work and the topics which that suggests. For the men who are not on Philippine committees, few have anything to say more than that they trust each committee on the subjects assigned to it, and that, above all, they must not disturb the harmony and coherence of the party organization. As a result, little that is surprising or sensational in regard to the Philippines would be expected from Congress this winter. The public will have to awaken first.

"Frederick Palmer, who has recently traveled around the world, makes in *Collier's Weekly* an extremely important suggestion regarding the Philippines. He says: "We get very little except official news from the islands now. Probably the absence of public interest does not warrant the newspapers giving more. Most of the correspondents who still remain, I hear, are now in the employ of the civil government."

"Without being able to vouch for the truth of his suggestion that most of the sources of American information regarding the Philippines are either official or subsidized, one does not have to be unduly pessimistic to express no surprise if that should prove the case. Washington is very much nearer the American newspaper reader than Manila, and yet a large part of the information which goes out from here is in effect subsidized. Great newspapers do not seem to think it amiss to have their representatives on official pay-rolls or under personal or pecuniary obligations to great party leaders. The

ic has apparently not awakened to sense of impropriety in this sort of s, and so States and sections are in r instances supplied with information h is regularly misleading. If the in- ation from the Philippines is cor- rectly colored, it would not be out of ing with the present tendencies of rican journalism."

Illustrated Catholic Missions for uary details the account of the horri- rtures inflicted upon Mgr. Hamer, of Scheut Missionary Society, Vicar- tolic of Southwest Mongolia, on July 900. The martyrdom of the holy p commenced on July 22. During : days journey to Ho-k'ou he was cted to most diabolical outrages. rsecutors, having reached the place cution, says the narrator, Bishop yn, "fixed in the ground three stakes ned together at the top so as to form angle. The victim, who was covered ie lower part of the body with wad- was fastened by the legs to one of : stakes, so as to expose his back, which the flesh was torn by means on instruments. Then they cut off and, feet, ears and nose. This done, ntilated limbs were tied to the top ie triangle, the wadding saturated oil and butter was ignited, and the r groaned several times. But, in of the efforts of the executioners to idle the fire, which went out every te, the body was scarcely touched by lames, although the legs were cov- with burns. Seeing this, the tor- s cut open his body, from which they out the heart, so as to roast it, and a boggar eat it, with a promise of undred sapecks. They also took out at from the bowels, in order to sell it e market, as a remedy. At last, like nartys of Gorcum, his head, cut off the body, was exposed on a stake. : days later it was buried.

t the present time the bones and head e glorious martyr are preserved in a . The head is certainly that of the p, but, for the rest, I dare not say ing, and I am continuing my seach ie remains. A Christian has assured

me that he placed a plank over the tomb of the Bishop, so that no mistake should be made afterwards. I also hope to get the instruments of torture, and all the articles worn by him in his last hours. Of these I now only possess a box of matches. Later on, we shall see to the transfer to Europe of a part of the relics, and to the erection of a tombstone at T'wo-cheng."

Terrible as the above record of outrages is in delineation of barbaric cruelty, it is a sublime evidence of the superhuman courage typified in the Catholic mission- ary.

From the *Propaganda Fide*, which re- cords the death of missionaries for the year 1900, we have mention of one hun- dred and seventy-one who met death while laboring for souls in foreign lands. Nine of the above number were Bishops; four of this number were French, three Italian, one Canadian and one Dutch.

Of the one hundred and sixty-two priests, eighty-three were French, seven- teen Italians, fourteen Belgians, ten Dutch, five Spaniards, four Germans, five Irish, three Canadians, eight Alsacians, three Chinese, two Mexicans, one Eng- lish, one Austrian, one Luxemburger, one Singalese, one Syrian, one Venezuelan, one Peruvian and one Brazilian.

In a recent issue of the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*, Doctor M. S. Simpson de- scribes the manufacture of Philippine whiskey, and also notes its effect upon American soldiers:

Vino is manufactured in the nipa swamps around Manila Bay, and the con- tiguous lagoons. Nipa does not grow in- land or in the higher lands. The greatest nest of distilleries is in the vast swamps in the delta of the Rio Grande. The parent stalk of the nipa fruticans is tap- ped and the sap collected much in the same manner that we collect maple sap. A native fits out his banka (wooden dug- out), which is 18 to 36 feet long and 30 inches beam, with ten or twelve ollas, or earthen bowls, holding from three to five gallons each, and paddles through the narrow waterways between the small is- lands densely covered with the nipa palm; and, frequently without leaving his posi- tion in the banka, can jab a tube into the spongy stem and tie fast a section of bam-

boo to collect the sap. Making his rounds again he empties these containers into his ollas, and paddles off to the distillery, where it is disposed of for a few centavos.

At the distillery the sap is mixed with the juice of the sugar cane—about 25 per cent of the latter being used—fermented, distilled and, in a crude way, rectified. The product is vino, taking that name from the Spanish word for wine. I was unable to find in Luzon and the upper islands a native-made distillate from rice, although arrack, from that plant, is imported some little by the Chinese. Maize is produced in some quantity, but, as far as I could learn, is not so used either. Potatoes are not grown in any quantity.

Vino is a pungent, colorless fluid, exhibiting an alcoholic strength of from 50 to 80 per cent and showing some butyric ether, but I never saw a trace of amylic alcohol (fusel oil). The "neva" of the Sumatra is the same thing, and a distillate is made from the various species of palm all around the world. In some parts of the islands "tuba dulce" is obtained from the cocoa palm, is fermented and becomes "toddy," but this is not the distillate vino. Vino more closely resembles the mexical, mezcal or aguardiente de maguey of the Mexicans.

The native—excluding those of the larger cities, who have adopted civilized habits—does not get drunk. It is a rarity to find a drunken native. Of the 500 or more natives we had in our command, we never had a case of drunkenness. The only case of intoxication that I ever saw among the Macabebes was our "major domo," or head servant, when we lived at Col. Blanco's, and he had surreptitiously emptied a bottle of cocktails that belonged to the commanding officer.

The native never drinks vino as it is in the market. He dilutes it with water, adds sugar and oil of anise and drinks it as "anissette," in the manner that his civilized brother takes a cordial. For a "long drink" he has bottled beer, made at the native breweries of San Miguel in Manila, or imported Japanese beer.

The intoxication from vino is purely profound insensibility of a toxic dose of alcohol. The American soldier saw in vino a substitute for whiskey, and, to the amazement of the native, took it raw and in big gulps. As a result he was dead drunk in a remarkably short space of time. The American temperament is peculiarly influenced by alcoholic intoxication, and during the preliminary stages the soldier was to the native "mucho loco."

In view of the fact that the native "pure and simple" experiences no inconvenience from indulgence in his home-manu-

factured cordials, immediate action should be taken in the matter of saving the remnants of American troops in the Philippines.

The suggestion of Governor Taft that milk-producing animals should be a feature of American enterprise, gives a clue to the solution of the puzzling situation.

The noble Yak, introduced into army headquarters will doubtless fill the bill, provided that the Governor includes in his insignia of office, a fly-flapper made of the white tail of the noble Yak, of potent significance, and, in reputable vogue in the far East; also, that the Governor flaps the fly-flapper during the lactific ceremony for the salvation of our valiant army.

BOOKS.

A MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS, edited by J. N. Larned, is entertaining and instructive reading. Judicious admonitions of many eminent moralists are herein contained, from which individuals may chose helpful guides to elevated standards of morality.

Historical and critical sketches of each author accompany the essays.

The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have made the book an attractive piece of work.

ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY, by Anne Besant, is published by John Lane, New York.

This "small book, on the greatest of subjects," will certainly inspire pity for the "occultist" or theosophist whose frenetic ravings are directed against the religious observances of Christianity.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PADRES, by Charles Warren Stoddard, is a charmingly attractive collection of sketches of persons and places connected with California's by-gone days.

"Old Days in El Dorado," "A Memory of Monterey," "A Bit of Old China," "A Mysterious History," "The Egg-Pickers of the Farallones," "Inland Yachting," and "In a California Bungalow," are subjects which hold for California's sons and daughters an intense interest.

The thrilling episodes that succeeded

the tranquil days of the Padres' missionary era transcend the marvels of romance.

Mr. Stoddard's artistic touch has brightened his scenes with the golden glory of California's joyous sunshine, illuminating the footprints of the heroic Padres.

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, has printed the volume in good style. Eight reproductions of photographic views of points of local interest will serve to illustrate the comparative progressive changes made during the past forty years.

Max Adeler's new book, CAPTAIN BLUITT, abounds in philosophical reflections upon men and things—some pathetically, some "funnily" expressed.

Captain Bluitt is a most amusing character. He is prepared to give advice upon all occasions—business, love or matrimony—and retains his equanimity even though he knows that it will not be followed. He gives some pointers to his nephew on courting:

"While a misfit occupation is bad, a misfit marriage is as near to clear misery as you can get this side of the grave. And then," said the captain, taking up the subject with the tone of a man who had reached impregnable conclusions, and as if Walter were in pressing need of wise counsel upon this particular subject, "and then I'll tell you: look out for posterity when you take up this marrying business. You don't marry the girl only; you marry papa and mamma and the cousins and the aunts and all the miscellaneous relations, sideways, forwards, backwards and cat-a-cornered. You also take on grandpa and grandma and great-grandpa and great-grandma, eight or ten of these maybe."

On the ways of love the author says:

"He led them through the Way of the Wilderness. Often it is a hard and bitter journey, with much wandering and stumbling and hunger and thirst; but the Power that prepared the highways of Life seems to have arranged that the finger-posts along the primrose paths shall rarely point to the Promised Land.

"If love at its very best be indeed Love

Triumphant, then there must be difficulty as the preliminary of conquest; there must be pang if felicity is to have the acuteness of ecstasy. If Sorrow's crown of Sorrow be remembering happier things, must it not be that the very crown of Joy, as one stands upon the mountain top in the serene atmosphere of victory, is remembrance of the travail of the dreary journey across the desert? The flowery bed of ease is never lifted heavenward; everything worth having costs, and the price paid for the highest things usually has in it some flavor of anguish."

"A Rural School Board," "Church-Debt Raising," "At a Woman's General Culture Club" and "Inventor's Troubles" are subjects treated by the author with rare humor.

The book is well printed and illustrated by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

THE BEST NONSENSE VERSES, chosen by Josephine Dodge Daskam, have, without doubt, the quality of flavor that is relished by the "wisest men"—if we except the unsavory morsel served up by W. S. Gilbert under the title of "Gentle Alice Brown." William S. Lord, Evans-ton, is the publisher of this little volume.

THE DESTINY AND OTHER POEMS, by Florence Brooks, is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. The whole collection from beginning to end "swirls" with mad "freedom," "delirious joys," "awful rapture" and "supreme lightning!" Instinctively we seek shelter from the storm.

OLD MISSION RHYMES, by William Hartley Holcomb, comes from the publishing house of Frye, Garrett & Smith, San Diego.

This little volume, profusely illustrated, portrays the virtues of the Padres of the early California Missions. "Tales of adventure, of love, of ambitions gratified and of hopes unfulfilled; the stories of noble piety and of martyrdom," are sympathetically treated by the author.

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN, by Benjamin F. de Costa, has reached its third edition.

In this volume translations from the Sagas, Papal letters, letters from the Vatican and the Bull of Gregory IV, dated A. D. 834, are included. All these documents furnish abundant historic data in verification of the claim that the Northmen were discoverers of America previously to Columbus.

The question, "Who were the Northmen?" is thus answered by de Costa: "The Northmen were the descendants of a race that in early times migrated from Asia and traveled toward the north, settling in what is now known as the kingdom of Denmark. Then they overran Norway and Sweden, and afterwards colonized Iceland and Greenland. Their language was the old Danish (*Donsk tunga*), once spoken all over the north, but now preserved in Iceland, being called Icelandic or old Northern, upon which is founded the modern Swedish, Danish, and Norse, or Norwegian.

"After the Northmen pushed on from Denmark to Norway, the condition of public affairs in the latter country gradually became such that a large portion of the better classes found their lives intolerable. * * * They resolved to leave those lands and homes which they could hardly call their own. Whither should they go?"

That the Northmen went to America fully a century before the age of Columbus is the point proved by the narratives of the voyages which form the framework of the Sagas—the historic value of which de Costa fully demonstrates.

The subject is full of deep interest for the student. The translations of the Sagas speak for themselves, and carry conviction by their straightforward, impartial evidence relative to the priority of the Irish in Iceland and Greenland, consequently giving support to the claim that the Irish also preceded the Northmen in America. This delightful material from the Sagas appears for the first time in English form.

Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, New York, have published the book in excellent and attractive style.

THE BEACON BIOGRAPHIES, published by

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, are most desirable contributions to historical literature. In point of authentic information concerning prominent Americans they are to be commended. The concise form in which each biography is presented enables even the most busy person to familiarize himself with the traits of character of those individuals whose names are a household word.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, by George Rice Carpenter, and ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by James Schouler, have been added to former publications of this series.

Both are appreciative studies of two eminent Americans by writers whose chief aim has been to portray truthfully the characteristics of each.

The publishers have preserved the uniform pocket size of the series.

SCHOOL, COLLEGE AND CHARACTER, by Le Baron Russell Briggs, is a collection of essays on the following important subjects:

"Fathers, Mothers and Freshmen," "Some Old-Fashioned Doubts About New-Fashioned Education," "College Honor," "Some Aspects of Grammar-School Training" and "The Transition From School to College."

Mr. Briggs' experimental knowledge of school boys enables him to speak convincingly upon the all-important subject of educational methods. Parents inclined to shift the responsibility of the formation of their son's character upon college professors would be benefited by a perusal of these practical essays.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, have brought out the book in a dress of good material.

ESTHER HILLS, HOUSEMAID, by Caroline Parsons, published by the Abbey Press, New York, is an interesting story for girls. Esther, a lonely orphan, details her struggles in attempting to gain an honest livelihood. Her perseverance is crowned with deserved success.

The publishers have brought out the book in good form, with an attractive frontispiece portrait of Esther.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

- 1—EASTER SUNDAY. (Benediction).
- 2—Of the Octave.
- 3—Of the Octave.
- 4—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)
- 5—Of the Octave.
- 6—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Low Sunday. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians. (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 1 a. m. Meeting of S. Thomas Sodality at 2 p. m. Rosary procession, sermon and benediction at 7:30 p. m.
- 7—Annunciation of Blessed Virgin. Feast of devotion. First Joyful Mystery (from March 25). Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians. (1) C. C.; visit Rosary altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; recite the Rosary. Plenary indulgence for the Living Rosary. (Benediction.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 p. m.
- 8—S. Vincent Ferrer, O. P., Priest, Miracle Worker of the Dominican Order (from April 5). Plenary indulgence for the faithful. C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers. In Vallejo—Patronal feast. (Benediction.)
- 9—B. Anthony Pavone, O. P., Priest and Martyr. (Fidelity to duty.) (Votive mass of the Rosary.)
- 10—B. Anthony Neyrot, O. P., Priest and Martyr. (Correspondence with grace.) Monthly High Mass of Requiem for deceased members of the Church Building Association at 9 a. m.
- 11—S. Leo the Great, Pope and Doctor of the Church. (Christian courage.) (Benediction.) Novena in honor of S. Agnes begins.
- 12—S. Gregory X., Pope (from February 16). (Love of prayer.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 13—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—B. Margaret of Castello, Virgin. (Patience.) Plenary indulgence for Holy Name Confraternity. C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 a. m. Meeting at 3 p. m. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 p. m. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.
- 14—Octave of the Annunciation.
- 15—S. Hermengild, Martyr.
- 16—B. Aimo, Caparelli, O. P., Priest (from February 21). (Zeal in the service of God.) Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 17—B. Clara, O. P., Widow. (Mortification.)
- 18—S. Francis Solano, Priest. (Brotherly love.) (Benediction.)
- 19—S. Peter Damian, Bishop (from February 23). (Trust in God.) Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 20—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Agnes, O. P., Virgin. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 p. m. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.
- 21—B. Bartholomew, O. P., Priest. (Fortitude.)
- 22—S. Turibius, Priest (Charity). Beginning of the "Fifteen Tuesdays" in honor of S. Dominic.
- 23—B. Villana de Bottis, O. P., Widow (from February 28). Care of the sick. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 24—The Crown of our Lord. The Third Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary.
- 25—S. Mark, Evangelist. (Love of Holy Scripture.) (Benediction.)
- 26—BB. Dominic and Gregory, O. P., Priests. (Zeal for souls.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 27—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Plenary indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. C. C.; visit; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.
- 28—S. Paul of the Cross, Priest, Founder of the Passionists. (Meditation on the Passion.) Meeting of the Young Men's

Holy Name Society at 8 p. m.

29—S. Peter, Martyr, O. P., Priest and Martyr. (Lively Faith.) (Benediction.) (Plenary indulgence as on 8th.)

30—S. Catherine of Siena, O. P., Virgin. (Penance.) (Benediction.) (Plenary indulgence as on the 8th.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: For the Five Joyful

Mysteries—S. Emma, Widow; S. Vincent Ferrer, Priest; S. Richard, Bishop; S. Julius, Pope; S. Leo the Great, Pope. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Sophia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Justin, Martyr; S. George, Martyr; S. Irene, Virgin and Martyr; S. Albert, Bishop. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Catherine of Siena, Virgin; S. Mark, Evangelist; S. Robert, Abbot; S. Walter, Abbot; S. Hugh, Bishop.

MUSIC FOR APRIL.

April 6—Marcia Maestoso and Andante in G, Smart; Mass, Lejeal's Fifth; Offertory, "Ave Maria" for ladies' voices, Marlois; Procession, "Queen of Sheba," Gounod. Evening Organ Selections—Allegro Moderato, Volkmar; "Hymn of Nuns," Wely; Offertory, Flute Concerto, Rink; Processional, Le Prevost.

April 13—Prelude, movements from "Eroica" Symphony, Beethoven; Mass, Farmer's in B flat; Offertory, "Ave Maria" Quartet, Lejeal; Postlude, "War March of the Priests," Mendelssohn. Evening Organ Selections—Allegro, Flo-tow; Cantabile in E, Dubois; Offertory,

from "Fanfare," Lemmens; Triumphale from oratorio, "Gideon," Marks.

April 20—Prelude in F minor, Battiste; Mass, Brosig; Offertory, "Ave Maria," Dethier; "Marche Heroique," Goltermann. Evening Organ Selections—Sonata in D minor, Guilment. Music Service—Offertory, Finale, Guilment; Postludium in G, Whiting.

April 27—Sonata in B flat, Mendelssohn; Mass, Haydn's Third; Offertory, "Salve Regina," Smith; Triumphale in D, Lemmens. Evening Organ Selections—"The Storm," Lemmens; Andantino, Gade; Offertory in C, Thayer; "Marche Solennelle," Ketterer.

Glory to God in the Highest

Who has banished death's terror for
aye,

Glory to God in the Highest—

Jesus is risen to-day.

To His kingdom celestial ascending

Glorious beauty and might,
He opens to children of mortals
That haven of endless delight.

Flooding their souls with the graces

Of the Spirit His mercy bestows,
Oh, how each heart of His chosen
With the fire of His burning love
glows!

Rejoice in our Lady's Assumption,
Angel-borne to the realms above,
Rejoice in the glory that waits her
In the presence of Infinite Love.

Rejoice with the Angels whose anthems
Seem still through the air floating down,
Rejoice that the Son on His Mother
Bestoweth a kingdom and crown.

Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

DOMINICANA

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No. 5

THE COIN OF CROSSED SILVER.

MOLLY FLANNERY.

The ship "Borneo" was rounding Cape Finistere, the evening was beautifully fine, the sea calm, so calm that the ship sped through the waters with a scarcely perceptible motion. The moon hung above in a mist of silver radiance, the waters glinted and sparkled like molten silver, as we, the more congenial spirits of the voyage, emerged from the saloon to the upper deck where we settled down for a quiet hour's chat while awaiting the joyous tidings of announcement, if you will, of dinner.

The party, composed of four ladies and two gentlemen, had by a sort of tacit and mutual but unspoken agreement, kept together on all possible occasions since the first day of the voyage, and we were already on a very easy and intimate footing of friendship, having shaken ourselves free for the time from all fetters of conventionality. Having settled ourselves in our deck chairs one of the gentlemen proposed to start a bet as to the probable hour of our arrival at Gibraltar, but we all protested that betting would now spoil the serene loveliness of the hour. Various suggestions were heard, debated and rejected, when one lady pensively suggested that owing to the beauty of the scene and the hour, with the dim outline of the distant coast, it would be a likely time in which to fit a story bordering on the supernatural.

We agreed without one dissenting voice, and drew, the lot falling to one of the gentlemen who began without a moment's hesitation.

"I presume, ladies and gentlemen, this rich, rolling, mellow brogue of mine proclaims me not only a son of the Emerald Isle, but a Connaught man; it is, therefore, a legend of the Western Gael I propose to tell as I myself heard it some months ago."

A long time ago, one year in the month of June, there were great feastings and rejoicings in the village of Dunmore. Old men and women and youths and maidens were all unanimous in turning the happy occasion into a regular gala day, and honored the happy pair about to be united in the bonds of wedlock, by turning out *en masse* in their Sunday best. Dermot O'More, the gay, gallant, light-hearted Dermot, was about to be married to the sweetest girl in the barony. Una Kelly, who was as great a favorite with old and young as was Dermot. He was not only a favorite of the boys, but the idol of the girls, who set their caps at him it is true, but cheerfully and good humoredly bore their discomfiture, and now turned out to wish him joy in his choice among them.

Dermot and Una had been children together, had been inseparable play-fellows and companions, had grown up in friendship which ripened into love, the course of which ran smoothly enough, and was about to be crowned on this day by their union of heart and hand. Una, as I said, was the sweetest girl in all the barony, but this is not saying she was the most beautiful, her great rival being Margaret Kelly, her own first cousin, the brilliancy of whose beauty attracted even strangers.

You will understand, then, that this village star whose loveliness of face and form would put to shame many of your court-reputed beauties, had many admirers always hanging after her, but she had set her heart on Dermot O'More, and when all her arts and wiles failed to captivate him, and she saw he was about to be married to Una, a fiendish desire of revenge took possession of her soul. Long ago, she had laid snares for Una as well as for Dermot, but the clinging faithfulness of the lovers baffled her, and now this morning she was to witness their union—was to act bridesmaid at her own request.

And while the old people and the young were expressing in no measured terms their satisfaction at the approaching union of the young lovers, the prospect of whose future seemed so bright, Margaret stood before her glass long and earnestly gazing on the beautiful, the wondrously beautiful reflection of her face and form.

"And I'm going to be Una's bridesmaid! Oh! Sibby, this condition is too great! too great! too great!" Then she buried her face in her hands, while her whole frame shook with the intensity of her emotions.

From a shadowy corner a withered, forbidding looking hag hobbles out, approaches the girl, puts her hand on her shoulder and whispers, "Are ye going or not, child?"

The girl starts—"Going! of course I'm going, Sibby!" "Then you'd better dress and go! You're getting sorry, now you soft-hearted fool, but you had a right to think of this before you visited Sibby or asked her advice—ha-ha-ha!" and the hag cackled a hard, rasping laugh. "I'm going to the Cave, child, now. If you carry out the conditions imposed on you, you'll visit me there before the dawn breaks, if not you can return here to eat out your heart, looking on the happiness of her you hate, married to the man, even now, you love!"

"Stop! Stop! You do love him! He'll be yours, too, if you take Sibby's advice—remember the conditions," and the hag passed out of the cottage leaving the dis-

tracted girl alone with her tortured heart, and the tempter.

If the village girls felt surprised on hearing that Margaret was to be Una's bridesmaid before, they were dazzled now, when she made her appearance at Una's home. Of medium height, slight, graceful, with her dark, gypsy beauty of feature, her olive skin and midnight eyes, Margaret looked charming in a well chosen costume for the occasion, and the village girls had some foundations for their fears when they whispered together that she would fairly eclipse Una.

Even Dermot, in his great happiness after the nuptials, complimented her, which caused her to set her teeth as she turned away with a nervous little laugh to hide the light she felt springing into her eyes at his approach. It was well, indeed, for the bridegroom's peace of mind he did not catch the expression nor see the fierce flame which burned in those lustrous orbs, for a brief space, but which the next moment was veiled, hidden under a perfect dissimulation of coquetry and reckless indifference as to propriety.

After the ceremony, Margaret was careful to be the first to kiss Una—this being one of the hag's injunctions. The bride recoiled from the kiss. She could not tell why, for she felt a pang as if bitten by a snake! Una was, however, too happy to give more than a momentary thought to this feeling, but as the night went on and her cousin persistently clung to her she felt not a little annoyed, and more than once was reluctantly forced to check her in her unreasonable chatter.

When, however, the hands of the clock pointed to the midnight hour, pointed five minutes to twelve, Una's annoyance had reached its climax, as Margaret snatched the golden ring from her finger and transferred it to her own.

This, apparently out of pure love of mischief, but really while the minute hand crept over the five minutes space which she furtively watched while chaffing her cousin. On the first stroke of twelve a mocking smile curving her beautiful lips, she removed the glittering ring and with a profound bow presented it to Una, her eyes glaring into the other's face, her

crimson cheeks burning and her whole demeanor so strange that Una gazed after her in astonishment as she gracefully mingled with the merry dancers. Dermot came to claim his wife's hand for a dance ere the dispersal of the guests, when he rallied her somewhat on her moodiness.

Una, however, deemed it best to say nothing of her annoyance, which, truth to tell, was soon forgotten in the whirl of the dance and the happiness of her young heart throbbing against the true and tender heart of her lover and husband.

Meanwhile, Margaret Kelly went quietly away, and, unobserved crossed the high fields, or *corrigeens* as they were called, in the direction of the hills, not drawing breath until she had gained the grass-grown and unfrequented roads or pass that wound around the feet of the frowning heights. Here she paused, and looked back along the path she had traversed, to convince herself fully she was neither observed nor followed, looked back across the distance to the lighted farm-house from which sounds of music floated out on the night air, mingled with a faint murmuring sound, looked back with a look such as a lost soul might cast back on that Paradise from which it was driven forth to wander for ever more in the abode of eternal tortures!

She pressed her hand over her heart to stay its wild tumultuous throbbing—"My God! what have I done! What am I doing?"

"I know I deserve to be damned for all this! But"—and her beautiful features assumed a fearful expression, "what is life to me now—life here or hereafter? I'd have given my soul, my chances of Heaven for his love, and now—now—now! He is lost to me forever! I'm mad, I know, but I'll not now turn back! I'll break the heart—I'll draw out the life to the last of my pale-faced, babyish cousin—if hell has any power to help me!"

She paused, the misty light of the moon shedding its radiance around her beautiful face and form, the gloomy heights, silver-topped frowning behind her, the valley, the peaceful hamlet, the woods

through which might be seen the glint of the glassy waters of the lake, and all the country stretching out and melting into the dim distance, so reposeful in the foreground. But harmonious sighs and sounds were alike lost on the distracted girl, who saw nothing but the vision of vengeance, heard nothing but the prompting voice of the tempter, the demon that lurked within her breast.

Turning away from the lovely scene below, she hurriedly crossed the road, thence up and up the sheer face of the precipitous mountain, following the dizzy path by which the adventurous goats went up and down in search of choice herbage, now clinging on by shrubs or heather, now creeping up cautiously, again swinging from ledge to ledge of the projecting rocks, until finally, breathless and exhausted, she gained the dizzy edge of the summit and came out on a level platform where a carpet of green grass shines silvery in the pale moonlight. Thence she crossed to where a high embankment of rocks and earth threw its giant shadow which soon swallowed up the girl as she swiftly passed into it, soon to find herself standing before the door of the cave. The people believed it to be the earthly abode of the evil powers. But the girl shows no signs of faltering or fear, and boldly calls:

"Are you awake, Sibby?"

"Aye, aye, child!" comes in a cackling voice from within. "I was expecting you." Margaret stoops and enters from the shadowy gloom to the more dismal gloom of the cave.

"Oh, Sibby. I wish you'd light a rush!" she exclaims.

"Aye, aye," in the same hard, rasping tones, this time accompanied by a slight shuffling or groping sound.

"Hurry, Sibby! I feel frightened!"

The hag laughed.

"Oh, do hurry! I feel like a lost soul in hell!" The hag chuckled again, but vouchsafed no answer, and the next moment the yellow light of a rush candle threw a circle of radiance around her, across which she blinked and peered at the young girl, who drew near her to get

within the narrow radius of the light, out of the gloom it served but to intensify.

"Well, child, ye succeeded?"

"Yes, Sibby; but oh, at such a cost! The torture I've endured this day has driven me mad—my brain burns! Oh, it was terrible, terrible! To stand smiling there, when I could have groaned aloud with pain! To pretend indifference to him, to congratulate her, when I could drag out her heart and cast it throbbing into the flames!"

"Hush, child! Hush! you are mad!" commanded the sorceress. "You played your part well. I was nearer you than perhaps ever you'll know. Oh, yes; you're an actress, child! And Sibby is proud of you. You got the first kiss: Ha, she shivered, she felt the first chill of the spell I'm going to tighten around her now, here to-night! You took the ring—I was near and laughed at her annoyance, laughed to think that you, by carrying out my orders so faithfully, child, were actually cutting the thread of her life twelve months hence! Oh, Sibby is powerful, and you, child, are now to help her to finish what we two have begun."

Here she caused the girl to kneel before three glass bottles of crystal liquid, while she repeated some mysterious words, punctuating the harangue three times by handing the kneeling girl a cork and commanding her to place it tightly on the neck of each of the bottles until the three were corked and sealed. Then she told her the spell was now finished, from which the doomed woman could not be released unless the bottles were taken across her dead body by one who loved Una O'More better than life itself, and, five minutes before the midnight hour of the anniversary of her wedding day, broken over the hob of the hearth in her husband's home.

The wicked sorceress here laughed, and peering into the girl's face, continued: "And let any one dare to interfere with Sibby! She can make them harmless and less than the ant she crushes under her heel!"

The girl hung her head and shuddered. The frenzy left her brain and she could now think clearly. For the first time she

felt the sharp pangs of remorse and burning shame at the recollection of the dark crime she had committed. For the first time she experienced a chill of horror creep over her on feeling the foul breath of the hag on her face. What had she done? Why had she ever listened to the promptings of this vile sorceress, who had watched every opportunity of goading her on to this end and of enkindling the passions of blind jealousy, envy and hatred in her bosom? The wicked, vile creature read the thoughts that passed across the girl's mind and laughed aloud tauntingly.

"Well, and what words of thanks now have you to offer Sibby? Will you not kneel down and kiss Sibby's hand for all the happiness she has secured to you?"

The girl started and recoiled in horror.

"Sibby, I hate you! I hate you! I hate myself! Am I dreaming? And will I waken from all this? Oh, it must be all a horrid nightmare!"

"You hate Sibby! You hate her! This is her reward! Very well! You love the bride—the happy bride of the man for whom you would sell your soul! You love her! Here, strike down Sibby if you do! Take these bottles across her dead body and break the spell ere yet that loved and lovely bride feels its first effects! No! You don't love her, then! Oh, there is another way, an easier way. Go confess your guilt to the man you love and who loves her, go to him and tell him what you have done, and he will bless the beautiful bridesmaid and curse the wicked old woman and come in thunder to break the spell she has woven around his cherished darling. Come back, come back, child! Stay! It is not now a fitting time for you to cross the wild heights—come back!"

But the affrighted girl rushed out of the dismal cave and was soon speeding down the dizzy path by the dim light of the waning moon.

Time passed, weeks and months, and Una O'More was dying, slowly, surely—dying by inches. The local leech was, of course, called in, but after a course of treatment he admitted the case was beyond his skill. Then came the herb

doctors, men and women, with their own favorite decoctions, but all too of no avail. The sick woman declared she would have no more of them; that her firm belief was that they were all conspiring against her life. Not so, however, the neighbors were anxious and sorrowful at the contemplation of the dismal grave closing over so young and fair a flower, and vied with one another in a friendly rivalry as to which one should have the happiness of cheating the cold and greedy grave.

But all efforts were useless; their anxiety, their kindness and their skill in the medicinal herbs. Una was dying—was now confined to her bed.

Among those friends and neighbors, most sorrowful was Margaret Kelly who might be seen frequently by the bedside of her dying cousin, a fact which was twisted and turned into all manners of shape and form by the gossips. Was, in short, food for much comment and more conjecture, which, like all conjecture, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, shot far and wide of the true solution to the real motives actuating her in this sudden change of feeling.

Remorse was doing its work in the disturbed heart of the girl, wasting her cheek, from which the bloom had vanished forever. She became sullen, strange, distracted, subject to wild bursts of gloom and grief, all incomprehensible to those about her. Their inventive mendacity had set afloat unpleasant rumors, which were not slow to reach the poor girl's troubled ears. She, at all events, knew what voice called her away to the dying woman's bedside day after day. She alone heard the "still, small voice" of her conscience whispering ever, "Confess! Confess, ere yet it be too late! Confess!"

The whisperings, as weeks and months wore on, became clamorous—"Confess! Confess!" They had ceased to startle her, as at first, for now she was resolved to die rather than reveal her guilt.

"Confess!" she would cry. "No, no! a thousand deaths rather than such a humiliation! Confess! No, no! Death for all time and eternity rather than make known my guilt." Then she would

cover her burning face with her hands, as if trying to hide her confusion from the All-Seeing Eye. Then, starting up, would fly as from the tempter away to the bedside of her cousin, resolved on every occasion to tell Una, who even yet might be saved, to beg her forgiveness, help to release her from the dark spell, and then—then—go away forever—anywhere—anywhere! but never more to show her face among the simple-minded people, who must ever after remember her with feelings of horror!

But, alas, for her resolve! The tempter was ever with her, keeping before her gaze the deep humiliation consequent on such a step, waging a fierce war with her better self and always bending her to his will. Thus the distracted girl lived through the dark year like a frail bark, tempest-tossed between those contending elements, until the very eve of the anniversary of Una's wedding day.

* * * * *

"Dermod, more air! I am suffocating! Yes, do open the window, dear. Ah, how sweet!"

And Una sighed a weary little sigh as the soft air, laden with the breath of roses nodding around the window, stole in caressingly on her cheek and brow and played with the long silken tresses lying in disorder over her pillow. Dermod, after opening the window, returned to his post by the bed, again to imprison one of Una's wax-like, blue-veined little hands in his, while he gazed with ill-concealed pain on her face, over which the pallor of death was already stealing.

"The sun is setting, Dermod. Setting on my life, too, and it is only one short year to-morrow since I came here a bride. How like this evening is to that evening twelve months ago, and yet how unlike. Then I was preparing, I thought, for a long, long life of happiness with you, ashore; now I'm preparing for that long journey—that journey to eternity! Oh, no; you need not try to hide it, Dermod, from me or from yourself. I'm dying, surely, slowly—dying by inches all those twelve months. It seems as if my life was being slowly stolen away; that I could feel it going out, and yet had no

power to struggle against or stem its flow. Listen! How sweet that sound is, mellowed by the distance. It seems like the musical voice of angels calling me, calling me away, Dermot—calling me away from the heaven of your love. If I could only stay! If I could but stay with you, Dermot. Lift me up, that I may look once again on the moonlit waters of the lake! Yes, it is lovely. I may never see it thus again."

"Una, Una! You will break my heart if—" Dermot paused, as the figure of a girl staggered in through the door of the cottage and came straight into the little room; a strange form, with dishevelled hair streaming over her shoulders in a floating cloud, her face white, her eyes burning, her hands clasping and unclasping, and, in the semi-darkness of the room, looking more like a phantom from the spirit world than a being of flesh and blood.

Involuntarily Una clung to Dermot with all the feeble strength remaining in her wasted arms, when the strange form spoke. "It is I, Una!"

Then, approaching the bedside, she knelt down, and wildly and in part incoherently poured out the burden which lay so long on her guilty soul, without stop or interruption, and ended in a frantic appeal to Dermot to at once proceed to the cave of the sorceress and undo the spell she had in her wickedness assisted to weave around his wife.

Una listened to the dark tale as one in a dream and not fully comprehending the story, while she clung to Dermot and looked on the kneeling form with a look of unutterable terror. Dermot, too, looked on her furtively, having other fears; thinking, in a word, that the girl had suddenly become raving mad, and shifting about in his mind as to what he was to do next, placed as he was without one near to aid him in case she should grow violent. Margaret was quick to perceive his thoughts in his face when, after gently disengaging himself from the clinging arms of Una, he lighted a candle, Margaret at the same time producing a coin of *blessed silver*, telling him she had journeyed on foot as far as Lough Mask

to obtain the holy coin, and furnishing him with full directions as to how he was to use it in case the sorceress should try to injure him.*

At length Dermot, wavering between a belief in and doubts of the correctness of the story, determined to visit the cave in the mountains. He called on some of the neighbors on his way, who cheerfully agreed to stay by Una's bedside until his return in the morning, but he wisely refrained from enlightening them as to his mission.

Having reached the summit of the mountain long after midnight, for Dermot went by the circuitous route and not up the sheer and frowning face of the mountain, his eye took in every detail at a glance through the ghostly light of the waning moon. He boldly advanced towards the cave, at the same time, remembering the coin, he transferred it from his pocket to his right hand, which he closed tightly over the talisman. How often had he laughed at the simplicity of the village folk when they would look askant at "Sibby" and bless themselves after she had passed them by! How often had he scouted the idea that the old woman was or could be in league with the evil one, or the hundred and one other terrible stories of nights in whispers around the hearth, and now, now his presence here flatly contradicted his oft-repeated words of belief in the ancient dame's innocence, while he indorsed his acceptance of those rumors he had laughed to scorn as silly nonsense. All this crossed his mind as he advanced with quick strides towards the mouth of the cavern and called aloud "Sibby!"

No answer.

Again and again he repeated the call, but no answer came from within. Turning impatiently about he started to go away, apostrophizing himself a fool for having given any credence to the wild and unlikely story. He suddenly came

*There was a superstition in the west of Ireland that if you possess a coin of blessed silver, and if you shoot it at the devil, you can make him go through the agony of death.

to face with the witch, and involuntarily drew back a pace from a too close contact with the weird and spectral look-alike. She was bent forward, both pressed on a stick before her for support, while she blinked and blinked dermody, her eyes shining in their sockets like minute green lights behind her beetle brows.

Dermod could recover his speech to collect his thoughts after the shock he received on encountering the hag so behind him, she raised one long arm pointing her claw-like hand at him, driving him away with the one word,

"Go immediately. I've a little business of importance to settle with you!"

The hag fairly screeched, bidding him "Go!" when Dermod, attracted by a movement at her feet, perceived a cat-animal creeping forward, its greedy eyes fixed on him, while it moved cautiously forward, as if preparing for a pounce. "Go, Pluto!" shrieked the hag to the cat. "I must see what my little business is."

"Now, hand me over three bottles of the liquid now in your possession in one year. Hand them over quietly and I will not trouble you further. Do you need you fear I'll take any reason on you for the great evil you have wrought on me?"

The hag had lashed herself into a fury at the coolness of the demand, and, cursing Margaret Kelly and vowing vengeance on Dermod, bade him begone before she could be tempted to let the animal drink the blood.

"You wicked old bedlamite, sorceress! Howl! you've no power over me!" Dermod claimed, holding up the coin, which, she gazed on it, seemed to emit a stream of light! She staggered with a shriek, the fierce-looking animal sprang at her throat, its long, sharp teeth and sharp claws buried deep in the flesh, while it drank the gurgling liquid which came gushing forth, and uttered a loud, ferocious growl of cruel triumph and exultation.

Dermod, stunned by the suddenness and

awfulness of the brute's attack, stood still, holding the talisman aloft, as if he had been turned to stone. Over and over he rolled the brute and its victim, now in the death throes, until they rolled in at the mouth of the cavern, when the earth rocked, yawned with a roaring, rending crash, a lurid and momentary flash, a stifling smell, and Dermod remembered no more.

When he recovered consciousness the sun was rising. The eastern sky was all aglow with a gold and crimson liquid light; the birds sang; the green sward sparkled, bediamonded with shimmering dewdrops; the air, fragrant with the sweet-scented heather, blew soft and refreshing on his brow. Starting to his feet he gazed around on the beautiful and tranquil scene, dazed, bewildered, and unable to account for his presence up there on the towering heights, for some minutes.

By degrees the recollection of his late and fearful experience dawned on him, and, half wondering whether all had not been a dark and troubled dream, he cast his eyes around him until his gaze rested on the huge mass of earth and stone where late the home of the sorceress had stood. Looking closer, he observed a stone stained with blood, and near by, shining from among the dewy grass, was the talisman which had wrought him such luck, and which unquestionably was the signal to the wicked witch that her evil days were at an end—her doom sealed.

Picking up the coin, and remembering that if Una was to be saved, the bottles from underneath that pile of debris must be in his possession, must be spilled before twelve o'clock that night, he dashed away at headlong speed over the edge of the towering and precipitous face of the mountain, heedless of all danger and obstacles, his brain awl, his every thought and idea wrapped up in the great task before him. By the time he reached the foot of the mountain he had made up his mind to inform his neighbors, raise the alarm, when plenty of willing hands would be at work side by side with him, and success would be assured. No sound

or stir of life was in the village as he passed through, greeted by an occasional sleepy bark or growl of a watch dog that would raise its head, and lie contentedly down again after snuffing the air. Dermod was, however, staggered when, after talking with Margaret, he found the bottles must be taken from their place by one loving Una better than life itself—must, in fact, be found by him, and him alone, if Una's life was to be preserved!

In his excitement, and the crowding of whirling thoughts, and the task before him, Dermod had no room in his mind for recollection, else would he turn from the wretched author of all his miseries and Una's sufferings with horror and loathing, as if already the brand of Cain stained her right hand as it had her soul. The girl, in her turn, had no thought for self. To save Una, to snatch her back from the gaunt arms of death, she would now give up her own life and think the sacrifice as little to accomplish this deep, this burning, this all-absorbing desire.

* * * * *

Morning wore into noon, noon into evening, evening stole away, and Dermod's untiring labors were yet unrewarded. With an inward groan, and a silent prayer to Heaven for strength to persevere to the last, he leaned his aching arms on the loose earth, which slipped away from him, revealing stone ledges in the rock, which attracted him in their resemblance to shelves, and, having cut handful after handful of the clay, he shouted aloud in a delirium of joy on per-

ceiving the glint of something bright from which the earth had slipped in the corner remotest from him.

The bottles at last! With their life-destroying and mysterious contents!

It was night for some time, and Dermod knew it would be all he could do to reach his home in time. Could he? Would Una be past all mortal aid? Was he to be foiled after all this desperate effort?

Such was the train of thoughts flashing in quick succession through his mind as he sped homewards with what speed he could, encumbered as he was with the fragile things, and which, if broken before he reached his hearth, might have as deadly an effect as if he had not found them. He, however, rushed in at the door as the hands of the clock pointed to five minutes of twelve. There were three distinct crashes heard on the hob the next moment. The neighbors, who were saying the prayers for the dying, looked in alarm, thinking the man had taken leave of his senses. Una, who a moment before seemed on the point of death, inquired what was the noise, and Margaret, leaving quietly, was neither seen nor heard of again.

It was not until Una had quite recovered, and all traces of Margaret Kelly were lost, that Dermod told the story. "And," continued the narrator, "though I admire Dermod O'More's courage as much as his love for his wife, I hope no witches or, or—oh, well, I hope nothing half so dark may happen on the very happy occasion of my marriage."

IN A BOAT AT NIGHT.

REV. THOS. TWAITES.

My fairy bark
Glides swiftly by
The pine trees dark
That gently sigh!
The bright moon laves
Her tresses bright
In tranquil waves
With chaste delight!

The matin bell
Steals on my ear
From convent cell
Across the mere!
O may my life
Be calm and bright
And free from strife
As this still night!

RECORD OF THE CAPTIVITY OF THE SPANISH FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

III.

On the nineteenth, about three o'clock in the morning, our prisoners having been aroused from sleep by the soldiers who were guarding them, were ordered to be ready to leave the city at any moment. An hour had not passed when they were on board of the *Bulusan*, a ship which had fallen into the power of the insurgents and which lay anchored in the bay of Cavite. No time was allowed for the prisoners to obtain the garments they needed for the laundry, nor to take any other personal effects. They had to embark fast, suffering considerable inconvenience on account of the loss of their luggage.

Spanish prisoners who were numbered more than six hundred. Besides the twenty-one religious, there were the Spanish General, Garcia, and his staff, a large number of civilian employees, among whom was General Cuervo, governor of Bulacan, and about five hundred light troops of the regular Spanish army. And this number there were only the Philippine general, Torres, and his armed soldiers. The Spanish prisoners saw at once how favorable the situation was for obtaining their freedom. Nothing was easier than to seize the man who commanded the vessel, General Torres and his men, and disarm them without bloodshed. On board were Spanish marines and engineers, all of whom were able to undertake the maintenance of the ship and sail her into the bay, and, later on, into the port of Manila.

The contemplated revolt would be the more easily effected, as the route to Bulacan, would pass the bay of Manila.

Plans for escape were prepared; Spanish soldiers and marines were armed and only awaited the signal of the general to put this project into execution.

It was agreed that General Pena, on the day of a thunder storm, accompanied by a

would raise his hand, and at this signal six hundred Spaniards would rush on the ten insurgents who were on board and disarm them. Incredible as it may seem, the signal was not given, and military discipline, so wretchedly compromised under the circumstances, paralyzed the officers and soldiers. The responsibility of the failure, unexplained up to the present time, rests entirely on General Pena and the civil governor, Senor Cuervo, who had held a long conference on the project of escape. Their conversation ended, however, only in prolonging the sufferings of the six hundred captive Spaniards, in consequence of either their unexampled treason or their dastardly cowardice.

The arrival of the vessel at Bulacan was greeted by the natives with cries of fierce hatred and a series of insults, proving that the government had made choice of a district for the imprisonment of the captives the residents of which were under the special influence of Katipunan malignity. The officers and civilians were ordered to land. One of the friars had already left the ship, thinking that he could with good reason consider himself a member of the Spanish administration. His companions prepared to follow him. The mistake made by the poor fathers was soon corrected.

"You are neither military officers nor civilian employees. You are only friars!" shouted the insurgent officer who presided over the landing of the prisoners. "Go back to the vessel. There are lodgings in the city only for the officers. I have given orders to shoot the first friar who dares to leave the ship without permission."

The religious had to spend the rest of the day on the ship's deck. In the evening

dreadful downpour, added to the sufferings of the prisoners. Their evening meal consisted of a little rice cooked in water, and salt water was offered to them to drink.

During the night many, benumbed with cold and hunger, grew weak, and were quite dazed when they disembarked. However, they were forced to continue the journey, marching behind all the soldiers. The revolutionists wished to impress the people with the fact that, in the new state of things, the friars, who had been in command up to this time in the archipelago, should henceforth be regarded as the most insignificant of the Spanish colonists.

Fifty insurgent soldiers, with fixed bayonets, surrounded the twenty-one religious as they proceeded slowly along the principal street of the town, amidst a shower of obscene abuse. To use Father Ulpiano's own words: "They had all learned the same lesson, and repeated it to us in the same tone, thus obeying the same word of command. These fanatics shouted at us: 'Hello, rector! How many wives have you? How many children have you? How many of your parishioners have you killed? How many of them have you compelled to leave the country? How many of them have you robbed? Where have you put their money? Ah! if we were prisoners of the Spaniards, we would all be put to death. But you must see that we are more humane than they; we put no one to death. These are Don Emilio's orders. Such also is the regulation of the international law!' " These poor Malays had respect for international law, and they professed it, as we see, in their own way. For two hours, which, indeed, seemed longer to us, we were compelled to listen to this abuse from the lower classes of the Filipinos, under orders from the Masonic lodge of the locality to receive us with insults.

We were put into an old house, about thirty feet long and nine feet wide. The center of the roof, which was but six feet high, was upheld by cross-beams; the ceiling near the walls would not allow our standing, and woe to the head that was not lowered in passing. A triangular

window, secured by bars, at one end, and an oval window at the other end of the building, were the only apertures, except the door, through which the air and light were admitted. The ground was so damp that in the morning the only dry spots were those which had been covered by the bodies of the sleepers. Several kinds of animals took up their abode with us in this infected place. Enormous rats became so familiar with our presence that they passed to and fro among us without putting themselves out of their way. While trying to sleep we were prevented by their nibbling at our beards."

The life of the unhappy prisoners at Bulacan was miserable beyond conception. The people, as well as the soldiers in charge, never ceased to harass them. For two hours daily they had in turn to labor at the public works in the town. They were obliged to sweep out the public buildings and to clean the most loathsome places in the barracks occupied by the native troops of the new government. For all this labor, even the most repulsive, no implements were provided for them, and they had to convey with their own hands the dirt that had accumulated on the premises. They were daily obliged to fill with their own hands bags of earth and carry them upon their shoulders for the building of the fortifications of the city. In this way were they daily exposed to the public gaze and became a laughing-stock of the people.

However, a certain number of the inhabitants of the city were opposed to the disgraceful treatment of which these unfortunate men were the object. They addressed themselves to the insurgent general, Gregory de Pilar, Governor of Bulacan, asking him to portion out to them the imprisoned friars. To make their charitable interference appear more plausible, they gave, in their charity, as a pretext that they had work on hand, and that they were anxious to employ the friars.

But the insurgent leader was not to be caught in the trap prepared for him by the charity of his more humane compatriots. He refused to grant their request. His cruelty to the religious

aroused protestation in the very bosom of his own family. One day Gregory gave orders to have the friars brought into his courtyard, where he took delight in watching them bent to the ground pulling up the grass that grew between the paving stones. His brother Julian and his wife, at the risk of drawing Gregory's wrath upon their own heads, led the friars to the halls of the house, where Gregory's sister, with her face bedewed with tears, gave them cakes and coffee. Very often the countrywomen, defying the soldiers who pushed them back or insulted them, slipped up to the prisoners, throwing into their garments fruit and cigarettes. They strove by every means in their power to relieve the misery of the unfortunate captives.

The dietary given to the prisoners was abominable. The following is Father Ulpiano's description of it: "The rations of rice and meat given us at Cavite were small, wretchedly prepared, far inferior in quantity and quality to the dietary allowed by the Spanish government to its prisoners. Still, though treating us in every respect as people of low birth, they supplied us with what was sufficient to prevent our dying of starvation. But, at Bulacan, the authorities of the Independent Government of the Philippines wanted to show us that they understood and practiced international law far better than at Cavite. They supplied us with a small quantity of rice of the very worst quality, called in the country *pinaua*. In addition, they gave each some crayfish, called *telangea*, which the natives catch in the mud of the river when the tide is out, or two small lobsters, or the fruit of the plane-tree. Such were the daily rations of a prisoner. Nine quarts of bad rice and some crayfish, or the fruit of the plane-tree—this is what the revolutionary government of Bulacan daily dispensed for the maintenance of forty-three prisoners. Of these forty-three prisoners, twenty-four were religious; the rest were ordinary malefactors. The drink consisted of salt water, which had the effect of lining our disordered stomachs with iron. Notwithstanding this, it was not given in necessary quantities.

The rice was brought to us in one of the zinc troughs which they use in the country to feed swine. In our case the jailers used them alternately for collecting the filth of the prison and for holding our food. Our drinking vessel was used every morning by the Indian soldiers as a wash basin. When the sentinel called us to moisten our lips in this basin of briny water he hissed between his teeth: "Drink, priest! drink, priest!" just as the muleteer does when he leads his beasts of burden to water. Hence, it is not astonishing that with such a diet the majority of the prisoners, as Father Ulpiano relates, resembled walking skeletons.

Whoever wished to insult the friars had only to stand at the door sill and pour out the following abuse:

"You fellows certainly are good parish priests," said one of these poor Filipinos, an influential person of the town. "Yes, you are good parish priests. But, remember, it is Archbishop Nozaleda and the friars of Manila who are the cause of all your sufferings here. Why are they bent upon retaining the place? Why do they still defend the trenches and the *bahais calarati*."

"Ah! when we shall have taken Manila the sufferings we will make them endure will exceed those which you are at present undergoing. Then Nozaleda will see of what little use it is for him to be an Archbishop and don a strange and unrecognizable costume. But you, at any rate, cannot complain of the treatment you are receiving. None of you have been put to death. The orders of Emilio are scrupulously obeyed. When we shall have captured Manila then you may go back to Spain, or, what is better, settle down here, though you will not be allowed to celebrate any Masses. Some of you may become traders, others may apply themselves to agriculture, and a few, perhaps, become schoolmasters."

The friars confined in the prison of Bulacan were twenty-four in number, members of the different religious orders that

*A blockhouse constructed by the Spanish general, Fernando Primo de Rivera, to defend the advanced posts of Manila.

had ministered in the parishes of the diocese of Luzon. But now they are all formed one community and observed the same rule of life. In the morning they said the rosary. A little later, each father recited his office; then they made their meditation on some passage taken from the works of the Venerable Father Louis of Grenada. In the evening they recited the rosary together. During the months of August and September the captivity of the unhappy friars continued without any noteworthy change. Ingenious means were tried by humane persons to mitigate the horrors of the *regime* to which they were subjected. A poor woman prepared some food, which she had secretly conveyed to them; but very soon she was denounced and pitilessly driven back by those on guard. An infidel Chinese, formerly the parish priest's gardener, acted as a substitute for the native woman in her work of devotedness. He begged through the country to obtain some relief for the friars, whose kindness to him, in their prosperity, he had not forgotten.

On the feast of S. Dominic, August fourth, and on S. Augustine's feast, August twenty-eighth, the Dominicans and Augustinians could neither celebrate Holy Mass nor assist thereat. They sent a petition to the jailers to grant them this privilege on the feast of their holy Patriarchs, but that consolation was flatly refused.

From time to time they saw an occasional visitor, but few desired to risk the indignities put upon those who openly declared themselves friends of the friars. These rare visitors gave some money to the prisoners, and, what was more precious to them, brought news from Manila, where all their hopes were centered. However, the captivity of the unfortunate prisoners was wearisomely prolonged. Month after month passed without any change in their dreadful condition.

On the fifth of October they received another visit from Father Reaney, the young American chaplain of the U. S. flagship "Olympia." Father Reaney had become the sincere and devoted friend of the religious. He was overwhelmed with

sorrow, at seeing them in the unclean place where they were huddled together at Bulacan, deprived even of drinkable water. When he had recovered from his emotions, he entered into conversation with Father Francis Garcia, and informed him of the various kinds of obstacles raised by the Masonic lodges of Europe, in concert with those of the Philippines, against the release of the religious. He put himself in communication with the clergy of Manila who made several applications for the release of their confreres. With this end in view they addressed the Holy Father, Cardinal Gibbons, the Nuncio of Madrid, and different consuls of foreign powers—even making friendly advances in this matter with Aguinaldo and his pretended Government. The lodges thought, however, that it was still necessary to retain as hostages the Spanish religious who had fallen into Aguinaldo's power, and Aguinaldo could only obey their commands.

Some days afterwards Aguinaldo went to Bulacan. The friars were brought out and placed under the windows of the house where he was staying. The dictator appeared for a moment on the balcony, cast one look on the captives, and, without even saying a word, speedily withdrew to his apartments, leaving everyone in doubt whether such conduct was inspired by remorse of conscience or dictated by the hatred which he professed towards the Spanish religious.

On Christmas eve our prisoners obtained permission, at last, to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in their prison. The rector of the place procured for them everything necessary for the Sacrifice. and, at midnight, Father Vincent Fernandez, the oldest of the Dominicans, celebrated Holy Mass. Some hours later, an Augustinian, Father Rubin de Celis, celebrated the morning Mass, at which all the religious communicated.

On January 8, 1899, a solemn decree of President Aguinaldo was issued, by which all the prisoners who did not form a part of the regular Spanish army were restored to liberty. This was done in commemoration of the anniversary of the proclamation of the Philippine Republic. The

effects belonging to the prisoners still remaining in the custody of the republican government until their subsequent possession should be settled by a regular agreement. All the members of the Spanish regular clergy, priests and brothers, were declared expelled by this decree from the territory of the Philippines. For a short time our prisoners thought that the moment of their freedom had come; but this decree of Aguinaldo was not put into execution. His sole object was to have it published in the European and Amer-

ican newspapers, to mislead public opinion and as a guarantee to the new revolutionary Junta of the appearance of a regular and civilized government. The hopes of the religious were thus but of brief duration. They did not lose courage, however, but invoked the aid of the Most High, that they might continue to bear for many months to come the heavy burden of their imprisonment in the midst of their docks, who had been stirred up against them by the now-all powerful Freemasonry.

THE IMMORTAL QUEEN FLOWER, THE ROSE OF SHARON, THE LILY
OF ISRAEL.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

The rose is queen of the realm of flowers;
She weareth her crown with a royal
grace;

And her throne is builded in emerald
bowers—
Its fitting and rightful place.

And whether her robes are of crimson
sheen,

Or the stainless white of the falling
snow,

Or—as when they name her sweet eglantine—

They shine with a golden glow.

Oh, radiant sovereign still is she,

With subject-blossoms all leal and true,
Whose rich raiment so fair to see,
Is gemmed with diamond dew.

But ruin must come to the rose-queen
rare,

When the crown is torn from her brow
so bright,
And the robes of beauty she loved to wear
Are spoiled by the autumn's blight.

And thou hast a rival sweet rose, I ween,
Arrayed in the hue of an angel's wings;
'Tis the stately lily, the garden's queen,
Where paradise-balm she flings.

But, beautiful lily! thou, too, must lie
In the cruel grasp of the tyrant, Death.
While the fickle breeze as it wanders by
Pours pestilence from thy breath.

Hail, Rose Queen of Sharon! Immortal
flower!

No stain unsightly disfigureth thee!
For an endless life is thy mystic dower—
"Corruption" thou canst "not see."

Hail! Lily of Israel! Bloom most bright!
Thou wearest thy crown with deathless
grace,

In Paradise built is thy throne of light,
Its fitting and fadeless place.

Oh, Rose-queen marvelous! Lily-queen
blest!

Thy subject ever, ah! register me!
In Heaven's court raiment immortally
dress'd,

And gemmed with its jewels, to be!

BLESSED ALPHONSUS NAVARRETTE AND HIS COMPANIONS, THE MARTYRS OF JAPAN.

(1614-1643.)

On July 7, 1867, just after the celebration of the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul, Pope Pius IX. solemnly beatified two hundred and five martyrs who had suffered for the faith in Japan at various dates during the persecutions which raged in that country between 1614 and 1643. Fifty-nine of these martyrs belonged to the Order of S. Dominic. Of these some were European missionaries, for the most part Spaniards from the Philippine Islands, others native friars, and others again Tertiaries; fifty-eight more were members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary. There were also Jesuits, Franciscans and Augustinians and many native converts.

The first Dominican who laid down his life for the faith in this persecution was the Blessed Father Alphonsus Navarrette, who for his heroic deeds of charity has been termed the Saint Vincent de Paul of Japan. He was captured by the pagans when on his way to succor the afflicted Christians of Omura, an act which was equivalent to offering himself for martyrdom. After dragging him from one desert island to another in order to find some spot where his execution might take place unknown to the Christians, the soldiers at length struck off his head as he knelt in prayer, holding his rosary and blessed candle in one hand, and a wooden cross in the other. His martyrdom took place on June 1, A. D. 1617.

During the five years which ensued, numbers of missionaries and native Christians fell into the hands of the persecutors, and were at length all imprisoned together at Omura. There were nine Dominicans, nine Franciscans, nine Jesuits, amongst whom was the famous Father Charles Spinola and a few seculars. During their long and painful captivity they kept up all the exercises of community life, rising at midnight to recite their of-

fice and celebrating as many Masses as they could at daybreak. They also imposed on themselves many fasts and other austerities, in addition to the sufferings which they had to undergo in their wretched prison. Yet so full of joy were they at the thought of suffering for the name of Christ that Father Alfonso de Mena of the Order of S. Dominic used to date his letters: "From this prison of Omura, the paradise of my delight."

On September 9, 1622, twenty-four of the prisoners were removed to Nagasaki, and on the following day were led out to the Holy Hill, consecrated twenty-five years before by the crucifixion of the twenty-six canonized martyrs of Japan. A Christian went before them bearing the banner of the Confraternity of the Holy Name, whilst they followed, joyfully singing the Litanies and the Te Deum. Father Joseph of Saint Hyacinth addressed the crowds who had gathered together to witness the scene, exhorting them to be faithful to the devotion of the Holy Rosary, which would continue to instruct them when their pastors should be no more. A stake was prepared for each of the martyrs, the horrible death of burning having been assigned to several of them. Another procession of native Christians from Nagasaki now joined them. In robes of ceremony they were preceded by a Dominican Tertiary, clothed in the habit of the Order and carrying a cross. Some of them bore their little children in their arms. The victims numbered upwards of fifty; about half of them were sentenced to be burnt and the rest beheaded.

The former were fastened to their stakes in such a way as to allow of their escaping should they choose to save their lives by apostasy. The fire was applied slowly, so as to prolong their agony, but only two of the heroic company evinced any sign of being conscious of their suf-

Both of them were young Japanese who implored the Governor to grant a quicker death, but the boon was denied, and Blessed Paul Hangaschi, a Dominican Tertiary, left his stake to lead back to the altar of sacrifice. The Blessed Father Angelo Ferrer Orsucci was to rise gradually in a kneeling position several feet above the flames, and continued for some time in ecstasy. By one the martyrs passed to their reward. The Blessed Father Hyacinth never lingered in agony for sixteen minutes, expiring at length with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips. This martyr is known in history as the Great Martyr. All the religious Orders in Japan shared the triumph, but that of St. Dominic was most numerous, reputed, offering to God on that day five priests and three professed Brothers, besides numbers of Tertiaries and Sisters of the Confraternity of the Holy Spirit.

A few weeks previously the Blessed Father Louis Flores had been executed at the instigation of the Dutch, on August 26, and two days after the Great Martyr three more Dominicans suffered death by fire. In the following year, on August, twenty-fifth, Blessed Father Peter Vasquez was burnt in company with four companions, singing the

litanies in the midst of flames. On July 26, 1627, Blessed Father Louis Bertrand, cousin and namesake of the great Saint Louis Bertrand, was burnt with two native Friars Preachers. Next year the Blessed Father Dominic Castellet shared the same fate, in company with two Dominican lay brothers and two Franciscans.

So fiercely did the persecution rage and so fiendish were the measures taken for preventing the landing of fresh missionaries in the country that at length the Japanese Christians were left without pastors, and continued in that condition for two hundred years. Nevertheless, when, in our own days, the long closed Empire became once more accessible to Europeans, it was found to contain a considerable number of Christians who had preserved the form of baptism with the utmost accuracy, were well instructed in the essential doctrines of religion, and familiar with many of the prayers in common use among the faithful, and who still cherished with great veneration a picture representing the Fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary. What stronger testimony can be alleged to the truth of the Catholic Church which could sustain its life, drawn from a Divine source, under circumstances that must have crushed any religion of human origin?

TRUST.

ELISE PARDOW ROMA.

Painter-hand that paints the gorgeous sky,
Sun-tipped hills, the blue-green,
Singing deep,
Lightest touch can our poor aching heart
Soothe, and lull its pain to sleep.

Soothe, my soul. God holds thee in His arm;
Dear art thou and all thy kin to Him
Will not let the gloom of night rest
On thee, if thou hast faith but to the firm.

Will fill with peace the gnawing void thou
Feltst;

For how can He disdain thy slightest want,

When marks He e'en the sighing of the wind?

Oh, no, my soul, let no misgiving daunt

Thy life, and cast its blighting shadow dark

Upon thee, trembling, weak. Arise,
Impart

To every fibre of thy being love

For Him—then, trust a Father's heart.

A CHRONICLE OF OLD LETTERS.

CHARLES J. PHILIPS.

I.

Romances that are found in dingy attic rooms on rainy days, hidden in some old chest, some dusty packet amidst all the musty grandeur of antique chairs piled against the slanting roof, ancient skirt-hoops hanging skeleton-like from the rafters and gowns of by-gone days—they are enchanting! Old letters—the very words possess a charm.

The following records of traveling and sightseeing, though never relegated to the attic nor associated with ancient hoops and battered chests, have been a source of wonderful pleasure to more than one. They have been taken out, if once a hundred times; read, re-read and tenderly replaced. They are fully worthy of the light of day; and though their compilation has been of necessity a melancholy task, it has also been one of love. They are simple records, written by dear ones for loved ones, often hurriedly penned, not pretentious in any way; and in this their charm must lie—they are only a bundle of old letters.*

LIVERPOOL, August 29, 1877.

As we are now "waiting for the tide" to get into Liverpool, I thought I would make use of the opportunity to write, and by posting as soon as I landed would be just in time for the mail steamers which leave here this afternoon.

On the boat from Kingston to Cape Vincent I fell into conversation with a gentleman who had come from Bellville on the same train with me; he belonged to Boston, and was interested in the

*This chronicle of old letters is a complete story from beginning to end (even to the very end.) The first letter is dated from Liverpool; the writer returning to Europe after a visit to his Canadian home. Some letters were written from that home—a mother and her young daughter fresh from the convent—crossed the seas afterward and wrote the later letters.

Modoc gold mine. He gave me a great deal of information about the mines, and the difficulties they met with in separating the gold from the quartz, but felt confident of a new process of the company's to be used in overcoming the difficulty, and they expected to make a good thing out of it. He was not very much taken with the hotels he ran across, and thought there was great room for improvement there. He was a very agreeable fellow and good company; he wished me to tell you that the lunch you were thoughtful enough to put in my bag saved not only one, but two, from starvation. You see we had both believed in Watertown as a place to revive the inner man, and were very nearly made victims of misplaced confidence; the supply of food you had put in my bag, however, coming to the rescue, along with some peaches he bought, made quite a banquet. Only for this we would have had to wait until eleven o'clock at night before getting anything to eat. When we reached Rome I began to feel the want of sleep, so took a sleeping car, and saw no more of my Boston man.

In the morning I awoke to find that we were running along the banks of the beautiful Hudson, and as each point of the now familiar scenery passed in view, I felt more and more lonely. But we were soon in New York.

I took a cab down to the docks, and got my things aboard ship and then went up to the city and secured what I wanted to take to Paris. I sent you a telegram then, which I suppose you received. I went aboard at 11:45, but we did not leave the dock till 12:30.

I was now a looker-on at many leave-takings and fond farewells, and of course there was a great deal of shedding of tears by parting friends; but they all gave us three hearty cheers as we started down the bay.

are under way, and now there is nothing to do but "scrape acquaintance with one another preparatory to the time as pleasantly as possible, next ten days. On the whole, we had a pretty fair time, and there being a nice young ladies on board as a fiddler, we have had dancing every evening. The night before, however, was very rough, and we rocked in the cradle of the deep" arts' content. I expect to be in the day afternoon, so I will say good-bye to the present.

* * *

BRUSSELS. ———

no very great news to send, although you might say I allowed plenty of time for it to accumulate. I have been in Antwerp since I last wrote to you, and is not very much to be seen except the Zoological Gardens, which ranks as one of the finest in the world. The Cathedral is rather celebrated for its masterpieces by Rubens.

You have seen engravings of them, the "Immaculate Conception," and the "Descent From the Cross," as it is most frequently called. It is quite superfluous to say that the engravings are very fine.

I have also been to Luxembourg to attend the brother of the King of the Belgians, and passed a day and a night at the chateau. I was specially telegraphed for, which I understand, I consider a great mark of favor bestowed by a great personage. How glad I was to make a journey of nine miles by rail, to which were added two miles by carriage. The Prince sent a messenger to meet me at the station and to attend to my special needs;

and I was also in constant attendance on me during my stay at the chateau. In fact, I was treated right royally, and you see I am hob-nobbing with the royal family notwithstanding my republican principles. Since I came here (Brussels) I have been attended for the whole royal family, and always been treated with special attention. The eldest son, who is a prince, is heir to the throne.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, Dec. 13, 1882.

To give you anything like a detailed description of what took place from the time I left Brussels till I finally settled in Boulogne would, I fear, make my letter too long; but, suffice it to say that although my object in each of the places I went to was the serious business, still it was not totally devoid of its pleasant side, for I met old friends who were glad to see me and proved it in many ways. In Paris I was feted by my few remaining old chums. In London I met many whose acquaintance I had formed on the Continent. These invited me to dinners, parties, boating excursions, dances, etc., etc. In fact, I was, for a time, all through the kindness of my friends, "a lion among swells."

But Holland! the most curious and interesting of all the countries I had yet seen. It lies, as you are aware, several feet (I think it is eighteen) below the level of the sea, so that the safety of the entire Kingdom depends upon the dykes by which the encroachments of the sea are held in check; the rivers also, the beds of which form the alluvial deposit that rises much higher than the neighboring fields, become an invaluable protection. Canals intersect the country in every direction; they are as frequent, and in many cases answer the purposes of roads and fences in America; these canals enclose square lots of ground which, although extremely productive, owing to the incessant labor bestowed upon them, are, after all, little better than beds of sand.

The quaint tumble-down looking houses, particularly in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, are odd, indeed—whole streets looking as though every house in them appear unsteady—some leaning so far forwards that a stranger intuitively quickens his pace upon approaching them. I think if he were to meet a very particular friend just at that moment who wished to stand and talk he would very likely take him by the button-hole and lead him a little further down the street where life would seem more secure. This intoxicated appearance of the streets is owing to the soft and yielding nature of the sand. Still,

they say the buildings never fall, and many of them are several hundred years old, and still inhabited. I declare I should not like to live in some that I saw, even with this assurance, and, I might add, with the additional inducement of rent free. Fancy being obliged to have the legs of your bed shorter on one side than the other, in order to get a sufficient level to stay in it when you are asleep. It is worse than being aboard ship, for the ship rights herself sometimes.

The peculiar costume of the people, and altogether the whole country, is extremely interesting and picturesque, and were it not that you now and then run up against some unmistakeable signs of the nineteenth century, and for the knowledge that you were brought there by rail and steam, you might very easily fancy yourself living in the sixteenth century.

The Hague is the royal residence and capital of Holland. It is the most modern of all the Dutch cities and a very pretty place. When I was there I called on the Court Dentist, who received me very kindly. I accepted an invitation to dine with the family, with whom I spent a very pleasant evening. He tried to persuade me to remain in Holland, for he said he had heard often about me when I was in Brussels. But I had already come to the conclusion that fair France was my field, so back to Paris I sped, stopping in Belgium a few days *en route*.

Here in Boulogne it is very pleasant, situated on the seashore and the highway between London and Paris. Storms are gotten up here to perfection, and it is very pleasant sometimes to watch them from the cliffs. When one mounts an eminence he has full sweep of the sea with its ships passing to and fro.

* * * * *

TORONTO, July 17, 1888.

We leave here to-morrow at 7:15 A. M. by the "Empress of India," leave Suspension Bridge about 11:30 for New York. A party of twelve are coming with us as far as the Falls. We are both all but dead with excitement and late hours; for we have been on the go continually since we came from "the west." Callers all day Saturday and Sunday, out to dinner last

night, to luncheon to-day; I was invited to visit the beach on Saturday, but of course I could not go. We shall write as soon as we land, if we don't go to the bottom.

MAY.

* * * * *

S. S. WIELAND, July 20, 1888.

I am going to write you a little now and again during our voyage, so as to post it just as soon as we land in Cherbourg, but I strongly advise you to get M—— to decipher it, as I don't care (just now) to worry you to an untimely end by trying to make out my hieroglyphics, which are bad at anytime, but simply awful when I am rocked and tossed and jolted by the sea, for there is quite a high sea on, and while I am writing this the side of the ship is lined with people generously remembering the fishes.

Of course, we had the most delightful of times both in Chicago and Toronto, and we reached New York Thursday at 10:20 A. M. We boarded the ship and were shown to our state-rooms, which by the way, treat us to all the motion of the boat, as they are near the bow (Mur is over the deck now.) We arranged our belongings, explored the ship, and then went on deck to see everyone say good-bye, and I tell you what, we were glad no one was on the pier moaning for us.

After we started we amused ourselves by scanning our fellow passengers, who are all a set of jabbering Germans—Captain, crew, waiters, people, even the air seems to be German. We had dinner at five and sat out on deck until eight. I may as well tell you in the start that everytime Mur goes to the stateroom she is ill; but I have not as yet been seasick, and I have not the remotest idea that I will be.

It is so foggy one can't see twenty rods on any side of the ship, and the lusty old fog-horn is blowing continually. We have not had a really bright day yet; all the first day it poured, and also part of to-day. Last night the moon was out for a while, but this morning we had another shower; but rain does not frighten us here—everyone walked up and down in it, and we remained on deck till luncheon time. This is Friday, so no meat for me, but Mur has

a fine memory and packs meat in like a good Calvinist. Dear me! she needs it all! (Just here I was almost rolled off my seat.)

Mur stands it much better than I ever thought she would; she is reading here as unconcerned as if it were only over the lake to old Niagara we were going; and really, when you get right down to it, it is nothing new—exactly the same only in the matter of time.

I will have to desist, as the waves are jealous of my writing instead of looking at them, and they are becoming revengeful.

* * * * *

SATURDAY, July 21.

We are two and one-half days out and five hundred and ninety-two miles away from land by this time. This is a glorious day on the sea, although we had a shower this morning; the breeze is fresh and bracing, and the water is bluey-blue. Mur is bearing up splendidly to-day; she says it is too bad that I wrote about her being sick. We were both up on deck till quite late last night, watching the moon when we could, which wasn't very often, the clouds were so dense. They say that by to-morrow noon we will be off the Banks of Newfoundland. By this time we have become pretty well acquainted, particularly with a gentleman and his daughter from New York, and also with a gentleman who has something to do with the ship. Altogether we make quite a party of English-speaking folks.

It has grown fearfully foggy and our friend the horn is going it bravely.

* * * * *

SUNDAY, July 22.

Perhaps you will receive this earlier than I first expected, as one of the passengers lands at Plymouth, and has kindly promised to post it for me.

We have seen at least seven sailing ships since we left New York; but one of them came a little too near us yesterday afternoon for our comfort. We were all lounging about the deck, reading or talking, when suddenly the bells commenced clanging, the fog-horn blew, the engines were reversed, and there we stopped in mid-ocean. Everyone rushed to the side,

and in a minute saw an immense vessel from Bremen; it had passed under our bow and came within five feet of colliding with our ship, owing to the dense fog. Two minutes after her first appearance there was not a trace of her. The captain was up on deck all night until eight this morning. The fog has cleared slightly, but now we are nearing the second of the Newfoundland Banks, and it is growing dense again.

We had our customary walk on deck this morning after breakfast, and will have another after dinner which is at five.

* * * * *

MONDAY, Fifth Day, July 23.

So far, so good; not even qualmish yet. But if a storm should arise, perhaps I might be a little—just a little—ahem! Of course it would take something out of the common!

Well, at last we are out of our fog, having said good-bye late last night to it; but as we were in the region of icebergs early this morning it is much cooler than usual, yet for all that, not what I call cold—only bracing. Dolphins are visible, and whales were seen spouting in the distance. In a few days, we shall be near the porpoises, and as those "treasures of the deep" come right up to the side of the ship, we can view them to our hearts' content.

This is the first really bright day we have had. I wish you could have been here to see the ocean as it appeared to us this morning. It was just sapphire blue, and on the very edge of the horizon was a great three-masted ship, with every stitch of canvas she possessed crowded on. We looked at her for a long time through our glasses, but after a while we gradually lost sight of her.

Last night we lounged around on deck until very late, and before we retired had the satisfaction of knowing that our hours of fog were coming to an end.

We escaped collision with another ship last night but it wasn't quite so close a call as our former one. All during this foggy weather the crew was obliged to keep the strictest outlook to avoid accident. (You may judge how great the danger was when I tell you we could not

see more than ten feet away on any side.) There were three officers stationed on the bridge, and two sailors up in the bow, continually on the lookout, and the expression of anxious eager expectancy on their faces was enough to frighten anyone. Now, there is no longer necessity for it, and we breathe freely once more.

Mur felt chilly, so has gone to the saloon to get warm.

I have finished "At The Mercy of Tiberius." I cannot say that I am as much in love with it as I thought I should be, considering your enthusiasm. Beryl is a beautiful character, but all in all I did not enjoy wading through all of Mrs. Evans Wilson's pedantry. I am at "Mr. Barnes" now, and feel more interest, for at least, I understand it, and don't have to stop and ponder over it continually, nor yet keep the subject of a sentence in my mind through a long paragraph, while hunting for the verb.

We have our regular long walks three times a day, and really you would be dumfounded if you saw the way Mur goes it! One-half the distance we walk here, if done on King or Yonge streets, would tire her to death. Surely the ocean is working wonders!

Well, sea life is rather uneventful, so I shall desist for another day, and perhaps I shall have something better with which to entertain you in my next. Meantime, I shall take a walk.

* * * * *

TUESDAY, Sixth Day, July 24.

I haven't anything special to serve up to you to-day, only I know that when I tell you I decided to forego my breakfast for the sake of a sleep, you will laugh, but then I did not sleep last night, so I

have at least the shadow of an excuse. However, I did not fare badly, for Mur brought me a cup of coffee and a roll (the kind you eat) to my room. Mur has not been quite as well to-day, but as she took coffee for breakfast, she lays all the blame upon the poor coffee, which, to say the least, is a rather mean way of getting out of it. She didn't want to go down to lunch, but was finally talked into it, and feels much better, though just at present she is lying down. There were numerous inquiries after me this morning to know if I were sick. But no, not I! Where is your boast that I should be calling on you to hold my head?

The sea is sage green to-day; indeed it is constantly changing its hue. It has as many shades of blue as one would find in Murray's and is at times gray, black, brown and green. Do you know we have nick-named the waiters and passengers some way or another, and among the waiters, we have such personages as Keating, the Prig, etc., and on board we have a bona fide bride and groom; so you see we are in need of nothing more in the way of diversions.

Then there is a full-fledged dude, Spriggins and Little Poppinjay. My ear has become so accustomed to their steps that I should know them a mile off.

We had quite a long walk last night, and more fun than enough, dodging the mate, who was bound he would meet us at every turn, and we, or rather I, was just of the opposite mind. Did I tell you that yours came out ahead? I gave poor Mur a great race through it all.

We have the novelist Laurence Oliphant on board, with his valet. He looks to me like a Nihilist.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(A statue in the garden of Saint Anthony's, Oakland.)

CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.

In shadow of the sacred court she stands,
Where grasses grow caressing 'round
her feet.
And scatters blessings from her down-
stretched hands
Upon the grass, upon the faces sweet
Of daisies.

So o'er seas and strands
The Blessed Virgin stoops, the earth to
greet,
And showers love upon the barren sands
Of loveless life, until with love replete
The desert blooms and flowers fill all
lands.

THE SOCIAL WELFARE.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

ough not perfect, yet a high degree of happiness is attainable in this life; and imperfect happiness, though based only on the interior culture of man's moral nature through the knowledge of God, requires also for its support man's material well-being through moderate possession of external

stitution is a misery directly impeding man's happiness by at once depriving him of the instruments of spiritual culture and reducing him physically to a condition worse than that of the mere animal.

Since the Incarnate Son of God, whose life is the model for mankind, chose, in poverty; but not destitution. He had a home and a means of livelihood, the humble comforts of the working-man, and supported Himself and His Mother by the labor of His hands His thirtieth year.

In such moderate temporal possession man has the primary material condition instrumental in the pursuit and attainment of that imperfect happiness of life, to which in his relation to his fellow-man, every human being has an inalienable right.

In the mere animal man, whose moral nature is blighted by avarice, abundance of external goods is considered the highest condition of life and the indispensable condition of contentment; and yet this meanest condition is directly opposed to the happiness of its individual victim as well as to the popular well-being. It induces in its victim a contempt of truth and justice; it turns his heart against the needs and wishes of his fellow-man, and impels him, where opportunity offers, to the commission of enormous injustices. It plunges him in the inquietude of mind, inordinate cares, and suspicions, and fills his entire life with perfidy and deceit.

Even in the nature of the case, as well as

from the example so common around us, the supposed happiness of such men is a delusion; and while the results of this vice on the Christian and rational manhood of the few in whom it dominates are lamentable enough; when it once becomes the popular sin and the multitude join in the mad race for wealth, its damning effects are at once universally revealed in the most acute popular misery and the upheaval of society.

Possessed of the knowledge and love of God as the indispensable spiritual basis, human society might speedily rise to the attainment of this life's imperfect happiness through the rational and harmonious co-operation of the two great forces of man's temporal welfare—labor and capital. Both are necessary, both are equally beneficial and both have the right of association or union for self-protection.

As to the former, while much could be said in just condemnation of the excessive, grinding toil to which the avaricious and artificial condition of modern society subjects the working masses; yet moderate labor is an essential element of human welfare. The entire earth, with all its resources, has been given over to our rule and domination; but labor is necessary to make good our mastery and wrest from it the tribute of its support. Besides, in this way only can we achieve and maintain a manly independence and escape the many evils to which the exuberance of our fallen nature and its surplus forces expose the idle.

Capital, or goods reserved and employed for further production, is also a necessity in civilized society; as there could be no such happy condition of mankind were all the high and manifold needs and aims of cultivated humanity to be exposed to the precarious day-to-day, hand-to-mouth support, as among the lowest savages.

Both labor and capital being equally

necessary, beneficial and respectable, it is clear that both should co-operate harmoniously for the common good of society by a proportionate share in their joint benefits. Land, factories, railroads, ships, etc., which are made productive by labor, should, while enriching their owners, afford to the workingman the benefit demanded by the amount of his labor and his just requirements as a civilized member of society.

And yet our modern capitalists and combines persistently ignore this side of the case, and seem bent on regarding the working masses as not civilized, Christian men, having the rational and moral needs, aims and responsibilities of citizens; but as a herd of mere cattle, or as so many machines from which they may wring the greatest amount of work with the least possible expenditure; and, while doubling their own millions, condemn the laborer, by underpayment for excessive toil and by exorbitant prices on the very work of his hands, to a life of perpetual plodding—without opportunity or means for rest or self-culture, and beyond the chance for providing for days of sickness, or for old age, or the responsibilities of a family.

Such a degrading system must, indeed, soon reduce men to the condition of mere animals; and we know of entire districts in so-called civilized countries, where the state of the working masses forces one to regard them as hardly anything better, and where such condition is the direct work of capitalistic combines!

If the workingman is taxed as a civilized member of society, by what right are his common necessities and expenses in society ignored? Does he not need decent clothing and proper food, a home, occasional rest and leisure for a little of the mental culture expected in a civilized man? And does not society expect him to meet the common expenses of a citizen for food and clothing, taxes on his property, sickness and the ordinary comforts of a civilized human being—comforts which, for the most part, he must share with a numerous family? And if these things be so, by what right is the workingman denied the opportunity of purchasing his

share of the products of capital in any just and decent proportion to his necessities?

Our modern capitalist will straighten himself and bluntly answer: "The products of this business are not intended to supply the necessities of any one; they were created solely for the purposes of trade"—like Hodge's razors, "they were made to sell!"

Are we to be satisfied with this answer, and admit that the wholesale hoarding and bartering of monopolized products among a conspiring clique of wealthy usurers should be extolled and maintained as something more sacred and necessary than the commonest necessities of the poor and the laboring masses of the world? Yet this devil's doctrine is contained in that impudent answer, and has even become a world-wide criminal fact which cries to Heaven for vengeance.

Trade! Behold the Juggernaut of this avaricious age, before whose mighty car every highest and holiest interest of humanity must lie prostrate! Woe to the nation that honors not this mean, low god of the twentieth century! Down with the man who shall dare to declaim against its crushing industrial system! What cares trade for the common necessities of the laboring masses? They must submit or be mangled under his golden car. Trade is the god; and he shall rule by keeping the laboring masses on the verge of destitution precisely when all his granaries are fullest, awaiting the prices which his high priests have fixed; so that to him every knee may be made to bend, and every tongue forced to repeat the cant that trade is prosperity, progress, happiness, civilization!

This has been the burden of the century as long as we can remember, and the persistent fiddle-scraping of the tune has kept society dancing to it until almost the entire world has come to believe that lie!

What has trade in common with the high, generous and refined condition of man meant by the term civilization? Buy cheap and sell dear—this is trade, but is it civilization. Has trade ever civilized a nation? On the contrary, without the religion of Jesus Christ, every uncivilized

has been broken and reduced to a of greater depravity and more hope-
 dependence by merely trade relations
 any so-called civilized people; as
 s, India under England, the Ameri-
 idian nations under New England,
 re natives of Hawaii under its Yan-
 ader preachers. Trade will corrupt
 estroy once populous, strong and
 ratively happy nations by initiating
 at the point of the cannon into the
 s of rum and opium. Trade will
 fabricate the hideous devil-gods of
 athen, and uphold idolatry in the
 of Christianity; as witness the firm
 mingham, England, where idols are
 actured for China! Don't condemn
 ny indignant civilized friend!—It is
 man!

only foundation and guarantee of
 rity, progress and whatever human
 finess of this life is implied or ex-
 d in the word civilization, consist
 knowledge of the eternal truth and
 lfillment of that justice toward God
 an which were revealed and pro-
 d to the world by Jesus Christ; and
 matter of history that, in propor-
 o the rejection of that knowledge
 ie withholding of that justice, wide-
 destitution with its consequent
 al and political decay has appeared
 ; nations in the very height of their
 d artificial wealth.

Jesus seeing the multitude went
 o a mountain, and opening his
 , He taught them, saying: "Blessed
 o poor in spirit, for theirs is the

kingdom of Heaven * * * blessed are
 the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy

* * * and be not solicitous what
 you shall eat or what you shall drink, or
 what you shall put on; for your Heavenly
 Father knoweth that you have need of
 these things; but seek ye first the king-
 dom of God and His justice, and all these
 things shall be added unto you * * *

But whoso heareth these my words and
 doeth them not, shall be likened to a
 foolish man who builds his house upon
 the sand; and the storms came, and the
 rains fell, and the winds blew, and they
 beat upon that house, and it fell; and
 great was the fall thereof!"

Such are the command, the promise and
 the warning of the author of human so-
 ciety, the World's Teacher and Master,
 addressed to the nations as well as to in-
 dividuals; and by this teaching Christ
 condemns the avarice of this age with all
 its industrial thieving, pompously called
 trade; He proclaims the spiritual to be
 above the material, the eternal above the
 temporal; He declares all earthly inter-
 ests subservient to divine justice, and
 foretells the downfall of every individual
 aim and every social or industrial polity
 presuming to stand in contravention of
 this everlasting truth.

The ignoring of this teaching is at the
 root of our social miseries; and it is only
 by opening its eyes to the light of this
 sermon of Christ on the mount that
 modern society can hope to find the path
 to happiness and escape the fury of the
 coming storm, which threatens its ruin.

CONFIDENCE.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

ve Thee, O Lord, have I tried,
 ough seasons of sorrow and pain;
 ee have I laid all aside,
 igh often, the barter seems vain.
 sendest me darkness and grief,
 i givest me sickness and blight,
 hen my heart seeketh relief,
 i hidest the joy and the light.

With all, I have trust in Thy care;
 Thou knowest the right and the best;
 And, be my days gloomy or fair,
 For ever in Thee shall they rest.
 My years may be shadowed by loss,
 Which Time proves too brief to live
 down;
 Yet, portioned in life for the Cross,
 In death I shall hope for the Crown.

EDITORIAL.

Our Lady's own dear month! Sacred to her, so far as loving piety and the devotion of the Church can dedicate it, we greet the beautiful month of May as pre-eminently our Lady's, above all the other months of the year.

And among those whose voices will be lifted up in prayer and praise, in song and hymn, from hearts full of tender love, the children of the Rosary should be found foremost in the happy throng. During this month, our churches will be open for special services, and in no case will the Rosary be forgotten. It will precede the Master's blessing—a gentle reminder to us of the old and enduring truth, that true devotion to our Blessed Mother must ever lead us to Jesus Christ, and that the only crown worthy of her love is the one that is finally laid at His feet, there to receive an approving blessing, which will be to us the glad assurance that the best way to go to Jesus is the way He chose to come to us, the way of His own dearest Mother, who is our Blessed and loving Mother, too. May this beautiful month be full of blessings for all Rosarians, and may the kingdom of our Lady grow each day, widening, as it spreads, the Kingdom of Jesus Christ among souls.

The publication of the cantos on English history is temporarily interrupted, because of the author's health. According to the original plan the series will be resumed at an early date.

Through the courtesy of the Honorable George C. Perkins, we have received a copy of his fine address in the Senate Chamber, Washington, April eighth, on the subject of Chinese exclusion. We advise our readers to procure a copy of the Senator's speech; it is an earnest plea that the dignity of the American workman must be protected from an attack of Asiatic slave labor.

"So little done, so much to do!" was

the burden of the disappointed heart-cry of Cecil Rhodes as he succumbed to the conqueror of emperors—Death!

Verily, "so little done" that humanity could applaud, so much done for posterity to bewail.

"Employ humanity," he had said, "and at the same time civilize. Build a railroad in South Africa or machine shops in China. There is an immense population, whole continents living in mediæval or barbaric surroundings. Have at them! Make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant from Spitzbergen to Cape Horn and round the globe!"

So he had "at them!" and the lurid light of British Empire glares over hundreds of thousands of miles of the Dark Continent, revealing desolate veldts covered with the whitening bones of "civilization's" victims. Desecrated hearths and ruined homes, the agonized cry of helpless women and orphaned children are "little" when weighed in consideration of carrying out his colossal selfishness.

But Rhodes, in building up his empire, at the rate of a mile a minute, failed to include in his estimate of cost, the opposition of a "civilized," God-fearing people, whose patriotism corresponded in intensity to the depths of their religious convictions. Hence, the humiliation of acknowledging his failure in a scheme where millions were a cipher and bullets poured in vain. There is no ground to hope that had length of days been granted to Mr. Rhodes that "so much to do" would favor other than national interests—as interpreted by himself.

His last will and testament evidently points to the acquisition of an empire more important by far than the diamond fields of South Africa—the domination, in fact, of English *ideas*, the inoculation of English nationality upon American youth, the "mothering" of energetic imperialists who must needs be loyal to the principles imbibed from their *alma Mater*.

Rhodes, it has been said, spent millions

means to an end. His experience with looters failed to make of them pious Englishmen, hence they are cut without a shilling." His means to do—in the case of the Oxford scholar for America—should be diverted to America's free-born sons to the needy institutions in support of the Seventh's five hundred thousand hungry poor. In national education, trade, we impose a tariff upon artificial foreign manufacture. The dream Cecil Rhodes—the Anglicizing of African intellect—must never be realized at the sacrifice of our American sons!

According to a decree of indulgence issued to Father Ignatius Spencer by Pius IX., all Catholics may obtain spiritual favors by assisting in the conversion of non-Catholics.

Father Ignatius Spencer organized a "Society of Prayer" for the conversion of England and obtained for those who joined for this object certain indulgences. Afterwards enlarged the scope of the society, so that its prayers were offered for the conversion of all non-Catholics, wherever they are living, and, as the following decree testifies, obtained the benefit of indulgences to this association.

Pope Pius IX., Most Blessed Father: Ignatius of S. Paul (Spencer), Passionist, Spiritual Director in England, present at the feet of your Holiness, states being desirous of extending the Association of Prayers already existing for England, in favor of all those who are separated from the Holy Church, and being sensible that a fresh spiritual attraction is necessary in order to move all the faithful to enter of this holy enterprise, humbly implores your Holiness that you would be pleased to extend the three hundred days indulgence already granted by your Holiness to those who pray for the conversion of England, to this new society, and moreover grant one hundred days for whatever good work may be done in favor of this Association. Dated November 6, 1851.

Obtain the indulgence and become a

member of the association you are only required to say the prayers or perform the good works.

Rev. Father Mothon, O. P., in a letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, send encouraging reports of the progress of the Dominican mission of Cienfuegos, Cuba, established in 1899.

The district of Cienfuegos contains forty thousand souls. For this number there was but one church, with two native priests, previously to the advent of the Dominican missionaries. With the cordial co-operation of the native priests, the missionaries have been enabled to exercise their ministry with consoling results. Despite the difficulties that attended the opening of the good work, the fathers have succeeded in forming a school for boys, which is attended by more than one hundred pupils.

In illustration of the susceptibility of the Cuban character to religious influence, Father Mothon writes: "We had not been there very long when old and young, men and women, many of whom had never been to confession, nor were ever baptized or married, people who had hardly the notion of God, began to visit the poor little mission. We had to build a chapel. With some borrowed money we put up a large wooden shed, able to shelter a few hundred people. To-day that humble chapel, if we may call it so, is too small. Every Sunday it is crowded at all the Masses and other services. Men of all conditions form a large portion of the congregation, a thing hitherto unknown. Societies for women and young girls have been established, as well as schools in which not only children but adults receive instruction in Christian doctrine. In a word, should the progress continue, we foresee that the population will be soon transformed."

MAGAZINES.

The April *Century*, commenting upon tolerance as exercised in the discussion of religious and other vital questions in America, remarks pertinently of intolerance in the political arena:

"There is at the present moment an ex-

ample of political intolerance on a large scale in the way that criticism of the governmental action with regard to 'expansion' is received by those who deprecate such criticism. Because any given anti-imperialist may have said or done unwise things would hardly seem to be a reason for branding as deficient in patriotism all those who have serious doubts as to the wisdom, morality or political consistency of every part of our national policy (so far as we have one) and practice, (so far as it is known) in regard to the Philippines. When a man is endeavoring to get at facts or arrive at a just conclusion concerning the course his country should pursue, in so complicated and grave a matter as the forcible government of distant provinces, it is hardly the province of good citizenship to threaten him with ostracism if he should conclude that, while some things had been well done, some other things, on the contrary, had been badly managed, and that it would be better if, in the end, the nation should hold strictly to its fundamental principles.

"To abuse and grossly ridicule as good a citizen as one's self for differing from one on some question of national policy is not only not argument, it is, to our thinking, the very opposite of patriotism. If free political debate were to cease in a free country, how long would that country be free? In that matter, also, there is, however, a distinct growth of tolerance.

"The intolerant state of mind is injurious to the State and to the individual. It goes with conceit and deadly pride. The strange thing is that men are apt to plume themselves upon their intolerance. It is evident that a man's conduct and a nation's conduct should be the result of thought, and judgment; but intolerance stops thought and destroys judgment."

The question whether Shakespeare was himself, or a syndicate, is only interesting to the average reader when dealt with brightly as that question is dealt with by Henry F. Keenan in "Old World Themes" in the *April Era*:

The grotesque comedy of controversy

over Shakespeare's identity has reached France, and the appreciations of the pundits would make a volume of irresistible drollery, writes Mr. Keenan. One saliency I cannot resist embalming for the curious on this side of the water. After prolonged research among genealogies and what not, it is found that Shakespeare was really of French origin; his forefathers were honest Normans who slipped over to Britain either in the train of Duke William's valets or afterward when word reached the land of what easy times the shifty Normans were having in the fat glebes of the British. At that time the name of the head of the family was "Jacques Pierre," and of course the clumsy yokels of their rank in life could never get out this combination—they made it "Shaks Peer" and what not, until it finally settled into its present form; though for that matter Shakespeare himself didn't seem to be certain of his own patronymic, for his signature, as his various sign manuals attest, varies on many of the authentic folios. More startling still, the same research proves that the name Robespierre was of the same family! The progenitors of this melancholy revolutionist had been settled on the British Isles for an unknown period, when the persecutions of the Catholics under Elizabeth Tudor drove them back to their ancient Norman birthplace and saved the corruption of the name from the fantastic form the Jacques Pierre took. The fascinating plausibility in this piquant conjecture is buttressed by the extraordinary transformation attested in hundreds of proper names of Gaelic derivation through British incapacity to manage the French collocations. Take, for example, the senseless "Rotten Row," originally the "route en roi" (king's ride), and scores more that could be adduced, and it is easy to anticipate the weight of probability that may be brought to the aid of the French claim to Shakespeare! You may prepare to see exhaustive volumes written on this hint so soon as the French pundits take up the subject in earnest.

In an interesting article in the *April Lippincott*, on "Advance Hints to Travelers," the author says:

recently met an Englishman who he had been interested in a com-
formed for the purpose of serving
wagon in London after the Amer-
plan. He said that the company
of success because householders did
now how to keep the ice after they
ought it. The refrigerator idea had
it dawned on the British mind. My
nant went on to say that his com-
had now turned its attention to the
luction of refrigerators as a requisite
use of ice. I asked him if he ex-
l success in this second venture de-
the failure of the first. He answered:
es, because we have prepared statis-
howing the annual waste of thou-
of tons of provisions in London be-
of the lack of means to preserve

When we have touched the Lon-
's pocket-nerve we shall win.'
e statement struck me as an exag-
on at the moment, but I received a
mation of it a few days later in
n, when I passed a house-furnishing
at whose door was hung a placard
ig thus:

'THE PUBLIC IS INVITED TO
P INSIDE AND INSPECT A RE-
GERATOR IN OPERATION. NO
ARGE.'

m the same number we have the fol-
g drift of modern English:
Washington resident, who is so
of her home that she sometimes
against the rubric of fashionable
by remaining in town the year
, was recently assailed by an ultra-
national friend in ultra-modern lan-

knew that you usually wintered
she said, "but I was astonished to
that you had summered here."
have not only wintered here and
ered here," answered the recklessly
tionable one, "but I will astonish
till further"—and the threat was
out—"when I tell you that I always
are, and I have sometimes sprung

n the current number of *Scribner's*
we take, with due acknowledg-

ments to the editor and to the author,
John Burroughs, the following beautiful
May poem:

The time that hints the coming leaf,
When buds are dropping chaff and
scale
And, wafted from the greening vale,
Are pungent odors, keen as grief.

Now shad bush wears a robe of white,
And orchards hint a leafy screen;
While willows drop their veils of green
Above the limpid waters bright.

New songsters come with every morn,
And whippoorwill is overdue,
While spice-bush gold is coined anew
Before her tardy leaves are born.

The cowslip now with radiant face
Makes mimic sunshine in the shade,
Anemone is not afraid,
Although she trembles in her place.

Now adder's tongue new gilds the mould,
The ferns unroll their woolly coils,
And honey bee begins her toils
Where maple-trees their fringe unfold.

The goldfinch dons his summer coat,
The wild bee drones her mellow bass,
And butterflies of hardy race
In genial sunshine bask and float.

The Artist now is sketching in
The outlines of his broad design
So fast to deepen line on line
Till June and summer days begin.

Soon will Shadow pitch her tent
Beneath the trees in grove and field,
And all the wounds of life be healed,
By orchard bloom and lilac scent.

Edward B. Rose, in *The Forum* for April
thus describes the tactics of the Boers in
battle:

A branch of warfare to which the Boers
attach almost supreme importance, and
rightly so, is scouting. At this their rov-
ing habits and mode of life make them
particularly adept, although during the
present war some of the most valuable
work in this direction has been performed
by Uitlanders. Two corps of scouts, one
composed of Frenchmen under Captain
Le Gallien, and the other of Italians under
the command of Captain Ricchiardi, both
recruited in Johannesburg during the
earlier months of the war, rendered ser-

voices of almost incalculable value to the Boer cause. Of an essentially cautious nature, the Boers never think of moving in any new direction until the country has been thoroughly reconnoitered by scouting parties and the enemy has been located; and it is to this fact that their marvellous mobility is largely due. Having ascertained the position of their opponents and calculated the numbers likely to be engaged at any given point, the scouts report to the general of the forces to which they are attached; and the burghers are then shifted from one position to another, so as to be ready for all emergencies. Thus it is that during the present campaign the Boers have almost invariably been just where they could do the most effective work, and in about the right numbers to do it.

MUSIC.

Percy Ashdown of New York has sent us the following attractive songs: *FROM THE WOODLANDS*, soprano in B flat (c-g), alto in A flat (b-flat-f), and *TWILIGHT HAS COME*, soprano in E flat (d-g), alto in C (b-e), the music of both songs by the favorite song writer Anton Strelezki. The first, a meritorious ballad, contains a sweetly flowing melody, above a prettily varied accompaniment. The poem is refined and elevating. The second is in the character of a reverie in the words and musical setting. It is a sweet, soothing and thoroughly good song. *FROM SHADOWLAND*, soprano in F (c-g), alto in E flat (b-f), by John J. Jones, a song in the reminiscent mood which works up to a very acceptable climax. *THE GARDEN OF LOVE*, soprano in D (e-f), mezzo-soprano in G (d-e), alto in F (c-d), by Joseph H. Adams, a bright, taking song, pleasantly varied throughout and ending in a surprising but satisfactory manner. *WHEN MANDOLINS ARE RINGING*, soprano in G (d-g), mezzo-soprano in F (c-f), by the successful song writer Angelo Mascheroni, a brilliant song, suitable for concert use. The melody is vivacious and pretty and the merry accompaniment a fitting companion. It is a song full of merit and deserves a ready recognition. *THE POPPIES HAVE COME AGAIN*, soprano

in A ((e-f), alto in G (d-e), text by Edward Teschemacher and music by Francis Bohn, a gay, bubbling encore song, full of pleasing modulations, enclosed in a vivaciously swinging rhythm. When sung with bright, open tones and in piquant, arch manner, it is bound to capture the fancy of the audience. *COULD ONE FORGET*, for mezzo-soprano, and *SPRINGTIME HAS COME*, for soprano, words by Edward Teschemacher and music by Cuthbert Harris. No. 1 is a sweet, tender melody of moderate range. No. 2 is a bright encore song, ending in a splendidly wide awake climax; both songs on one sheet of music.

From William A. Pond & Co., New York, we have received for piano: *PREMIER BONHEUR* (Gavotte), by William Salabert, a captivating melody, full of variety as to change of melody and touch. Abounds in finger staccato, octaves, chords, sustained melody and grace notes. A good teaching piece, and sure to please the student. *ROSY CHEEKS—Polka Mazurka*—by Julius E. Muller, a bright, tinkling melody in *puntata* style.

For voice the following selections were sent: *LOVE'S ANSWER*, by Leopold, a barcarolle of moderate range; *ASPIRATION* for mezzo-soprano or baritone, words and music by Horatio King, a quiet, religious melody, over a choral-like bass accompaniment. For mandolin and guitar: *ZAFFIRO*, arranged by Enrico Garginio, bright and taking. *MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME*, mandolin solo; *COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING*, mandolin solo; *LINGER IN BLISSFUL REPOSE*, mandolin solo, all by George W. Pereley.

BOOKS.

FOOTING IT IN FRANCONIA, by Bradford Torrey, is a delightfully exhilarating tramp through the mountains and forests surrounding Happy Franconia! "Nested and quiet in a valley mild!"

Autumn and spring vie with each other in displaying wondrous beauties of leaf and flower: "Greens and reds of all tender and lovely shades; not to speak of the exquisite haze-blue, or wood purple, which mantles the still budded woods on the

higher slopes. For the reds I was quite unprepared. They have never been written about, so far as I know, doubtless because they have never been seen. * * * I knew, of course, that young maple leaves, like old ones, are of a ruddy complexion; but somehow I had never considered that the massing of the trees on hillsides would work the same gorgeous spectacular effect in spring as in autumn—broad patches of splendor hung aloft, a natural tapestry, for the eye to feast upon."

In a word, Franconia allures by her visions of perennial loveliness and entrances by the sweet melodies of the myriads of songsters that flit from bough to bough.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston have issued the volume in attractive form.

A COMPLETE EXPOSE OF EDDYISM OR CHRISTIAN SCIENCE has been lately published. Although argument may be wasted upon those who persist in seeking "religion" in the wild theories of Mrs. Eddy, and official discrimination against the dissemination of Eddyism may fail to restore reason to her deluded victims, a few words in exposition of the woman's true character and false methods will, undoubtedly, convince thousands that her pernicious influence should be strenuously opposed. In an address, now printed in pamphlet form, delivered by Frederick W. Peabody at Tremont Temple, Boston, August 1, 1901, we find no alluring description either of the woman or of her absurd teachings.

Those who have never seen Mrs. Eddy will certainly suffer disillusion from the first glance, either at herself or her genuine likeness—for she is not of the bewitching type of youthful beauty—much less is she an irresponsible character. The pernicious influence of her pretended discoveries and criminal practices are made plain by Mr. Peabody. The details of Mary Baker G. Eddy's social life and language are neither admirable or imitable. The monstrous irreverence of this woman, who has posed as a representative of God during

the past thirty years, is only equalled by the monstrous stupidity of her fanatical followers.

In developing the methods by which Mrs. Eddy has accumulated a colossal fortune under the guise of a teacher of Christian Science, Mr. Peabody demonstrates clearly that she is the most scientific mercenary that has haunted the classic shades of Boston and its environs since the last witch was reduced to ashes.

In giving the concluding words of Mr. Peabody's address, we express the hope that the pamphlet may be widely circulated for the enlightenment of the public on the foolish fad of Christian Science—particularly as the assertions made by Mr. Peabody may be substantiated by facts.

"I have shown," he says, "it is time that the baneful influence of this woman should end, and that Christian Science, as a religion, should cease to be. A religion is something revealed by God; it is not a business asset. It is time the public and the whole public should know the truth and the whole truth regarding the founder of Christian Science. It is time that an effort should be put forth to rescue from the influence of this wicked and avaricious woman the lives of thousands of pure and lovable people, who give to her, to her, this impostor, the veneration of their souls and govern their lives according to her detestable teachings; that an end should be put to her power to induce belief in her so-called 'malicious animal magnetism' that is making people insane with superstitious fear; that an end should be put to her power to break up families, to separate husband and wife, parent and child; that an end should at once and forever be put to her power to so influence the thought of parents that they will deliberately allow their children to suffer and die under the insane belief that suffering and death are not realities. And to show Mary Baker G. Eddy to be what she is, is to end all these things.

"And if I have said aught to carry conviction to your minds that Christian Science as a religion is a monstrous

fraud and that with Mrs. Eddy it is a mere matter of business, I shall have accomplished the purpose I have had in thus seeking to publicly communicate what I know to be the truth regarding the most audacious and most successful adventuress, the most calculating charlatan, the most vindictive, relentless and cruel woman the enlightened centuries have produced."

The pamphlet is published by the author, who may be addressed at 54 Smith Building, Boston.

FLOATING TREASURE, by Harry Castlemon, is an instructive book for boys. The sterling honesty of two boys, the main support of their widowed mother, is brought out in strong contrast to the dishonest dealings of young "gentlemen" (?) in a higher grade of society.

The "floating treasure," or Frank's fortune, is the occasion of temptation to his neighbors. The theft of the treasure and its final fate furnish situations of interest, as well as material for the moral of the story.

The publishers, Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, have printed the book in their usual commendable style. On the illustrated cover we have a glimpse of the sea that holds the "floating treasure."

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati, bring out in good form and at a low price a timely little volume, **A SHORT AND PRACTICAL MAY DEVOTION**, compiled by Father Deymann of the Franciscan Order. The plan followed by the devout author covers, in a happy manner, the scope of the spiritual life as practical for the faithful in general.

THE BOY SAVERS' SERIES is the happy title under which Father George E. Quin, S. J., is publishing very interesting and valuable talks or homely lectures, two volumes of which have already appeared.

This learned Jesuit Father is certainly at home among boys. He knows them intimately, he loves them devotedly, he labors for them unsparingly. Judging from his two booklets he is a master in

the science and art of boy saving. Having read these little volumes with an interest that flagged not, finding rather new attractiveness as we approached the close, we are prepared to say that they should be in the hands of every priest and parent who would be equipped to deal intelligently, sympathetically, helpfully, with our growing up boys.

Did space allow us we should be happy to enter into a detailed review of these booklets; we should quote freely from pages that are alive with practical suggestions, wise counsels, touching anecdotes and humorous reminiscences. But we prefer that our readers should know the books as they are, and with pleasure we remind them that the Apostleship of Prayer, West 16th street, New York, publishes Father Quin's admirable volumes. We congratulate the good Father and while we wish him God speed in his apostolate, we shall await, with deepened interest, the issue of subsequent numbers of the series.

The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, are the publishers of **CAPS AND CAPERS**, by Gabrielle E. Jackson. In this enjoyable story of boarding-school life the writer contrasts methods that tend to warp the character of young girls with those of a delightfully effective discipline based upon mutual confidence between teacher and pupil.

Ten illustrations by C. M. Relyea portray the mischievous "capers" that enhance the pleasures of diligent students.

From the same house we have received **NAKED TRUTHS AND VEILED ALLUSIONS**, by Minna Thomas Antrim. These spontaneous epigrams touch the idiosyncrasies of man and woman kind cleverly and forcibly.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE MERRIMACK, by Julia Noyes Stickney, with frontispiece portrait of the author, is published in excellent style by the Grafton Press, New York.

This collection of delightful songs is characterized by noble sentiment musically trilled.

The Grafton Press has also issued **SONGS OF THE DAY AND THE YEAR**, by Harriet F. Blodgett.

Pretty fancies of bird and tree and flower are bathed in bright sunshine prophetic of a happy realization of unbounded hope.

Both little volumes are attractively printed and bound.

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

1—SS. Philip and James, Apostles. (Good example.) Novena in honor of S. Antoninus begins. (Benediction.) May devotions every evening at 7:30 P. M.

Solemn unveiling and blessing in S. Dominic's Church, of the new *Pieta* (which is an exact copy of the miraculous image of Lourdes), by the Very Reverend Father Plus, who will also deliver the address.

2—S. Athanasius, Bishop and Doctor. (Fortitude.) (Benediction.)

3—The Finding of the Cross. (Reverence for the Crucifix.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

4—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Monica, Widow, mother of S. Augustine. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at exposition of Blessed Sacrament; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Enrolling new members in the Confraternity of the Rosary.

Opening of Retreat for Men in S. Dominic's Church.

5—S. Pius V., O. P., Pope. (Recitation of the Rosary. (Rogation day.) (Benediction.) Indulgence as on 10th inst. Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

6—S. John before the Latin Gate. (Rogation day.) Third Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

7—Octave of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. (Rogation day.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

8—The Ascension of our Lord. Holy day of obligation. The Second Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers; (3) C. C.; visit five altars in any church or one altar five times—the indulgence granted for the station churches in Rome. (Benediction.)

9—S. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop and Doctor. (Benediction.)

10—S. Antoninus, O. P., Bishop. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers. (Benediction.)

11—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr. Plenary indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Most Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

Closing of Men's Retreat.

12—B. Jane of Portugal, O. P., Virgin. (Detachment from the world.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

13—B. Albert of Bergamo, O. P., Tertiary, Layman. (Charity to the Poor.) Fourth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

14—B. Giles, O. P., Priest. (Love of silence.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

15—Octave of the Ascension.

16—S. John Nepomucen, Martyr. (Benediction.)

17—Vigil of Pentecost. Fast day. Baptismal font blest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

18—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Pentecost. Third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

19—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

20—Of the Octave. (Benediction.) Fifth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

21—Of the Octave. (Ember day.)

Commencement exercises, Dominican College, San Rafael.

22—Of the Octave.

23—Of the Octave. (Ember day.) (Benediction.)

24—Of the Octave. (Ember day.)

25—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Plenary indulgence for Rosarians accus-

tomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

26—S. Philip Neri, Priest. (Humility.)

27—B. Peter Sanz and Companions. Bishop and Martyr. (Zeal for souls.) Sixth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

28—B. Maria Bartholomea, O. P., Virgin. (Patience in suffering.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

29—Corpus Christi. (Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.) (Benediction.)

30—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

31—Of the Octave.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: For the Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Monica, Widow; S. Pius V., Pope; S. Angela Merici, Virgin; S. Paschal Baylon, Confessor; S. Ferdinand, King. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Julia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Flavia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Philip Neri, Confessor; S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr; S. Emily, Widow. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Athanasius, Bishop; S. Philip, Apostle; S. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor; S. Isidore; S. James the less, Apostle.

MUSIC FOR MAY.

May 4—Offertoire in E, Battiste; Invocation, Copocci; Mass in E Minor, De-thier; Offertory, "Sub Tuum," Dubois; Marcia Mastoso, Schumann. Evening Organ Music—Procession, Wagner; Prised, Wagner; Offertory, Andante grazioso, Moszkowski; Marche Solennelle, Lemaigre.

May 11—Allegro in B Flat, Goldmark; Andantino in B Flat, Lalo; S. Cecilia Mass, Gounod; Offertory, "Pius Jesu," Rousseau; Postlude, "Thanks Be to God," Mendelssohn. Evening Organ Music—Marcia Pomposo, Wagner; Solitude, Godard; Offertory, Andante in G, Svendsen; Procession from "Queen of Sheba," Gounod.

May 18—Offertoire in F, Wely; "Sous les Bois," Durand; Offertory, "Ave Maria," Lejeal; Allegro Marcia in C, Lachner.

Evening Service—March to Calvary from Gounod's "Redemption"; Lento espressivo, Frederick Zech. Music Service—A portion of the second and entire third part of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," including "The Resurrection," "The Ascension," "Pentecost"; including "Unfold Ye Portals," "Lovely Appear" and "Hymn of the Apostles"; Offertory, Vorspiel, Wagner; Laudate, "Sing With All the Sons of Glory," Howe; Postlude, "Hallelujah," from the "Mount of Olives," Beethoven.

May 25—Prelude in A Minor, Bach; Andante espressivo, Vieuxtemps; Mass in C, Silas; Offertory, "Bone Jesu," Palestrina; Postlude, Toccata in G, Dubois. Evening Organ Music—Overture to "Athalie," Mendelssohn; Andantino, Bizet; Offertory, Communion, Grison; Postlude, Moderato Maestoso, Dubois.

Listen to what our Lady revealed to B. Alan de la Roche, as he has recorded it in his book on the dignity of the Rosary: "Know, my son, and make others know, that it is a probable and proximate sign of eternal damnation to have an aversion, a lukewarmness, or a negligence, in saying the Angelical salutation, which has repaired the whole world." These are words at once terrible and consoling and which we should find

it hard to believe if we had not that holy man for a guarantee, and S. Dominic before him, and many great men since. But we have also the experience of several ages; for it has always been remarked that those who wear the outward look of reprobation, like impious heretics and proud worldlings, hate or despise the Hall Mary or the Rosary.

—Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, O. P.

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THE ENGLISH CORONATION OATH.

Since the proclamation of Edward VII. as "King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India"—on January 23, 1901—considerable interest has been manifested in all that concerns the public and private character of this conspicuous monarch.

The accession of the King under title of "Edward VII." has called forth an earnest protest—weighty with patriotic objections—to the infliction upon his Scottish subjects of a name which to them conjures up many bitter woes endured by their ancestors. There is no indication, however, that the title will be changed at the coronation ceremony.

Probably, no question has been more fully discussed on both sides of the water than that phase of the royal supremacy which identifies Edward VII. as head of the State Church. Not that this condition induces disloyalty on the part of his Catholic subjects; nor in the fact of his express negation of Transubstantiation, but in the positive coarseness of the expression, engendered in fiendish spite and hatred of Catholic doctrine centuries ago, by which the King is made to abjure all that Catholics revere. The proposed modified form of the King's oath calls for future Parliamentary consideration. It is to be hoped that the elimination of misleading, calumnious and insulting expressions will be speedily accomplished. The history of the English coronation oath—particularly the historical evolution of the present form—is certainly full of interest.

Of the religious ceremonial accompanying the anointing of English kings, the

earliest record is found in the English Pontifical of Archbishop Egbert, who died in 766. In the Pontifical of Egbert, the declaration of royalty is made in the form of a decree: "It is the duty of the king newly ordained and enthroned to enjoin on the Christian people subject to him these three precepts: First, that the Church of God and all the Christian people preserve true peace at all times. Amen. Secondly, that he forbid rapacity and all iniquities to all degrees. Amen. Thirdly, that in all judgments he enjoin equity and mercy, that therefore the clement and merciful God may grant us His mercy. Amen."*

King Edgar took the oath administered to him by Saints Dunstan and Oswald at Bath in 973 to observe these things, as also did Ethelred II. in 978, at Kingston. After having recited the formula aloud they placed a written copy of it upon the altar.

When William the Conqueror was crowned by the Archbishop of York, in 1066, he did not claim the right of a conqueror, but "in the presence of the clergy and whole people" in Westminster, he promised with an oath that he would defend God's holy churches and their rulers; that he would, moreover, rule the whole people subject to him with righteousness and royal providence, would enact and hold fast right law, utterly forbid rapine and unrighteous judgments."

"The form of election and acceptance,"

*Martene, lib. ii; Lingard, Anglo-Saxon History, c. viii.

remarks Bishop Stubbs, "was regularly observed, and the legal position of the new king completed before he went forth to finish the conquest."

William Rufus made the same promises to Lanfranc, though he observed none of them; so did Henry I., and he confirmed them by a charter. Richard I. made no change in the oath. The formalities of his coronation became a precedent for subsequent coronations.

The Norman Kings followed the example of their Anglo-Saxon predecessors in the matter of taking the oath, gradually making some additions, in the regal sense, as that the King "should recover the decayed or lost rights of the crown."

By the time of Edward II., 1308, the oath was framed in the form of question and answer, by which the king binds himself to confirm to the people of England "the laws and customs to them granted by the ancient kings of England, your righteous and godly predecessors."

In the document which still exists, showing the manipulations of the coronation oath by Henry VIII., it is noteworthy that he softened expressions about the rights of the people and interpolated clauses reserving rights to the crown, which rights, later in his career, he exercised in indulging to the utmost his vitiated propensities.

Several novelties were introduced at the coronation of Edward VI. Contrary to custom, the people's acceptance was not asked, and the form of the oath was changed by Archbishop Cranmer. The King bound himself: 1. To the people of England, to keep the laws and liberties of the realm. 2. To the Church and the people to keep peace and concord. 3. To do in all his judgments equal justice. 4. To make no laws but to the honor of God and the good of the commonwealth, and by the consent of the people as had been accustomed.

But Cranmer, who had proved himself a past master in sacrilegious subterfuge, immediately after receiving the oath of Edward, informed him "that his right to rule was derived from God alone, that neither the Bishop of Rome, nor any other bishop, could impose conditions

upon him; and that his duties would be, as God's vice-regent, to see that God be worshipped and idolatry destroyed, that the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome be banished and images be removed, and so forth.

This Cranmerian interpretation of the "rights of kings" and royal abjuration of idolatry were made in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. In his *Royal Records* Planché declares "that the King made his oath upon the Blessed Sacrament and upon the altar." The Archbishop sang a solemn High Mass at the close of the ceremonies. In less than two years the Mass was abolished and the altar stones cast to the ground.

At the coronation of Mary Tudor, Bishop Gardiner received the royal oaths, "which oaths," says the *Royal Records*, "her Highness, being led to the high altar, promised and swore upon the Sacrament lying upon the Altar, in the presence of all the people, to observe and keep."

Of the contempt in which Elizabeth held her solemn consecration to the royal dignity, and her manifest perjury, we have ample evidence. Having consulted a conjurer to set a propitious day for her coronation, Elizabeth, from motives of statecraft, took the customary oath before the high altar, after the old Catholic forms. Having been anointed, she retired to change her dress, viciously remarking to her ladies "that the oil had an evil and greasy smell." She then hypocritically returned to hear Mass and to receive Communion.

Previously to the coronation of William and Mary, a bill was passed through both houses settling the terms of the coronation oath. The point in debate was the part of the oath that related to the spiritual institutions of the realm. "Should the chief magistrate promise simply to maintain the (reformed) Protestant religion established by law, or should he promise to retain that religion as it should be hereafter established by law? The majority preferred the former phrase."*

By the Bill of Rights (October, 1689) it

*Macaulay.

was enacted that every English sovereign should "on the first day of sitting on his throne in the House of Peers, in the presence of the Lords and Commons, or else at coronation, whichever should first happen, subscribe the Declaration against Transubstantiation."*

Its outline was first drawn by the Puritans in the great rebellion against Charles I. in 1643; it was enacted by Parliament of Charles II. (in 1673) in the Test Act, to keep Catholics out of office, both civil and military; and in an enlarged and more insulting form, it was imposed on all Members of Parliament in 1678. It now extended to the wearer of the crown, and the longer and more virulent and offensive form was chosen for the purpose. It runs as follows

"I, A. B., by the grace of God, King (or Queen) of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the Presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitions and idolatrous. And I do solemnly, in the Presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part

*Act. I. William and Mary, session 2, c. 2.

thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void, from the beginning."

The first English sovereign to utter this shameful declaration was Anne, at her coronation, before the high altar of Westminster, April 23 (O. S.), 1702. The same oath has been required from each subsequent monarch. It was taken by Queen Victoria at the opening of her first Parliament, November 20, 1837.

Finally, the "declaration" against Transubstantiation was made by Edward VII. at the opening of his Parliament in 1901. Although the "tones of the King were low," and there will be no marring of the ceremony by a repetition of the "declaration," the pageantry attending the coronation of the King must of necessity renew the anguish of all sincere Catholics, knowing, as they do, that the splendors of the religious ceremonial borrowed from Catholic ritual, are used but in mockery of all that they symbolize.

A HEART-SONG.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

O bird of the morning! I hail thy glad lay,
That steals o'er the blossoming trees;
It stirs in its sweetness the pulses of day,
And echoes and dies on the breeze.

It brings to my heart the sweet notes of a
song,
That floats on the wing of the years;
And heart-throbs within me beat softly
along,
While mem'ries awake the glad tears.

O loved song! thy music is sacred to me,
Thy joy-tones of peace are so dear;
They ring in my ear their fond echo of
glee,
And banish the shade of a fear.
And glad o'er my soul a soft message of
prayer
Thy words whisper sweetly and low;
Oh, grant they may linger, remain ever
there—
Sweet song of the old long ago!

RECORD OF THE CAPTIVITY OF THE SPANISH FRIARS
IN THE PHILIPPINES BY ONE OF
THEMSELVES.

IV.

Early on February tenth, our prisoners received orders to prepare to leave Bulacan. They were informed that they were to travel on foot and that each prisoner should carry his own luggage. However, by force of entreaty, a carriage was placed at their disposal for conveying the old and infirm. This favor was granted to them with the proviso that the carriage would await them on their exit from the country; this was done, in order that the procession of prisoners might again pass through the city, subject to the coarse insults of the inhabitants of Bulacan. At half-past nine in the morning the friars fell into line. The youngest and strongest carried their own luggage as well as that of the older religious. Twenty-five soldiers, with fixed bayonets, acted as escort. These joined in the insulting language of the native population.

While passing before the parish priest's house, an impious spectacle was exhibited to their gaze. On the balcony was a figure of our Lord, loosened from the Cross and dressed up in the costume of the Spanish regular light infantry; a group of people surrounded it, showing delight in this senseless profanation. When they arrived at the outskirts of the city the friars looked in vain for the carriage promised for the aged and infirm. All were forced to travel on foot for a distance of about eight miles, under the rays of a burning sun, so hurtful in effects even to the Filipinos themselves.

During this journey the officers in command were using the carriage which had been hired for the old and infirm friars, and for which they had paid the charges. At two o'clock in the afternoon the prisoners halted in a village. Nothing had been prepared for them, so they were ordered to disperse and purchase provisions in their neighborhood. But, as their resources were very small, and

knowing that they ran the risk of having the little money they possessed stolen by their guards, the friars did not buy anything, but begged some food from the natives. At four o'clock they had to resume their march. Several of the weaker ones fell on the road, utterly unable to continue the journey. They were lifted up and placed in the carriage at the end of the line. In the evening all arrived at the village of Baliuag quite exhausted, after a march of twenty-four miles. The natives were awaiting their arrival, and greeted them with a shower of abuse, in which hatred was mixed with obscenity. Father Prada, former rector of the village, an Augustinian, who was one of the prisoners, was the special object of this abuse. However, at Baliuag, as in every other part of the Philippine Archipelago, the respectable portion of the population were indignant at the conduct of the lower element of the community who had been excited by the revolutionary party. Some of the better class paid a friendly visit to Father Prada and his companions in distress. They had been lodged in the ward of an old deserted hospital, quite destitute of furniture. These persons brought some precious pious objects to Father Prada, and the money which some devoted friends had abstracted from the presbytery before it was plundered; but he refused to take anything from them, and requested them to send all the articles to his superiors in Manila.

Notwithstanding the extreme exhaustion of our unhappy prisoners, the journey was continued. On the eleventh of February, they left Baliuag at six o'clock on the morning and reached San Raphael at about half-past nine—a march of about twelve miles. From this point to the next stopping-place, San Ildefonso, was a distance of ten miles. Evening having overtaken them at Miguel de Magumo, they

remained there for the night, having in this second day's journey traveled thirty-two miles along dusty roads under a broiling sun.

On the evening of the following day, the twelfth of February, after a march of about thirty miles, they arrived at San Isidoro, the capital of the province of Nova Ecija. Here they were detained eight days awaiting the arrival of other friars that had been seized by the Philippine government. Nineteen friars, four of whom were Dominicans, from the Province of Bataau, had already arrived. On the seventeenth of February, twenty-seven religious, seventeen of whom were Dominicans, were added to the number, making sixty-four prisoners in all. These were divided into two groups, the first containing forty-six religious, some Dominicans, some Franciscans, while the Augustinians, eighteen in number, formed the second group. During the eight days of their stay at San Isidoro, they were placed in a vast hall of a ruined building where they had to sleep under the open sky. During all this time the Governor of Isidoro, who had formerly been a pupil of our fathers in the College of S. John Lateran, tried every means in his power to rid himself of the prisoners, as the people of the place were taxed for their support. He made application to the central government for authority to transfer them to Bongabon, a desert place, where they would probably die of starvation. One of the friars, Father George, who had formerly traveled in Spain with the Governor, was deputed to humbly remonstrate with him in the matter, but the Governor added insult to cruelty by offering them permission to remain on condition that they would work for their own livelihood. He proposed the erection of a theatre in the public square, in which the friars and captive Spanish soldiers might form a stock company, lucrative in proportion to the talent displayed.

On the nineteenth of February, a rumor was circulated that the friars were to be transferred to Bongabon. Happily the rumor was false; but Aguinaldo gave orders that they should be sent to Paz,

in the province of Tarlac. At sunrise next morning they left San Isidoro for Jaen, a large country town, where they were well received by the inhabitants. There they passed the night and a part of the following day. During the night of the twenty-first they commenced a march of twenty miles, reaching Zaragoza in the morning. As there was not sufficient accommodation in the place, they were ordered to proceed to the village of Paz, where they were quartered in small parties on the inhabitants. A large wooden structure was erected in the public square, where the friars (who had nearly all been parish priests in the surrounding parishes) were herded together like animals. Here they were kept for nearly five weeks. During Holy Week altars were erected in the square, on which obscene images were placed, and groups of young people of both sexes chanted the Passion, substituting a sacrilegious parody for words of Scripture, under the very eyes of their imprisoned pastors. On Ash Wednesday, Holy Thursday and Good Friday the ceremonies of the Church were replaced by ample libations in honor of Bacchus. Such was the sacrilegious conduct of the deluded Filipinos, expressive of the unbridled license engendered by their mistaken notions of liberty and independence.

New arrivals, by order of Aguinaldo, daily increased the number of the captives. On the twenty-third of March, eight (six Augustinians and two Recollect), parish priests in Pampanga, were added to their number; on the third of April, nine others came, amongst whom was a Dominican, Father Eusebius Chilaron, who had been arrested in his parish at Claveria (Cagazan), and on April fifth, five Recollects followed, bringing the number up to eighty. On the nineteenth of April permission was, with great difficulty, obtained for one of the fathers to celebrate Holy Mass. All assisted at it and received Holy Communion. Permission to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice was refused on Easter Sunday.

New orders now came from Aguinaldo that the prisoners were to prepare to

continue their journey. The dictator's object seems to have been to drag the Spanish friars through all the villages of the archipelago, as an object lesson to the inhabitants of the downfall of Spain. He sought to effect his object by the public humiliation of those who had been loyal to and had defended the authority of the Spanish monarchy in the archipelago for three centuries. On the second of May, the prisoners left Paz for Victoria, seventeen miles distant. After resting two days there, they proceeded seventeen miles farther to Tarlac; thence by rail to San Carlos, which they reached on the seventh of May. There they made a stay of forty-eight hours. The reception given them in this city by the people and local authorities was quite different from that which they had heretofore met with on their journey. In place of insults, they experienced kindness and respect, and were even allowed to celebrate Mass; but these happy conditions could not last long, for on the ninth of May they left San Carlos, and after a short journey by rail arrived at Dagupan.

From Dagupan our travelers resumed, on foot, their seemingly interminable journey, reaching San Fabian by way of Magaldan. They arrived at Alava on the tenth of May, where they spent the whole of the next day (the feast of the Ascension), without, however, being able to celebrate the Holy Mysteries. At Alava, they met five Franciscans, prisoners like themselves, who were waiting to join them.

On the fourteenth of May, when entering Rosario, a little country town eight miles from Alava, they beheld a sad mockery of religious ceremonies. A funeral procession, accompanied by the ringing of the bells, passed slowly before them. The sacristan had robed himself in the vestments of his former pastor and was presiding over the ceremony. He shouted out the *Dominus vobiscum*, to show that he was familiar with the functions, although he was not a priest. On the morning of the fifteenth, after a march of seventeen miles, the party rested at a farm house, the *Rancheria Espana*, where an incident occurred that

deserves mention. Our prisoners having put aside the religious habit to avoid unnecessary insult, were often confounded with their companions, the Spanish soldiers. Now, in order to win the sympathies of religious-minded persons who had remained true to the Catholic cause, and thus procure for themselves some comfort in their captivity, several Spanish soldiers tried to pass as friars, and for this purpose had their heads shaved in the form of the tonsure. On arriving at the farm house, the friars noticed a woman scanning them closely, and, after a few minutes they were informed by her that she was doubtful about their being genuine friars, owing to the deception of the Spanish soldiers. One of the Dominicans, Father Victor Herrero, at once put on his habit, which he had with him, and suspicion was allayed. The farmer's wife immediately offered them hospitality.

On the morning of the sixteenth they set out again, arriving at Aringay the following day; on the evening of the eighteenth they arrived at Banang. On their way, while passing through the village of Caba, the prisoners met with one of the former pupils of the College of Saint John Lateran. He took some of them with him in his carriage as far as San Fernando. The children of the Guard of Honor in Manila (a pious association of the Perpetual Rosary scattered through the entire Archipelago) vied with one another in supplying their wants. At Banang also, our fathers met with a former pupil of the same college, Sinforoso Dumo, a pupil of one of the prisoners, Father Paul Aguiar. This good Filipino had founded a college at Banang, which contained fifty pupils. The Dominican friars were hospitably received at Banang, some by the young Sinforoso and others by a Chinese who had been converted to the faith by Father Saez, one of our Dominican missionaries in China. The local Governor wished to show his zeal for the government by preventing this charitable treatment, but the young Sinforoso and the good Chinese bravely held out against him, and the Christian gratitude of these

hful servants of Christ triumphed
base intentions. Banang was
eight miles from San Fernando,
our friars arrived on the evening
twentieth of May. They were al-
ready eleven hours to complete the
from Dagupan to San Fernando—
distance of about one hundred miles.
The roads, excessive heat, the ad-
vance and the sickly condition of a
number of the friars, with the
heavy burden of their luggage, made
the pilgrimage a veritable torture.
Arriving at San Fernando, they
found a little taken aback on seeing
them immediately led to prison and
under the guard of the local

The reason for this exceptional
treatment was that some of their fellow-
priests, officers of the Spanish army,
pronounced them as being everywhere
in triumph by the people. This
coming to the ears of the Governor
of the Province, roused him to anger, and
he issued orders to San Fernando that
demonstrations should end. Be-
cause of the loss of their liberty, the friars
objected to the most galling vexa-
tion. Their luggage was taken, under
the pretext of drawing up once more an exact
inventory of it. They were compelled to
leave their baggage in the hands of the
jailer's hand the little
they possessed—forty-three pesos
the joint accumulations of the
free friars who then formed the
prisoners. Father Paul Aguilar,
one of all his colleagues, drew up
a strong energetic protest against
this inhuman treatment: "In the name
and of all the principles of justice
the Filipino government pretends
to, I protest, and with me all my
fellow friars equally protest, against
this arbitrary depotism of which we are
the victims. From the first days of our

we have received a little alms
from our charitable persons, who, in
numbers are still to be found in this
country, once so Catholic. Gen-
tlemen, for instance, not content
with giving his personal assistance,
but our wants should be attended
without our entire journey. Accord-
ing to what we cannot believe that General Tinio,

Governor-General of the Province of
Ilocos and The Union, to which we had
been assigned, could have given his con-
sent to the robbery just committed. We
are persuaded, therefore, that the unjust
treatment, of which we are the object,
must be imputed to subalterns, on whom
we demand condign punishment accord-
ing to martial law. We desire that this
shall be inserted in the Register, which
contains the list of objects of which we
have been despoiled, contrary to all the
dictates of humanity and international
law, which the Filipino republic so loudly
professes."

Notwithstanding this, the money was
not restored, and it was only through the
intervention of Don Emilliano Soriano, a
former pupil of the College of S. John
Lateran and commander of the Filipino
army at San Fernando, that the friars
were able to procure some food and the
restoration of the most indispensable
articles among their effects. Don Emilliano
was not afraid under these circum-
stances, of joining his protestations to
those of his former masters, and taking
ten pesos out of his purse, publicly handed
them to the friars.

Several friars attempted to lay their
grievances before Don Luciano Almeida,
Governor of the Province. In Don Lu-
ciano, a physician of good practice in the
town, the friars expected to meet a well-
informed and accomplished individual.
Great was their surprise when they
presented themselves at his house, at his
refusal to receive them. His reply was
brought to them by his daughter, a young
girl of sixteen, who did not blush to re-
peat his most contemptuous refusal.

On the evening of the twenty-first, the
prisoners began another march, arriving
at San Juan, six miles distant. On the
twenty-third they went to Bacnotan, four
miles further on, and the following day,
they reached Namapacau, after a march of
about twenty miles. They were well-re-
ceived in this locality, as the former pupils
of S. John's College had given a most
favorable account of the Fathers. The
local governor gave orders that the prison-
ers should be well-treated; he also told the
people to give hospitality to the hundred

priests in the company. The friars prolonged their stay as long as possible in this part of the country. On the next day they went to the church where many of them were able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice.

On the twenty-sixth, however, the governor of the province sent orders for their departure. On the evening of the twenty-seventh they left Namapacau amid manifestations of universal sympathy. Some kissed their hands, others brought them provisions, while many gave letters of introduction to the members of their families or their friends, whom the friars might meet on their way. They spent the night at Banagra, a small place, six miles from Namapacau. Next morning they were awakened by the violent clanging of all the church bells. Upon asking the reason of this extraordinary commotion, they were told that it was to celebrate the coming of Agilapy, the Vicar-General of the Philippine army. Agilapy came in person to see the friars, made them a thousand

promises, and was prodigal in words and external marks of urbanity. He would use all the influence he had with the Philippine government to try to better their lot. He had done everything he could to get the Bishop of Vigan and other prisoners released. This cunning and audacious man gave the friars a repast in the evening and begged them to assist at the Mass which he was to celebrate with great pomp the next day. As they had known him a long time, none of them had faith in his promises. Nevertheless, as they were ignorant of the crimes of this native priest, as well as of the public excommunication pronounced against him by the Archbishop of Manila, they did not deem it becoming to refuse their presence at the Holy Sacrifice. That was all he desired under the circumstances. A few moments after the Mass, this Vicar-General of the Philippine army set out in his carriage, receiving the ovations of the crowd, the masonic triangle figuring on his hat, and a poniard glittering by his side.

DEW-DROPS.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

When the sultry day-time endeth,
With its cruel drought and dearth,
Then the balmy dew descendeth,
To the faint and fever'd Earth,
With its soft, benignant showers
Bidding languid leaves uncloze,
Working life in faded bowers,
Sprinkling diamonds o'er the rose,
And the welcome nectar bringing
To the drooping lily's cup,
Till her censer, gayly swinging,
Grateful incense offers up.
Precious drops! from Heaven descending,
Ah, how well ye typify
Sacred dew of Grace, unending,
Sent from Mercy' fount on high.

First, in Life's auroral morning,
From its blest, baptismal showers
With celestial gems adorning
Fresh, unsullied human flowers,
When the noon-tide's dust, unsightly,
Dims each bloom with blighting stain,
Dew of Penance, falling lightly,
Cleanseth all, with potent rain.
And when Life's long day-time endeth,
And the Night comes, still and calm,
Sacred Unction's dew descendeth,
Rich with gifts of healing balm.
Lo! at dawn the angels gather
(For the fair, immortal bowers
Shrined in Kingdom of the Father),
Wealth of Grace-dew'd, spirit flowers.

A JUNE ASPIRATION.

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! God of Love! My
own

Sweet Lord! I give my love to Thee
alone!

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ROSE C. CONLEY.

eve of Christmas, 1776. The diet of "Newton" village speaks of good will," that is only on, as war is abroad in the land and grief in the hearts of its men; for men, while they are must hate tyranny and oppress—women must weep" that men it. "Newtown," it was called to settlers in those olden days, poetic Indian ever named it unska—Side-hill town. Its (Bunker, College, etc.) were where the Pegasus of Indian ed in sweeter names long since of which an echo lingers still "Tittitiny" mountains. These ngs had, however, a prosaic ooping down and tomahawking s on the sites they so prettily t detracts somewhat from one's ic of their ability to use musical ic language. But these Indian re a century past, the mother arself has turned on her own dren in a most unmotherly way, characteristic greed, imposed terrors, of which the insulting ax on tea was the climax—a ch said: "There! your imports ut you are not!" Whereupon, n Tea Party" promptly pitched the bottom of the sea, by way g—"But we are!"—"We'll see !!" roared the British lion, and e midst of the "seeing about story opens—on the eve of that that Washington crossed the when Jersey gave him his first ictory, and a few days there- l Newtown received him at its

history is running ahead of my ich is all about how a blind aby of a god (called by the an- pid) made a red coated Briton aury of freedom—a story of love

and not of war "at all, at all," to quote a favorite expression of the hero himself, which reveals that he is not British "at all, at all," but from Ireland where England ever found the best of her warriors, appropriating their glory by labelling them "British."

Mary Power, an orphan, lived on one of Newtown's hills with her uncle one Captain Joseph Mackay. Mary's eyes were black and bright, and her jetty ringlets floated about a face whose piquant sweetness won all hearts. Ardent patriots they, Mary and her neighbors—the Johnsons, Stolls, Warbasses, Rorbaches, Ryersons, Rosenkrans, Kerrs, McElrons and others, whose loyalty, history records—of divers tongues these names, for freedom, "is not of the flesh nor of the blood, but of God," no boundaries separate men's souls.

On October's last day, Mary is paddling her canoe down the bright waters of the Tochocanetcong (now called the Paulin-skill), through the hazy Indian summer air, the scarlet and yellow leaves are fluttering like lazy butterflies. Dim and picture-like are the hills, and glassy the river as a mirror; Mary with nature is dreaming too; when suddenly a tall figure in the brilliant British uniform, emerges from the woods, like a huge development of its scarlet foliage; and Mary startled, drops her paddle, and the canoe swirling round in the eddying current, is only saved from upsetting by the stranger, who promptly brings her to shore, where he smiles down at her from his towering height, and says in answer to her warm but embarrassed thanks: "Faith, fair lady, I frightened you; forgive me,"—with a courtly bow—"But sure, I thought one of to-morrow's saints was favoring me with a vision, and I did not want to miss a wink of it," and his white teeth flash out from a sun-burned face in another brilliant smile.

"I see you have visited Blarney Castle," she replies as merrily, but I am sorry to owe anything to that uniform, sweeping him over with a glance, her face freezing into a proud expression, that seems to amuse, instead of disconcert her companion.

"But saints forgive their enemies—now angels never had any enemies did they? Perhaps its an angel you are?" he questions with his rich brogue and merry look, yet in all, no shade of disrespect. None quicker than Mary to feel and resent such, for she is sensitive to the soul and proud as a queen. However, she is vexed at his happy impenitence of the uniform, and answers. "Angels have wings, and can fly!" "Fly away and be at rest like the Psalmist?" he questions, with a smile at her wit and a pang at its hint. "Though I'm sure you are an angel, I'll save you the bother of flying by making wings of my own clumsy feet." And making another low obeisance he turns away; but Mary, who is as generous, as loyal, detects the hurt pride in his voice, and impulsively lays a detaining hand on his arm, saying "Good-bye, and thank you again. Let me tell you your life is in danger here, in that red coat; you would be shot like a squirrel on sight—remember!"

"I'll remember—that you cared to warn me"—he answers softly, and touching her hand to his lips, vanishes amid the forest glades. Mary looking ruefully down at the hand is of two minds about washing it in the Tochocanetcong. Such impertinence! (To the reader curious about her decision, I'll admit, she didn't come to any.) She is vigorously hating herself for not hating this scarlet foe with the soft brogue and tender smile. Instead, she has even given the enemy warning! "But I didn't want to see him shot," she protests back to her conscience, and shudders at the thought, she scarce knows why, truth to say; his manners were charming, as deferential as a courtier's. She contrasts them, with those of the colonial swains around her, much to the latter's disparagement.

"A Papist with a brogue, too! Yes, surely a Papist, with his talk of the

Saints!" Mary shudders again, for she innocently thinks, that if such idol-worshippers have not hoofs and horns, they are entitled to them, as symbolizing their depths of iniquity; and this one, like satan, could cite scripture for his purpose; though Mary is sure the Pope won't let any Catholic but himself read the Bible!" Mary is puzzled.

CHAPTER II.

That evening the belles and beaux of old Newtown assembled at neighbor Ryerson's Hallowe'en party, and, after conducting themselves sedately in the stately minuet and merrily at the apple-ducking, are waiting the mystic midnight to invoke ghosts and futurity.

A pretty picture, quaint and olden, that long dark-panelled room, lit by the soft glow of many candles, and the great log fire's deeper red, reflected on the dark polished floor. The clear crescendo of woman's laughter and the deep bass of men's voices mingle with the dance music in a harmonious medley.

There's a rumor that Captain Jack Fitzgerald is home from the front on furlough, and is coming with company to the merry-making. As Captain Jack, handsome and debonair, is graced with the difficult accomplishment of pleasing equally well both sexes, this news creates a flutter of excited expectation. 'Tis known that he has won glory in battle and the favor of Washington himself.

Beauty was the rule rather than the exception (as it is to-day) with the Newtown maidens of 1776, but Mary Power's flower-like face glowing above the corn-color of her quaint satin gown, like some vivid tropic bloom, caused many pulses to quicken. Added to great beauty, Mary had a sweetness and refinement of character that made her one of the colonial belles of old Sussex.

George Benson, her uncle's step-son, looking down at her to-night, swears under his breath, half in love, and half in hate, that she shall marry him, though she has told him many time she will not, and again this evening, so coldly, that the demons of pride and avarice that lurk in

Benson's nature are aroused, and mines that, by fair means or foul, beauty and money shall be his to prominent place in the county his popularity and poverty deny him. ent boast that he would win Mary him the scorn and hatred of two uitors for Miss Power's hand— farmers, who of their common conspired, and successfully, to de- enson's political ambitions. A lge of this infuses into George s love for Mary so strong a solu- tate that he resolves to punish her en she is Mary Benson.

has just heard of this claim of his, dislike of him deepens into fear will marry her, some way, in spite lf, as her uncle also is determined natch.

our heroine's pretty head is full of thought at this gay party, as she too, the presence of that British met on the river, denotes danger, nace—either he is a spy or one of er seeking to surprise the town. nly her duty to give warning, but oes so, he will be captured and e saved her life, must she requite r by causing his death? But if ys to give him time to escape, it e the enemy time too! Her men- ish over this terrible choice robs sion of its pleasure, and she is ask Frank Warbasse, her escort, her home, when she hears the own voice of Captain Fitzgerald "Miss Power, allow me to pre- scapegrace of a brother, Terence ld, not so much of a greenhorn didn't make a bee line for your ace on sight," laughing jovially so, quickly does one catch the

he breathes in his brother's ear rns away, with Esther Deane. looks up to see the subject of her . bowing low a powdered head be- ! Mary doesn't faint; the daugh- the Revolution were not troubled ves (the times were too stern a o pamper such). She only bows e head and sweeps him the deep then in vogue, but her face pales less when she lifts her eyes to

see his finger laid on his lips to enjoin silence. He notices this, and whispers, "Don't be alarmed, Miss Power, give me an opportunity to explain, I can satisfy you that there is no cause for fear."

They go to a remote alcove where she turns upon him coldly, with, "Make no mistake, sir; I warn you to tell me nothing, I will use your information against you. I am your foe, a hater of your cause, you ask my silence, I refuse it to a British spy! Do you think I will be the accomplice of my country's enemy?" her dark eyes flashing.

"Miss Power," he answers, "I swear to you, that your people are in no danger from me, I—" "You swear," she interrupts, "I dare not trust your oath, 'all's fair in love and war.'"

"As you will," he answers bowing haughtily. "Of course, you know a gentleman does not lie, nor in my opinion does he hold that all is fair in either war or love." Plainly he is offended, his genial face and blue eyes wear a stern expression Mary would not have believed possible to them. She would like to wipe out the insult of her words by telling him the truth, that she trusts him, but her country! Then impulsively: "Mr. Fitzgerald, personally I believe you, but—" "But you cannot jeopardize your country's interest by personal faith in a 'foe.' I see!" he finishes, his face clearing, however, at her words. "It would not be fair to require it of you." A silence follows; suddenly he looks up. "You do not doubt, Captain Fitzgerald, my brother's loyalty to your cause?" he questions with an eager look. "Certainly not," Mary answers. "Then he shall answer for me," and he dashes away to return in a moment with the Captain, who exclaims jokingly, "So you have your doubts about my brother already? Faith, you're not far wrong, dear Miss Power, he's a sad rogue with faults thick as raisins in a plum pudding; but, that's no raison," laughing, "to fear we shall all wake up some dark night to find our throats cut for the glory of King George. That red coat," lowering his voice, "was no danger signal, I swear, Miss Power," and he leaves her for another dance with

Esther Deane. (I'm dying to tell that Esther Deane married Captain Fitzgerald, after the Revolution; but dare not, Esther would never forgive me, even though "it will all be the same a hundred years hence.")

With this load off her heart, Mary dances the Virginia reel with the "sad rogue," and lighter feet than the stately measure calls for. Afterwards he escorts her to supper, where he manages to insinuate that a few lessons in American history and the Constitution might make a friend of a foe. Mary innocently falls into this clever trap, and after hearing him deplore that the poor in Ireland have no chance at learning at all, at all, concludes he is poor and ignorant, and to be pitied. Her compassion takes the shape of several "lessons" a week in the ethics of liberty, largely diluted with conversations and sword-plays of words, wherein her pupil discloses a mental equipment that Mary suspiciously thinks incompatible with his asserted ignorance.

She is indulging in a rosy vision of presenting to Captain Fitzgerald his brother in Continental regalia, exclaiming triumphantly "The enemy is ours!" that is rudely dispelled at the end of the third week, by the enemy presenting himself to her to say good-bye in a scarlet coat! His "commander has called him to the front," he explains. "If I live I shall come back to you; if I die, may I hope you'll keep me in kind remembrance." His voice trembles as does Mary's own, as she falters: "You—you are going! to fight against my country!" Her face pales. "And after killing my people, you'll return to me! You have an exalted opinion of me, truly, to think I shall willingly see you again, perhaps," bitterly, "you expect me to wish you 'God speed' now en route to the slaughter of the innocents!"

Terence's face grows white at her words. "Listen to me, for heaven's sake," he cries, holding out a hand that trembles visibly. "I have not deceived you, oh, Mary!—Miss Power!—you are just, allow me the same loyalty you claim for yourself. All men are brothers, sure; you'll not turn me away in hate because I'm not

of your country and religion and am true to my own. Trust me a little longer, oh! if I dared say"—he stops. "Will you trust me? On, say 'yes,' that I may care to come back."

Mary almost whispers "yes," with a face as white as his own as he goes.

CHAPTER III.

Of course, the reader sees that Terence is in love with the Yankee girl—"madly in love," he tells himself, and truly, for strong and warm his nature is and can hold no lukewarm passion. And Mary! Mary has not dared to look in her own heart, so we may not.

About George Benson's sentiment for Terence Fitzgerald, however, there can be no doubts. It is hate, pure and unadulterated; which already has effected the latter's dismissal from Mary's home by her uncle, with the result of Mary's openly favoring Terence by appearing with him everywhere in public. They take long rides and walks, where Terence learns what love is, but he never learns that her championship of him and pity for him has spared him the reserve that he would otherwise have met with from her. But he is called from love to war abruptly; 'tis nearly Christmas when he returns, to meet the reserve at last in a strange, new Mary, who puzzles him—not so much, however, as Mary puzzles herself.

Night is fast approaching on Christmas eve, and far to the south of Newtown, over the frozen waters of the Big Muckshaw Lake, a girl in a scarlet "capuchin" (a hooded cloak of colonial days) is skating, aimlessly and alone.

Far away, through the ragged pines and firs, a crimson sunset burns behind the gray atmosphere, like a smouldering fire through smoke. Over the blue Kittatinny hills a splendid star sways and glows and reminds Mary of Bethlehem, but recalls Mary to herself to Terence Fitzgerald, as he advances swiftly toward her over the ice.

"I greet thee and Venus!" he salutes, sweeping his cocked hat in a wide circle that includes Mary and the heavens.

possess of beauty in the company equal at last! Sure, you'll not be Hesperus is not your star," he delighted at her blush, and re-both her hands under pretext of ig them.

Ms! Hesperus! Goddess of Beauty!" is Mary, forgetting to snatch away ade, "you have a strange knowl- the classics for such an ignoramus fore lessons from me!" For a mo- is grave. Then gayly, "Sure, 'tis bit of blarney I got from the it when I was looking for a moon- night for that sleigh ride you ed to take with me." "I didn't e anything of the kind," answers indignantly, secretly admiring his making an advantage of his diffi-

Then, returning to the charge, about that Latin verse you quoted 'rgil last night? Did you find that almanac, too?" sarcastically. A of blue light from his eyes flashes at her, then his smile broadens. sec, mavourneen—Miss Power, I begging your pardon" ("What ocrite!" comments "mavourneen" ly) "It is this way, the officers at spout that Latin stuff, and you a lubber of an Irishman often has tongue—" "So I see," Mary an- dryly. "Well, you are neither. A does not take liberties with the s, and a true Irishman would have w-feeling and help us fight our foe, not flaunt that scarlet that s for shame here!" Instead of g remorse, the merry face of Ter- rows merrier. "Faith, and its your- shouldn't be speaking against a cloak, when you're wearing a foine your own. Is it to match mine?" ly. "To match yours?" echoes flaming as red as the cloak and ne wrench flinging the garment off, iare you!" standing indignant but ng in the keen December air. as a flash he picks up the cloak and its brown fur lining outward. denotes the sober brown study in I hope, your enemies will be when eclipsed the red," beguiles Terence ring and submissive tones, to con-

ceal his masterful way of wrapping her up again in the discarded cloak without asking permission.

"Oh, you're a traitor, too!" scornfully, "well, you needn't lay the brogue on so thick, leave it for some honest Irish- man!" Terence looks at that flower-like face, flushed with anger of him, and sud- denly his courage fails him.

"Oh, Mary!—Mary mavourneen! Don't look at me like that!" he cries, "I can't endure it, for I love you, I love you! Oh, darling, don't you see how I love you, from the first!" and he crushes her small hands unconsciously against his face in a fond gesture of passionate tenderness. "I dared not tell you, lest you banished me. Oh, Mary, for God's sake don't forbid me to hope, I—" "Stop!" Mary cries, strug- gling for composure. (For, oh, joy and pain! she loves him! Like a flash his words reveal it—that *terribly* she loves him, "not wisely, but too well," this foe whom she must, *will* never see again!) "My country's enemy can never be my lover, good-bye," she manages to say, then flies from him across the ice.

On reaching home another blow greets her. Her uncle tells her excitedly that a band of Tories under the famous Lieu- tenant James Moody are in hiding in the "Devil's Hole" (an underground cavern of the neighborhood), in readiness to sur- prise the town. "But we'll surprise them—they'll be caught like rats in a trap," finishes the captain with a grim chuckle.

"And Terence will be caught with them—and shot!" This thought sets Mary's brain on fire, and pierces her heart like an arrow. She will warn him! Yes, though ten thousand enemies escape. He is *her* country, dearer than the world of countries! "After all, I shall be saving many lives," she reasons. The political consequences do not trouble the truly feminine mind of our colonial heroine. Know ye not, O hard heads who condemn her, that a woman's heart is always a kingdom, over which her love rules im- periously, whatsoever politics sway her mind? In her soul's congress, her heart is the upper house, and frequently vetoes the bills presented by the mind.

(Conclusion next month.)

JESUS OF NAZARETH IS PASSING BY.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

"Pange lingua, Gloriosa," rolls the organ's
thunder peal

Through the frescoed vaults, low breaking
where a thousand raptured kneel;

Sweet the air with dying roses, silvered
by the incense cloud,

Sun-glint through the painted windows,
drifting o'er the awe-hushed crowd,

Golden floods of radiance streaming from
yon taper galaxy

Seem a reflex of the unseen glory, seraph
ecstasy.

From the casement's bright mosaics, crim-
son lights fleck cope and stole,

Sapphire glints from Mary's mantle
glorify the transepts whole;

Play about the sculptured cherubs where
the tall white pillars swerve

To the lofty vault, art marvel, azure lat-
ticed—base and curve.

See He comes, the King of Glory, borne
aloft by priestly hands,

Comes to bless His faithful people, cir-
cled by His angel bands;

And the little ones before Him fragrant
petals reverent strew,

O what joy, so near to Jesus—thus to be
'tis meet for you.

Nearer comes the Lord, the Savior, while
the music throbs above—

Every heart thrills, close beside us, He is
there, our God, our Love.

"Pange lingua Gloriosa," sing the glory
of the Lord,

Sing, ye hosts of envying seraphs, powers
and princedoms, while adored

Jesus walks on earth as erst, by far, blue-
billowed Galilee,

By the lonely, moonlit mountains, by the
cities on the sea.

"Pange lingua"—throbbing music, echoes
from our Eden lost,

Sing His praise, ye lights, ye lilies: sing
His praise, ye bending host;

Sweetest music to the Savior is the voice
of human prayer,

Heaven's Hosannahs hush to silence when
the love-winged angels bear

To the Great White Throne our pleadings
for His pardon, pity, grace,

When the dark-sin soul looks upward,
yearning to its Father's Face.

"Pange lingua," let the ages swell the
paeon, Nature ring,

Homage to the Heart of Jesus, to our
Sacramental King.

From this prayer-pure place we send it,
thrilling clear o'er tropic seas

Iris crested in late sunsets, to where
northern billows freeze;

Crystal temples cold and silent, silvered
at their shivered spires,

Weird and wondrous o'er creation cast
the flame of sacred fires,

Fires that Jesus came to kindle in the
frozen hearts of men,

Fires that burned in Bethlehem's silence,
in Gethsemane's moonlit glen;

Send it o'er the cloud-gloomed mountain,
o'er the dawn-flushed valley's sleep,

Where the broad-leaved lotus slumbers,
where the angry cataracts leap;

Where the tangled world-paths widen,
opening slow to mortal ken,

Pange lingua," let Creation echo loud the
praise of men.

"Pange lingua," human heart thrills when
the White Host, lifted high,

Incense clouded, seraph shadowed, gleams
upon the altar nigh;

"Pange lingua," let the ages swell the
paeon, Nature ring,

Homage to the Heart of Jesus, to our
Sacramental King.

Though you, predestinate souls, under-
stand me well enough, I will speak yet
more openly. Trust not the gold of your
charity, the silver of your purity, the
waters of your heavenly graces, nor the
wines of your merits and virtues to a
corn sack, an old broken coffer, a spoilt
and corrupted vessel, like yourselves; else
you will be stripped by the robbers—that
is to say, the demons—who are seeking

and watching day and night for the right
time to do it; and you will infect, by your
own bad odor of self-love, self-confidence
and self-will, every most pure thing
which God has given you. Pour, pour
into the bosom and heart of Mary all
your treasures, all your graces, all your
virtues. She is a spiritual vessel, she is
a vessel of honor, she is a marvelous ves-
sel of devotion.

—B. N. L. de Montfort, O. P.

BLESSED SADOC AND HIS COMPANIONS, MARTYRS
OF SANDOMIR.

Throughout the whole of his apostolic career, the desire which lay nearest to the heart of S. Dominic appears to have been that of devoting himself to the conversion of the Cumans, a savage horde who had established themselves on the northeast of Hungary. It was not God's will, however, that the Father and Founder of the Friars Preachers should carry the light of faith to these poor barbarians; the work which he was not permitted himself to undertake was reserved for his sons. In the General Chapter of A. D. 1221, held only a few weeks before the death of the saint, Father Paul of Hungary, who had recently joined the ranks of his disciples, was dispatched to found the Order in the lands bordering on the Danube, having as his companions Blessed Sadoc, who was of Slavonic origin, and three others. When they reached the confines of Hungary, Blessed Sadoc, praying during the night, as was his custom, for the extension of the Order and the success of their mission, saw himself surrounded by a troop of demons, who cried out: "Woe to us! You are come to snatch from us our rights, to drive us from our possessions!" Then, pointing to the young novices recruited on the way, the infernal visitants exclaimed in despairing accents: "And must it be by mere children like these? O what confusion!"

Father Paul eventually realized his holy Patriarch's desire, and won a martyr's crown among the Cumans; and Blessed Sadoc, who had shared his labors for several years, became Prior of the Convent of Sandomir, in Poland. In the year 1265 this town was attacked by a fierce horde of Tartars, led on and encouraged by those inveterate enemies of the Polish nation, the Russians, who, finding the place strongly defended and almost impregnable, treacherously proposed a suspension of hostilities. During the night previous to this truce the community had assem-

bled to sing matins and lauds. At the conclusion of the office, one of the novices, going out, according to custom, into the middle of the choir to sing the Martyrology (the list of the saints to be commemorated on the morrow), saw in the place of the book where he should these words, in letters of gold: "At Sandomir the passion of forty-nine martyrs." The novice was greatly perplexed at the sight; nevertheless, he mastered his emotion, and, to use the words of the old chronicler, "with the simplicity of a dove and the voice of a swan sang out to the brethren the words which he saw before him." The astonished Prior desired the novice to bring the book to him, and the miraculous inscription was distinctly seen.

Sadoc, moved by the Spirit of God, counted his friars, and found that with himself they numbered forty-nine. He exclaimed, "Brethren, these words are for us, and doubtless it is the Tartars who will open for us the gates of heaven, and that to-morrow. Now, therefore, all that remains for us to do is to prepare by confession and a devout reception of the holy eucharist. They listened to him with tears of joy and thankfulness. Not knowing when the destined hour might be, they got ready for confession, and spent the remainder of the night in prayer and in calm preparation for the morning's communion and for a holy death.

At daybreak they all approached the Holy Table, with wonderful peace in their breasts, knowing that to them it was indeed to be the Viaticum. As the day wore on, and no signs of the expected barbarians appeared, they fulfilled their accustomed offices and duties, yet with a sweet impatience for the hour of deliverance.

At length, at the hour of compline they went to the choir to offer up the last act of worship they should be called on to render in this life. They sang that office

with unusual solemnity and gladness, and at its conclusion went out into the body of the church in procession, as the manner is in our Order, to sing the Salve. As they were sweetly intoning the Antiphon to the Blessed Mother of God, a band of Tartars, traitorously admitted into the city by the treacherous Russians, burst into the church and cut them to pieces. One of the friars was seized with the impulse to flee, and succeeded in hiding himself in the belfry, but (we quote again from the old chronicle), "perceiving that the mangled bodies of his companions, whose souls were now singing alleluias in heaven, continued, though dead, to chant that sweet melody of the

Salve, he regained courage, offered himself of his own accord to the swords of the barbarians, and went to join his fortunate brethren in the courts of Paradise. Thus they died, like heavenly swans, whose death-songs were the sweet praises of their Mother Mary, and doubtless her virginal hands very lovingly crowned them with the garland of immortality."

From this time the custom was introduced into the Order of singing the Salve at the deathbed of its members, in order to beseech Mary to change the labors and trials of this vale of tears into the eternal possession of her Divine Son.

These blessed martyrs were beatified by Pius VII.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

ALIDA MARY BIBBY.

Bring no flowers when I am dead;
But softly lift my head
And place thy dear arm 'round my neck,
And whisper in mine ear
A prayer only for God to hear
Of peace and felicity to my speeding soul.
Place no wreath nor garland upon my bier,
But silently a tear
Let fall upon my deadly placid brow;
Then fold thy hands and smile
Love's parting benediction, while
My soul is speeding on its winged flight.

Laying hands not cross'd nor idly on my breast,
But let me gently rest
With one hand 'neath my cold-dead heart,
The other twin'd about the Tree
Whereon He died for me
And saved my soul for His blest sake.

May tapers burn their symbolic light,
And all be bright,
Not sad, when I am dead;
For, even as the dear Christ said,
"She only sleepeth, she is not dead."

THE ROSE-TREE.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

The rose-tree seven branched
With as many blooms doth stand,
Touched by some fairy taper
A candelabra grand.

And buds half-opened burst
To fairy wine-cups sweet,
Upraised to toast some fairy king
In the soft June heat.

EDITORIAL.

hat the season of First Communion for our little ones is at hand, we need to remind our friends of a Dominican sodality, reserving for time a sketch of the dear little one is its heavenly patron.

pious Association known as the Confraternity of a Good First Communion and Perseverance," was instituted by Monsignor Billard, Bishop of Carcassonne. No more charming example of ardent piety could have been seen as an efficacious model for little ones in the sweet patroness of this confraternity—Blessed Imelda of the Order of S. Dominic. This delightful, not yet eleven years old, attracts the hearts of the young by her purity, her artless love, her sweetness in God. Children welcome the "little Sister" who comes to them smiling with celestial beatitude fixed upon the sacred Host and filled with grace.

Communicants delight in being under the aegis of Blessed Imelda, the lover of the Holy Eucharist. The devotion of this Confraternity has been an incentive to sacerdotal zeal throughout France, Germany, Switzerland, Russia and Ireland. The patroness of First Communicants honored by armies of children in the United States, Brazil, Ecuador and the Antilles. The blessings of her grace extend even to the distant flocks of Congo.

Most Reverend Father General of the Dominican Order in 1893 granted associates of the Arch-Confraternity participation in the prayers of the religious family of which they are the head.

Associates will be pleased to see themselves the very text of the letters which open to them the spiritual life of a religious Order so rich in graces and so fruitful in works of salvation.

As well beloved in the Son of God,

all the members of the pious Association called *Confraternity of a Good First Communion and Perseverance*, erected under the patroness of the blessed virgin Imelda, in the church of the Most Holy Rosary of the Monastery of Prouille of the Order of Friars Preachers, with the approbation of the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Lord, Arsenius Billard, Bishop of Carcassonne.

"We, Fr. Andrew Fruhwirth, Professor of Sacred Theology, and humble Master-General and servant of the whole Order of Friars Preachers, health and full communion of the Saints.

"Not being able to dispense temporal goods, we are bound by the law of charity, and of Christian gratitude to grant with joy to those who, by the grace of God, show their affection for our Order, the eternal goods of which we are the dispensers, and to put them in possession of the advantages of a mutual and religious charity, that through our act, their piety towards God and the Saints may yet more increase, and their tender sentiments towards us be more fully manifested by an exchange of favors, which will continue in Heaven, which is Charity itself.

"Assured then of your benevolence towards us, and wishing to reciprocate it, at this moment, full of confidence in the immense mercy and inexhaustible liberality of Almighty God, and relying on the pious intercession of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ; of the Saints, our Father Dominic, Peter, Pius, Antoninus, Thomas, Vincent, Hyacinth, Raymund and Louis; the Blessed Ambrose, Albert the Great, Albert of Bergamo, Gonsalvus; also Saints Catharine of Siena, Catharine of Ricci, Rose, Agnes, with the Blessed Osanna, Margaret of Castile, Margaret of Savoy, Margaret of Hungary, Lucy, Jane of Orvieto, Jane of Portugal, Columba, Stephana, Benvenuta, Catherine of Racogni, Mary Bartholomew, Villana, and all the other Saints, we grant with our whole heart, communion and participation of all

the divine Sacrifices and Offices, prayers, preachings, studies, watchings, fasts, abstinences, disciplines, pilgrimages, labors and other good works, which the Divine Goodness gives to the Brothers and Sisters of our Order to accomplish in the entire world, and we receive and admit you to these same works as well during life as also after death, that thus aided by the abundant fruits, the merits and the suffrages of the Saints you may possess, here below, the grace of increase in virtue and, in Heaven, a glory still greater. In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. In faith of which, we have subscribed, with our hand, these letters, fortified with the great seal of our charge. Given at Rome, in the Convent of Saint Mary, over the Minerva, the twenty-first day of the month of August, in the year of our Lord, 1893, the second of our elevation.

"FR. MARCOLINE CICOGNANI,
Procurator-General and Vicar of the
Master-General of the Order.

"FR. HYACINTH MARY CORMIER,
Provincial of the Holy Land and Socius."

It was for the liberality of the Holy See to complete this spiritual treasury, and to crown the good work in granting to it the sacred sanction of the Supreme Authority.

Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., having learned, with an interest worthy of his well-known predilection for childhood that "in the church dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, the building of which had been so efficaciously and so heartily encouraged by his letter of June 29, 1889, in this same place of Prouille, diocese of Carcassonne, where, according to tradition, the Mother of God appeared to Blessed Dominic, there exists a pious Confraternity under the patronage of Blessed Imelda, Virgin of the Order of Saint Dominic, whose veneration had been approved by Pope Leo XII. His Holiness received with a benevolence truly paternal the supplication presented, deigned to hear it, and granted to the Associates several Plenary Indulgences.

This first and singular benefit was but the prelude of another favor, the highest

that a simple association could desire. By a brief bearing date May 7, 1896, Leo XIII. deigned to erect into an Arch-Confraternity the Confraternity of Blessed Imelda. "We who have nothing so much at heart," says the Sovereign Pontiff, in his Brief, "as to see the children prepare themselves worthily for their First Communion, which most often decides their eternal lot, and to preserve afterwards all their lives the signal benefits of which it is the source, animated by a particular benevolence towards those who are the object of this letter, we erect in perpetuity the said Confraternity into an Arch-Confraternity with the accustomed privileges."

Finally, the Apostolic Benediction given to all the Associates on occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the First Communion of Leo XIII., graciously crowned these inestimable benefits.

The Easter Encyclical of our Holy Father Leo XIII., commemorative of his twenty-fifth year in the Pontificate, is dominated by a note of peculiar sadness. It breathes the tender solicitude of the watchful shepherd who would lay down his life for his sheep.

Illumined by the spirit of Truth, the venerable Pontiff turns his discerning gaze upon the many evils that darken the horizon of the spiritual life of man. and in solemn tones of farewell warning conjures the faithful to use the means in their power to avert the menaces to their temporal peace and eternal salvation.

Briefly reviewing the history of the Church of Christ and her Divine mission of peace and love, her sublime endurance during centuries of persecution, the Holy Father details some of the evils consequent upon the repudiation of the authority of that infallible guide:

Through a series of well-known historical causes, the pretended Reformation of the sixteenth century raised the standard of revolt; and, determining to strike straight into the heart of the Church, audaciously attacked the Papacy. It broke the precious link of the ancient unity of faith and authority, which, multiplying a hundredfold, power, prestige and glory, thanks to the harmonious pursuit

the same objects, united all nations under one staff and one shepherd. This being broken, a pernicious principle of integration was introduced among the ranks of Christians.

do not, indeed, hereby pretend to that from the beginning there was purpose of destroying the principle of Christianity in the heart of society; by refusing, on the one hand, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Holy See, the effective cause and bond of unity, and proclaiming, on the other, the principle of private judgment, the divine structure of faith was shaken to its deepest foundations and the way was opened to the variations, to doubts and denials of the most important things to an extent which the innovators themselves had not foreseen. The way was opened. Then the contemptuous and mocking philosophy of the eighteenth century, advanced farther. It turned to reject the sacred canon of the Scriptures and rejected the entire system of revealed truths, with the purpose of being able ultimately to root out from the conscience of the people all religious belief stifling within it the last breath of the spirit of Christianity. It is from this source that have flowed rationalism, atheism and materialism—poisonous destructive systems which, under different appearances, renew the ancient errors triumphantly refuted by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church; so that the end of modern times, by excessive conceit in its own lights, was stricken with blindness; and paganism subsisted without on fancies, even concerning the attributes of the human soul and the eternal destinies which constitute our true heritage.

the struggle against the Church thus took on a more serious character than in the past, no less because of the vehemence of the assault than because of its universality.

Contemporary unbelief does not content itself with denying or doubting articles of faith. What it combats is the body of principles which sacred tradition and sound philosophy maintain—those fundamental and holy principles which teach man the supreme object of his earthly life, which keep him in the performance of his duty, which in his heart with courage and resignation and which, in promising him incorrupt justice and perfect happiness beyond the tomb, enable him to subject time and earth to heaven. But what the place of these principles, which the incomparable strength bestowed upon them? A frightful scepticism, which

the heart and stifles in the conscience every magnanimous aspiration. This system of practical atheism must have a clearly defined cause, as in point of fact it

does, a profound disorder in the domain of morals, for, as the greatest philosophers of antiquity have declared, religion is the chief foundation of justice and virtue. When the bonds are broken which unite man to God, who is the Sovereign Legislator and Universal Judge, a mere phantom of morality remains; a morality which is purely civic, and, as it is termed independent, which, abstracting from the Eternal Mind and the Laws of God, descends inevitably until it reaches the ultimate conclusion of making man a law unto himself. Incapable, in consequence, of rising on the wings of Christian hope to the goods of the world beyond, man will seek a material satisfaction in the comforts and enjoyments of life. There will be excited in him a thirst for pleasure, a desire of riches and an eager quest of rapid and unlimited wealth, even at the cost of justice. There will be enkindled in him every ambition and a feverish and frenzied desire to gratify them even in defiance of law, and he will be swayed by a contempt for right and public authority as well as by licentiousness of life, which, when the condition becomes general, will mark the real decay of society.

Perhaps we may be accused of exaggerating the sad consequences of the disorders of which we speak. No; for the reality is before our eyes and warrants but too truly our forebodings. It is manifest that if there is not some betterment soon, the bases of society will crumble and drag down with them the great and eternal principles of law and morality.

It is in consequence of this condition of things that the social body, beginning with the family, is suffering such serious evils. For the lay State, forgetting its limitations and the essential object of the authority which it wields, has laid its hands on the marriage bond to profane it and has stripped it of its religious character; it has dared as much as it could in the matter of that natural right which parents possess to educate their children, and in many countries it has destroyed the stability of marriage by giving a legal sanction to the licentious institution of divorce. All know the result of these attacks. More than words can tell they have multiplied marriages which are prompted only by shameful passions, which are speedily dissolved, and which, at times, bring about bloody tragedies, at others the most shocking infidelities. We say nothing of the innocent offsprings of these unions, the children who are abandoned or whose morals are corrupted on one side by the bad example of the parents, on the other by the poison which the officially lay State constantly pours into their hearts.

Along with the family, the political and social order is also endangered by doc-

trines which ascribe a false origin to authority, and which have corrupted the genuine conception of government. For if sovereign authority is derived formally from the consent of the people and not from God, who is the supreme and Eternal Principle of all power, it loses in the eyes of the governed its most august characteristic and degenerates into an artificial sovereignty which rests on unstable and shifting bases, namely the will of those from whom it is said to be derived. Do we not see the consequences of this error in the carrying out of our laws? Too often these laws instead of being sound reason formulated in writing are but the expression of the power of the greater number and the will of the predominant political party. It is thus that the mob is cajoled in seeking to satisfy its desires; that a loose rein is given to popular passion, even when it disturbs the laboriously acquired tranquillity of the State, when the disorder in the last extremity can only be quelled by violent measures and the shedding of blood.

Finally, the Pope prays for the triumph of truth and justice and the tranquillity of the great family of man.

Every Christian should familiarize himself with the last testament of our Holy Father, and carry out in practice the grand moral lessons contained therein. It appeals to and encourages alike philosopher, statesman, poet and the humble son of toil.

By the death of Archbishop Corrigan of New York, the Church in the United States loses the services of a model prelate, a wise and holy bishop, who ruled zealously, with gentleness and firmness, in the spirit of S. Francis de Sales, of S. Charles Borromeo, the important flock committed to his care by the Holy See. A most exemplary priest, a truly apostolic man, Archbishop Corrigan fostered in his large diocese every available work for the cause of the Church. He was a generous supporter of religious Orders of men and women, and among the institutes which must ever hold his memory in benediction, our own Dominican Order stands conspicuous.

On the day following his death the New York *Sun* devoted an editorial of unusual length, to an estimate of his character, from which we make the following happy selection:

Archbishop Corrigan was distinguished by a repose and serenity both scholarly and of the cloister. His administration was firm and of a determined persistency, but it was without harshness, for he was naturally of a gentle and amiable disposition and strife of itself had no attractions for him. His bearing was always marked by a priestly dignity which won for him the respect of a large social circle outside the ranks of Catholicism. In the pulpit he was not notable as an orator, and he did not have the imposing physical proportions which may of themselves appeal to the popular imagination as indicative of a leader; but he was a graceful, an earnest, and a persuasive speaker who appealed in simple and direct language to conviction rather than to the emotions.

It will be seen, therefore, that the dead Archbishop was a religious figure entitled to respectful and even affectionate consideration from this community generally, even from people not of his own faith or of no religious faith at all. He lived to see the last traces of animosity to the Roman Catholic Church obliterated in every Church, so that his death, on Monday, was looked on by all as a grievous loss to the cause of religion and good morals in New York. He left his archdiocese in a condition of greater prosperity and harmony than it had ever known throughout its history.

The Roman Catholics of New York were not suffered to enjoy the unmolested exercise of their religion until after the Evacuation of 1783. Then came and continued the suspicion and hostility which were inflamed into the passion of the Know-Nothing movement of the middle of the last century. But meantime the Catholics went on increasing steadily and rapidly till now they are a vast communion, overshadowing in its magnitude all other churches. By the efforts of the dead Archbishop this great army of religion had been brought to a condition of disciplined compactness and unity notable in the history of the whole Roman Catholic Church.

A beautiful feature and one most touching, associated with the Archbishop's funeral, was the resolution of the members of the Holy Name Societies of New York, about fifteen thousand in number, to receive Holy Communion for the repose of his soul.

For our venerable friend and benefactor, the revered Archbishop Corrigan, we ask the prayers of our readers that his dwelling may be in everlasting rest and peace.

The silver jubilee of the episcopate of

Bishop Spalding of Peoria, which was celebrated on May 1, was an event of unusual importance. Twenty-five years spent in the service of God as a faithful shepherd of souls would not, of itself, demand special commemoration of those living beyond the sphere of the jubilarian's jurisdiction.

But this case is exceptional. The world is Bishop Spalding's debtor, and the world honors him on this auspicious occasion. Theologian, philosopher, poet, the sage of Peoria, as this cultured prelate may justly be called, Bishop Spalding has added lustre to a name already famous and venerable in the American hierarchy of the Church. By his numerous writings, by the publication of various volumes that are rich in wisdom's store, the distinguished Bishop has been a benefactor to unnumbered thousands in our own land and in foreign parts. And his works will live, perpetuating in manner more lasting than brass the beauty of his memory, the fragrance of his model life, the lessons of his ripe and generous scholarship.

We do not esteem it of signal honor that Bishop Spalding has been called the Catholic Emerson, but it is significant that to this modest Catholic gentleman, this eminent priest, there has come an opportunity of which he has splendidly availed, and out of which, because of his unflinching zeal, his ceaseless labor, an influence over the mind of educated America has been exercised by him in a most remarkable and fruitful manner. And it is no venturesome prophecy to affirm that the growing years will witness a widening and deepening power for the cause of truth and virtue and noble living, emanating from the writings of the good Bishop of Peoria, to whom, with cordial homage, we wish many years of life unto still greater usefulness for souls.

The assumption by the young King of Spain on May 17, of the exercise of full royal power, brought to the ancient city of Madrid a demonstration truly splendid, of Catholic faith and Spanish devotion. The Church was represented by two Cardinals, thirty Bishops and a host of the

Clergy. The correspondent of *The Sun*, New York, makes the following happy reflection, which we are pleased to reproduce, without comment:

"To any one spending this week in the Spanish capital the talk of Castilian degeneracy is the merest mockery. The sturdy vigor of one of the oldest European peoples is evidenced not only by a splendid assembly of the nation's aristocracy, but by the character of the peasantry, who number fully fifty thousand, and who throng the streets of the capital. They are a strong, clear-eyed type, of magnificent physique, and are immensely superior to the average inhabitant of the English manufacturing town."

The dedication of the Rochembeau statue, France's gift to the United States, on May 24, was an event of unusual importance. Recalling the services to the infant Republic in the dark days of the Revolution, by chivalrous and Catholic France, which enabled us to wrest our independence from England, let us hope that a wholesome reaction will set in against the nauseating untruth and villainy of Anglo-Saxonism's indecent and insolent claims.

The variously interpreted versions of the "capture" of Aguinaldo and of the "capture" of Miss Stone are still exciting doubt, even in the minds of the most credulous. Considering the importance of the intricacies involved in the respective "captures," we should like to hear from the urbane Aguinaldo and the "unspeakable Turk." The Anna Stone *fun* and the Funstonian series of entertainment contain all the elements of the burlesque. Will no one be serious?

The Catholics of San Francisco will have an opportunity during this month and the next of assisting a most meritorious work. The Right Reverend Julius A. Chatron, Bishop of Osaka, Japan, has come to California for the purpose of collecting money for the support of his large mission, which numbers, among a population of thirteen and a half millions, less than five thousand Christian souls.

The Clergy, the Brothers and the Sisters who labor with him are a noble band of devoted men and women, whose lives are spent in privations and toil. The venerable prelate who is their chief has made the long journey from Japan in the hope of enlisting California sympathy for his poor flock. His appeal should touch the hearts of our people; and most earnestly we bespeak their generosity. In a subsequent issue of our magazine we shall lay before our readers some interesting facts from the Land of the Rising Sun, which Bishop Chatron will contribute. Meantime the editor of DOMINICANA will be happy to receive for transmission to the good Bishop any offerings that our friends may send for him.

The recent floods, tornadoes and earthquakes in different States, the disaster in Guatemala, and the calamities on Martinique and St. Vincent, have sent a message of terror and horror the world over, evoking responses tender and generous on all sides. Our own dear land has been foremost in forwarding to the sufferers of the scourged Atlantic islands food and money in a manner most gratifying to all sympathetic hearts. One touch of sorrow makes the world akin. Our readiness to succor afflicted humanity is enshrined in our national story, and we feel that in the present catastrophe the United States is true to its noble traditions. Each succeeding day since Mont Pelee began its devastations has revealed sufferings and misfortunes harrowing in the extreme—thousands of victims having perished, smothered, struck by lightning or burned. A free, happy people were those of Martinique, Catholic, and, as the record of travelers tells, kind and good and moral—all that faithful Catholics should be. Their destruction—we had almost written *annihilation*—is, of its kind, the saddest event of modern or ancient times. No other volcanic outbreak has ever wrought such fearful havoc. To the men and women who think in their hearts, these are solemn moments, speaking, as in divine calls, for prayers for the dead so suddenly hurried before the judgment of

God, and for self-examination as to the way of our own lives and our preparedness to meet our Lord. Truly in the midst of life we are in death, for this very night our souls may be demanded of us, and no man knows whether he is worthy of hatred or love.

The country is gradually awakening to the awful conditions in the Philippines. The Senate investigation has revealed things strange to the unthinking, but foreseen by men who believed in the principles of the Declaration of Independence (the reading of which was prohibited by the United States authorities in Manila on July 4, 1901), who opposed, from the beginning, imperialism and all its attendant misfortunes.

But there are even worse evils than the "water cure." The anti-Catholic campaign carried on in the name of education is a danger recognized by all but the bigots. Fair-minded journalists who love their country first and who hold its honor dear, who honestly denounce any union of Church and State, have exposed the conditions prevailing in the school administration of the Philippines. This is not a party question; it is a question of American fair play, not to speak of higher things. A deliberate attempt, made by the school authorities in Manila, to weaken the faith of the Filipinos should be suppressed. As a beginning, a good many of the parson-teachers should be removed.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church held important sessions in New York during the month of May. The committee on revision reported various amendments to the Westminster Creed, the most notable of which is a declaration against Calvinism's horrible doctrine of infant damnation, and a modification of the brutal terms in which Presbyterianism has hitherto referred to the Pope as "anti-Christ, the man of sin, the son of perdition."

This latter is a concession to decency of speech, courtesy of language, rather than a change of sentiment, for the new

is quite as insulting. To Catholics chief interest in these proposed lies in the comforting fact that indicate the advance breaking up of the elements of which, when the dissolution will have come, will, in numbers, we hope, find truth and in the one Church.

Recent elections in France are a demonstration that among the majority of men practical Catholicism is an uncommon quantity. French zeal even untamed in foreign lands is a splendid contrast to French indifference at home, the comparison means reflections painful to all who love the Eldest Mother of the Church. France is on the eve. To many it seems the beginning of doom as the leading Christian nation.

Directors of the American Catholic League to Rome and the principal powers of Europe, have perfected plans for the sailing of deputations on July first of this year.

The principal object of the pilgrimage is the special honoring of the Holy Father, Pius XIII., on the notable occasion of his local silver jubilee.

The project received the warm encouragement and hearty approval of the late Archbishop Corrigan, whose paternal leadership was set aside by

his official letter of approval to the Reverend Father Porcile, S. P. M., for of the pilgrimage, His Grace had

from the earliest ages of the Christian Catholic piety has encouraged and led pilgrimages. They are living acts of faith—all the grander and more sublime proportion of the greatness of the duties they involve, and the difficulties must be encountered and overcome. Hope and pray that this year's pilgrimage will be a great manifestation of the Catholic faith—a luminous proof of devotion to the Holy See, and of filial attachment to the August Person of the Vicar of Christ.

In the spirit of filial piety, therefore, Catholics from all parts of the United States are endeavoring to avail of this opportunity for a deeply religious exercise by becoming members of the pilgrimage.

A booklet containing the interesting itinerary and all information concerning necessary expenses will be mailed to any address upon application to Very Reverend E. H. Porcile, S. P. M., Assistant General, Fathers of Mercy, 1875 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Although the English Parliament has compelled the King to abjure Transubstantiation, it failed to perfect legal measures to compel the head of the Anglican Church to partake of the "Communion according to the Anglican rite" at his coronation service—since "he has never done so in his life." The coronation festivities are likely to establish more precedents than one.

According to the decree of Cardinal Vaughan, High Mass will be sung in all the churches of the Westminster Diocese upon the day of the coronation of Edward VII. The Mass will be followed by Benediction and the chanting of the Te Deum. Six millions of England's loyal Catholics will thus, by special adoration of the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, offer some slight reparation for the blasphemous abjuration of the King which is implied in the coronation ceremony.

The Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr. Rinaldini, represented Pope Leo at the coronation ceremony of Alfonso XIII, as King of Spain.

The magnificence of the religious function recalls the glories of Spain's historic grandeur—the most noble feature of which is the wonderful devotion of her Christian kings, from the sixth century down to the present day—to the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The royal families have vied with one another to give public honor to the Blessed Sacrament—accompanying processions on

foot to the sick and dying to witness the administration of the Viaticum.

A beautiful episode in the life of the late King Alfonso XII. illustrates his lively faith and tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Returning one evening from a ride with his aides-de-camp, he met a procession accompanying the Blessed Sacrament. The priest was about to administer the *Viaticum* to a condemned prisoner, in the *Carcel Madelo*. Dismounting at once, the king, with a lighted candle in his hand, followed the procession on foot. His aides-de-camp followed his example, and were met at the prison gates by officials who conducted them to the cell of the dying man.

The scene was most impressive, and never to be forgotten. The bare, dark prison, the flickering lights of the tapers, the prisoners in their coarse dress, the crowd of outsiders all with bent heads, the young king in his uniform, kneeling on the bare flags beside the miserable bed of the prisoner.

The prisoner recognized the king and gazed speechlessly at him, as if to divine how he came there.

The impressive words of the priest and evident contrition of the prisoner stirred the king deeply.

After the administration of the *Viaticum* the king took the prisoner's hand, and in a solemn tone, said to him: "God has forgiven you; I can do no less, and from this moment you are free. If it please Almighty God to spare your life you can leave here the moment the doctor says that you are fit to be removed."

Upon hearing the king's words, all present cried with one voice, "Viva el Rey!"

Contrary to the doctor's declaration that the man would not live a day at the time of his pardon, he recovered.

Thus God blessed the young monarch's act of clemency towards the unfortunate prisoner.

There is reason to hope that the son of this worthy king, Alfonso XIII., will fulfill the high hopes of his devoted people.

California mourns, in a special manner, the passing away of the enthusiastic poet-

painter of her golden glories—glories of land and sky and sea, and bright, perennial sunshine.

In the songs of our own Bret Harte we hear again the mingled voices of the motley throng that surged through our Golden Gate in years ago.

The grave, the gay, the false, the true, appealed to the poet's genial sense and human tenderness.

He heard

Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still finds the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With the color of romance.

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices
blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

To his prophetic vision arose our land—
of might, "fronting sea and curving bay,"
fulfilling its promise of glorious deeds:

Ah, friends! beneath your real skies
The actor's short-lived triumph dies;
On that broad stage of empire won
Whose footlights were the setting sun,
Whose flats a distant background rose
In trackless peaks of endless snows;
Here genius bows and talent waits
To copy that but One creates.

Your shifting scenes; the leagues of sand, —
An avenue by ocean spanned;
The narrow beach of straggling tents,
A mile of stately monuments;
Your standard, lo! a flag unfurled,
Whose clinging folds clasp half the world,
This is your drama, built on facts,
With "twenty years between the acts."

One moment more; if here we raise
The oft-sung hymn of local praise,
Before the curtain facts must sway;
Here waits the moral of your play,
Glossed in the poet's thought, you view,
What money can, Yet cannot do;
The faith that soars the deeds that shine,
Above the gold that builds the shrine.

And oh! when others take our place;
And Earth's green curtain hides our face,

on the stage so silent now
 last new hero makes his bow.
 say our deeds recalled once more
 memory's sweet but brief encore,
 all the circling ages run,
 the world's plaudit of "Well done!"

MAGAZINES.

a following beautiful sonnet to
 erty," by Florence Earle Coates,
 ured in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May:

Priestess of a fane discredited,
 se votaries to-day are few or none;
 eases austere, whose touch the vulgar
 hun,
 hey would shrink from a Procrustes
 ed,
 g to temples where the feast is
 spread,
 life laughs loudly, and the smooth
 rines run;
 mother! least desired 'neath the
 an.
 y chill breasts the noblest have been
 id.
 are thy counsels for the brave and
 strong;
 lo we fear thy brooding mystery,
 griefs, the hardships, which about
 thee throng,
 scanty garners where thy harvests
 e;
 seeing what unto the rich belong,
 now our debt, O Poverty, to thee!

The American Catholic Quarterly Re-
for April, Bryan J. Clinch of San
 diego writes of "The New Language
 ism in the Philippines." Speaking
 e danger of suppressing a language
 ed during ten generations by seven
 ns of people, Mr. Clinch recalls the
 ssions of Pope Leo XIII. on this
 , in his recent apostolic letter to the
 nian bishops, where he refers to the
 tened danger to the national union
 ng out of the language war between
 and German:

he cause of the disunion now existing
 hemia may be traced to the lan-
 s which the people speak according
 ihr different descent. The desire to
 sh and love the tongue of his parents
 planted by nature in every human
 . We abstain from any decision in
 oversies of this kind. It is surely not
 rable to cherish the mother tongue
 a due bounds. It is the duty of tem-
 ralers to safeguard individual rights

where they do not interfere with the wel-
 fare of the state. It is ours to provide that
 religion be not brought into peril by such
 disputes, since faith is the highest pos-
 session of the soul and the source of all
 other good."

Though addressed to the episcopate of a
 foreign land, these words may be well
 pondered by us here in America.

Though the imposition of Americanese
 idioms upon Filipino youth may develop
 the "bumps" of acquiescence, there is a
 likelihood that they will retain their love
 for their native tongue, and regard with
 growing favor the foreign element that
 may in future number a mastery of the
 native language among their intellectual
 attainments.

If Mark Twain had not marred his work
 (but bigotry is not new to him), by speak-
 ing of "the degraded Spanish friars,"
 though in praise of them, his article in the
 May number of *The North American Review*
 would be faultless. Nevertheless, his "De-
 fence of General Funston" we heartily
 welcome. A clever piece of satire, it is an
 exposure in the pillory, of that mounte-
 bank, Funston, and a warning to the
 country against the dangers of exalting
 his unsavory example for our American
 youth.

In the same number of the *Review*, An-
 drew Carnegie writes on the Filipinos in
 a truly American spirit, deploring our
 invasion of a civilized, Christian people
 and the suppression among them of the
 Declaration of Independence. Mr. Car-
 negie does not refer to his splendid offer
 made to President McKinley that he
 would pay the sum of twenty millions of
 dollars to the Government (the amount
 given to Spain), if he had been allowed to
 assure the Filipinos that the United States
 would respect and uphold their inde-
 pendence.

The appearance of these two contribu-
 tions in *The North American Review* is a
 comforting sign; it shows that the
 sounder and wiser part of the American
 people are determined to be heard in be-
 half of liberty and humanity. It is a
 gratification, indeed, to the "traitors"
 who have dared, from the beginning, to

avow true American principles, to know not only that Funston the contemptible cannot have them hanged, but that the conscience of the nation is at last aroused.

—
The Freeman's Journal, New York, May 17, prints a detailed indictment of the school administration in the Philippines, from which the reader may gather that the anti-Catholic propaganda is in energetic action. We trust that the agitation now in process will bring to light all the facts, and that the reign of the "teachers" who are there, not for the cause of education, but for bigotry and pelf, will soon come to an inglorious end.

The Commission appointed by the President to treat with the Holy See concerning the lands of the friars and other matters of pressing importance, may consider these charges if they are formulated in a proper manner and supported by evidence that cannot be impugned. Meantime, we desire to emphasize principles only, among which we count an earnest desire entertained by good Catholics that the difficulties confronting the Administration should not be aggravated, and that no mere political partisanship should find place or recognition in the discussion of the Philippine problem.

MUSIC.

The John Church Company, Cincinnati, has sent us the following: *ECHOES FROM FAIRYLAND*, by Edouard Hesselberg, Grade I, consisting of twelve juvenile tone-pictures for piano (with voice and words *ad libitum*.) Each is a descriptive little gem, interesting to the little performer and forming good material for study, on account of the varied metre, rhythm and expression.

Brooks. & Denton, New York, have published for piano: *THE HAMMOCK* (cradle song), Grade II., a pleasing theme in double rhythm with frequent repetitions. *OMENA* (Intermezzo), Grade III., short and playable, both compositions by B. Hartz. *HALIMAR* (Oriental Rondo), by Frank B. Banta, Grade III., a sort of rag-time dance, with the usual strong accent and catchy melody.

WHERE THE BIRDIES GO, words by E. Madden, music by Floyd McKinstry, dedicated to Sister M. Baptista, Dominican Convent, New York City. This is a pretty song for children, with beautiful words and a charming melody. *ACES UP*, march and two-step, by W. H. Nelson, arranged for banjo by Brooks & Denton, with a staff of the simplified method for banjo.

BOOKS.

THE LADY PARAMOUNT, airily bright and entrancingly mischievous—as a lady can be—leads us through sylvan scenes, near rippling waters, and charms us by her glad laughter, mingled with the voices of merry songsters.

Upon this delightful spot intrudes the "inevitable lover," but Anthony makes himself so agreeable that one must needs forgive him.

The magnanimous scheme of "*Lady Paramount*" for furthering the interests of the young man succeeds admirably, and to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned.

Mr. Henry Harland possesses the rare faculty of cementing the bond of sympathy between his living creations and the delighted reader.

John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York, has brought out the volume in a dainty and attractive dress.

—
THE LITTLE MANUAL OF S. ANTHONY OF PADUA, compiled by the Reverend F. X. Lasance, is a vest pocket edition of selected devotions to Saint Anthony. Novenas, pious practices and reflections upon the virtues of this great saint are contained therein. *THE LITTLE MANUAL* is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

—
THE SIN OF JASPER STANDISH, by "Rita," is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

Irish scenes form the setting for the portrayal of traits of Irish and English character.

Mysterious crimes, secret plots, underground passages and sliding panels, hold the reader's attention from beginning to end.

is love episodes of Nora, the Irish girl, and Lyle, the English heroine, puzzled whether to commend the ideal trust of the former or the judicious methods of the latter.

The reader eagerly traces Jasper Stan-
drough through the mazes of his sin until
overtaken by a just retribution.

ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
by Rev. A. Tesniere, Priest of the
Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament,
edited by Mrs. Anne Bennett-Gold-
is a devotional book of practical
instructions on the Holy Eucharist. The
book is divided into five parts. Open-
with considerations on the reasons
for the institution of the Eucharist, it
then in order the various titles expres-
sive of the divinity and humanity of
Christ. The concluding portions of
the book contain some very edifying and
practical chapters on the Adoration
and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.
English dress fits well and bears
witness to the literary ability of the
editor.

Digger Brothers, New York, have pub-
lished the work in a style at once becom-
ing and convenient.

**FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THE RELIGI-
OUS LIFE**, a spiritual instruction to re-
ligious men and women, by Father Regin-
nuckler, O. P., and **THE CHRISTMAS
EUCCHARIST**, being selections from
the writings of Father Faber, are two
books which will be serviceable to
devout souls who make a practice
of regular spiritual reading.

Digger Brothers, New York, are the
American agents for these publications,
which are clearly printed and becomingly

SPIRITUAL PEPPER AND SALT, is the
appealing title of a bright little volume
by Rev. William Stang, D. D., in which
the zealous and learned priest answers
various questions concerning the Church
and its doctrines. Doctor Stang is, per-
haps abrupt in style, while some of
the statements could be improved by de-
tailed argument. His book, however, will be

helpful in the cause of the missions to
non-Catholics.

Benziger Brothers, New York, the pub-
lishers, bring out the work at a moderate
price.

Among the recent publications of the
Catholic Truth Society, London, rich in
religious instruction and delightful in
subject matter, are the following Penny
pamphlets: "God in Holy Writ"; "The
Mass: an Aid to Understand It"; "Our
Church Music"; "Psalm CXVIII, a Medi-
tation on the Law of God"; "The Pros-
pects of Catholicism"; "The French As-
sociations Bill, Its Authors and Objects";
"Christian Civilization and the Perils
That Now Threaten It"; "The Carmelites
of Compiègne"; "The Lives of Saints Al-
fred, Cecilia, and Margaret of Scotland";
also, "The Life of Blessed Sebastian Val-
frè, Father Faber and the Life of Dante."
The last-named volume is a brief sum-
mary of the life and works of the great
poet, emphasizing the dominant theme
and purpose of "The Commedia," namely,
to relate the way of fallen man to God.
Dante finds that true way only by the
teaching of S. Thomas, and the practice
of his faith. "The Faith of Old England"
and "The End Justifies the Means" are
admirable treatises on subjects of general
interest. The vulgar error that "the end
justifies the means" is ably refuted by the
writer.

BELINDA, by Maurice Francis Egan, is
published by H. S. Kilner and Company,
Philadelphia. The heroine of the story, a
young orphan girl, early manifests a
steadfastness of character that proves to
be a consolation to her neighbor as well
as the source of her own fortunate settle-
ment in life.

Belinda is cheerful, entertaining and
wide-awake, a desirable model for those
who are tempted to magnify difficulties.

The Record of the Work of "The Pro-
Cathedral" in Stanton street, New York,
for the year 1901, is certainly a gratifying
evidence of unflagging zeal on the part of
the men and women concerned in the so-

cial welfare of that particular community.

In all the details of the mission work a notable feature is the co-operation of clergy and laity.

This little pamphlet, illustrated throughout, gives a fair idea of the flourishing condition of the various departments—from the Kindergarten to those intended to furnish instruction and amusement for adults.

The statistics for 1901 signify an increased activity among our Episcopalian friends,

A CATHOLIC GUIDE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY, containing twenty-one illustrations, comes from the pen of the Reverend Eric William Leslie, S. J. This interesting sketch details many of the glories of the Abbey when Catholic fervor adorned its sacred precincts with shrines to saint and martyr. Despoiled of its magnificence by tyrant hands, the Abbey of Westminster pleads for the restoration of its sacred privileges of sounding the praises of God within the walls so solemnly consecrated to Divine service.

Sands & Company, London, are the publishers of this historic hand-book for visitors to the Abbey.

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST, just completed, by the Reverend Walter Elliot, of the Paulist Fathers, represents several years of the author's patient and devoted labor. The present contribution to Catholic literature embraces the entire Gospel narrative of the inspired writers on the career of our divine Saviour.

Passages from the other books of the New Testament are quoted, independently of the text, and are intended to stimulate the interest of the reader in the sublimity of the expressions of the Sacred Scripture.

The plan of the author, to make this Life of Christ a devotional study of Our Redeemer's teachings in the Christian household, has been admirably carried out by the introduction of copies of the best in Christian art, illustrative of the scenes of the Saviour's sacred ministry.

In this artistic collection of sacred sub-

jects Father Elliot has been aided by the Rev. P. J. McCorry, C. S. P.

Every page of this commendable work breathes messages of love and mercy, and promises of peace and joy.

The Catholic Book Exchange, New York, have printed and bound the volume in excellent style. Almost eight hundred pages of clearly printed matter have been compressed into a book of convenient size. No Catholic family should fail to procure this Life of Christ for daily reading.

Mary Johnston's AUDREY, subtly charming in her solitary musings and spirit longings, is a rare creation of a noble mind. No combination of gorgeous circumstance can detract from the marvelous domination of AUDREY'S childlike innocence, her royal womanhood and the ineffable pathos of her love and sacrifice. Miss Johnston is to be congratulated upon her brilliant literary achievement.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have anticipated the popular demand by issuing in the first edition of one hundred and fifty thousand copies. The full-page illustrations in colors, by F. C. Yohn, are admirably effective.

KATE BONNET, THE ROMANCE OF A PIRATE'S DAUGHTER, by Frank R. Stockton, has a charm peculiarly its own. The reader eagerly accompanies Kate on her venture in search of her pirate father, and remains with her until the close of the quest. Thrilling situations abound throughout the narrative, irresistible in their undercurrent of drollery. The love affairs of Kate are varied and romantic.

D. Appleton & Company, New York, have given the book a handsome dress. The effective illustrations are the work of A. J. Keller and H. S. Potter.

HESTER BLAIR, THE ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY GIRL, by William H. Carson, is handsomely printed by C. M. Clark, Boston.

Norton, a sea coast town of exhilarating atmosphere, is the scene of the joys and sorrows of Hester Blair. A summer and summer boarders initiate a romantic

courtship, which is followed by a secret marriage between Hester and her lover. The secrecy observed by them gives rise to complications interpreted most unfavorably, for the innocent young girl, by the village gossips.

Admirable in his character of faithful protector and loyal friend of Hester, is Slack, the stalwart, honest fisherman, but his efforts are unavailing, for a time, to save her from the anguish caused by the poisoned breath of slander exhaled by envious gossips. Truth finally triumphs, and Hester enjoys peace and happiness.

Charles H. Stephens has graphically illustrated leading incidents in the story.

THE KING OF ANDORRA, by Henry E. Harris, is a spirited narrative of the adventures of two Americans, an Englishman and a Frenchman in the little Pyrenean republic of Andorra.

Dissatisfaction against the existing government leads to the choice of one of the Americans as King. Blushingly he "bears the honors thrust upon" him. He establishes peace, develops the resources of the country, and then generously abdicates at the demand of the Spanish in favor of the ancient regime. Love scenes are interspersed throughout the narrative. The King of Andorra is the victor, both in love and war.

The Abbey Press, New York, have published the book in attractive style.

THE END OF AN ERA, by John S. Wise, is published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston.

This is an agreeably animated narrative of events connected with the civil war.

Of special interest are the delineations of the character of many distinguished Confederates, whose interests were bound up in the Southern cause.

Episodes of the slave trade, attractive views of social life in the South, with the presentation of varied phases of military discipline, engage the undivided attention of the reader to the very end.

The publishers have brought out the book in their usual excellent form.

LOVE IN ITS TENDERNESS, AND OTHER

STORIES, of Appleton's Town and Country Library Series, form very interesting reading. They are of a high moral grade of fiction, and deal with practical events in every-day life.

HOW MEN ARE MADE, OR THE CORNER STONES OF CHARACTER, is the title of a series of earnest exhortations to young men, by Daniel Hoffman Martin.

In his essay on "Foundation," the author emphasizes the necessity of the cultivation of the spiritual nature in man. "The man," says Mr. Martin, "who takes care of his body and cultivates his mind, but leaves his spiritual nature abandoned and starved, is a sort of truncated, topless cone, the finest and best part of himself left undeveloped.

"The cultivation of this spiritual nature is carried on by the diligent study of God's word, and by prayer. In God's word we have our Father's will revealed to us, which is most essential, for we do not want to be carrying out any plans unless they are in accordance with his will. Prayer also reveals ourselves to ourselves."

Health, Temperance, Influence, Purity, Thoughts and Purpose are some of the subjects considered and developed as important factors in the formation of a noble character in our young men.

The Abbey Press, New York, has given the book an attractive and durable dress, with a frontispiece portrait of the author.

REMEMBRANCES OF EMERSON, by John Albee, published by The Grafton Press, New York, is an attractive piece of book work.

The writer eloquently portrays the personal characteristics of the great apostle of culture, "His Influence on Young Men," and his genius as an essayist.

On the last point Mr. Albee says: "The essays contain the harvest of Emerson's lifetime; plain food for daily life, rare fruit and dainties for life's holidays. The quality is as the sun's light and warmth; the form is spontaneous and simple, and everywhere expressive of the man. He wrote when he felt inspired; when not, he

sought in right living and high thinking the renewal of the sources of inspiration.

"The reserve of Emerson's Essays is one of their most notable and instructive characteristics. He sees more than he says. He is like a general overlooking the field of battle, determining the strategical points and concentrating his forces upon them. What he does not heed is not important for a comprehensive and complete grasp of the situation.

Among the recent publications of Benziger Brothers, New York, we note many stories of merit, by Catholic writers, which are wonderfully adapted to the real needs of the growing boy and girl, in the various walks of life. *THE BERKLEY'S*, by Emma Howard Wright, contrast forcibly the selfishness of a beautiful young girl with the noble self-sacrifice of her less beautiful sister, under most trying circumstances; *BOB O' LINK*, by Mary T. Waggaman, *THE GOLDEN LILY*, by Katherine Tynan Hinkson, *RECRUIT TOMMY COLLINS*, by Mary Bonesteel, and *AS TRUE AS GOLD*, by Mary E. Mannix, all wholesome reading, are welcome contributions to the home library.

The books of this series are uniformly bound in cloth and are attractively illustrated.

From the publishers, Harper & Brothers, New York, we have received *LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER*, by Basil King, who is evidently making his introductory bow to the reading public. Wishing to make a hit, he selects as his theme a study of *Modern American* life. Casting his eyes over *Modern American* life, our author comes to the conclusion that such a study would not be complete without introducing the problem of divorce. This he has done in a manner by no means commendable to his array of characters or to the writer himself. While there are many striking scenes scattered throughout the volume, they are not important enough to offset its general common-place tone.

ECHOES FROM S. MARY'S CHIMES, clear, joyous, hopeful tones, awaken in all hearts responsive notes of gladness.

Echoes of bright, happy youth harmonious in innocence and virtue.

"Her voice is like the music of the sea
That whispers from the lips of pearly shells;
Or like the silver tone of many bells,
That lingering, echoes through a flowered lea.
To love and gladness 'tis the golden key;
More sweet than song which from the bird-heart wells
So low, so tender, seems that voice to me.

And when the veil of twilight folds around
The world, that voice from o'er, brighter days,
Borne on the breath of night around me floats;
And, like unto some pure, seraphic sound
From Heaven falling, oft it round me strays,
And woos bright dreams with low, ecstatic notes.

This handsome volume in white and gold is dedicated to the Alumnae of S. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE STRIKING HOURS, by Eden Philpotts, is a collection of quaint tales of English peasantry. The lives, loves and sorrows of a simple people are sympathetically treated. It is a faithful portrayal of English provincial life. A certain monotony is relieved in a measure by some humorous situations. It is of a class that could make one forgive the use of dialect. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, are the publishers.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers of five interesting short stories.

The reader is left to guess the riddles of their respective authorship.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly and her niece, Mary Genevieve Kilpatrick, have jointly contributed to the entertainment and instruction of eager youth in *MISS VARNER'S EXPERIENCES: The Wolf-Gatherers, The Tragedy in the Garden, Hadrian Monreale and Jaspas's Wraith*.

Although somewhat sombre in their nature the stories have the merit of a vigorous narrative style.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

1—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at exposition of Blessed Sacrament; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Enrolling new members in Confraternity of the Rosary.

2—Of the octave. (Benediction.) Meeting of the Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

3—Of the octave. (Benediction. Seventh Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

4—Of the octave. (Benediction.)

5—Octave of Corpus Christi.

6—Sacred Heart of Jesus. (Benediction.)

7—B. Henry Suso, O. P., Priest (from March 2.) (Devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

8—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Most Pure Heart of Mary. Plenary indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Most Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

9—B. Diana and Companions, O. P., Virgins. (Courage in adversity.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 A. M.

10—B. John Dominic, O. P., Bishop. (zeal for Truth.) Eighth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic. Anniversary of the ordination of Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan.

11—S. Barnabas, Apostle. (Consoler of the Afflicted, (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

12—B. Stephen Bandelli, O. P., Priest. (Love of Ecclesiastical Knowledge.) Monthly Requiem High Mass for deceased members of S. Dominic's Building Association.

13—S. Anthony of Padua, O. F. M., Priest. (Invoked for the recovery of lost articles.) (Benediction.)

14—S. Basil, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Love of God's Word.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

15—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. (Novena in honor of S. John the Baptist begins.)

16—S. John Francis Regis, Priest, model of Catechists.

17—S. Frances of Rome, Widow (from

March 9.) Founder of the Oblate or Col-latine Nuns. Ninth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

18—B. Osanna, O. P., Virgin, Tertiary. (Devotion to the Child Jesus.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

The fifth annual excursion and picnic of S. Dominic's Congregation will be held at Fernbrook Park, Niles Cañon. Boat leaves Market-street Ferry at 9:30 A. M.

19—S. Benedict, Abbot. Father of the Western Monks and Founder of the Benedictine Order. (From March 21.)

20—S. Gabriel, Archangel (from March 24.) (Benediction.) Anniversary of the succession of Right Reverend George Montgomery to the See of Monterey and Los Angeles. Novena in honor of SS. Peter and Paul begins.

21—S. Aloysius, S. J. (Innocence.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

22—FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—B. Innocent V., O. P., Pope. (Spirit of Humility.) Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

23—The Ten Thousand Martyrs. (Good Example.)

24—S. John the Baptist. Feast of special devotion. (Fidelity to Duty.) Plenary indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.) Tenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

25—S. Francis of Paula, Priest. Founder of the Minims. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

26—Stigmata of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P., Virgin. (Penance.)

27—S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Christian Courage.) (Benediction.)

28—S. Irenaeus, Martyr. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) This day marks the beginning of the "Fifteen Saturdays" in preparation for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary. A plenary indulgence may be gained on any three of these Saturdays. Conditions: C. C. on each Saturday; (2) visit to Rosary Altar; (3) prayers. An indulgence of seven years and seven Lents may be gained on each of the other days.

29—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles. Plenary indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

30—Commemoration of S. Paul. (Correspondence With Grace.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Anthony of Padua, Confessor; S. Margaret of Scotland, Widow; S. Norbert, Bishop; S. John Francis Regis, Confessor; S. Juliana, Virgin. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—

S. Crescentia, Martyr; S. John the Baptist; S. Boniface, Bishop; S. Barnabas, Apostle; S. John, Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Peter, Apostle; S. William, Abbot; S. Paul, Apostle; S. Paulinus Nola, Bishop; S. Aloysius, Confessor.

MUSIC FOR JUNE.

June 1—Sonata, D Minor, Mendelssohn; Third Mass, Gounod; Offertory, "Salve Regina," Smith; Marche Pomposo, "Hercules," Handel. Evening Organ Music—Largo, Handel; Reverie in G, Whiting; Offertory, "In Paradisum," Dubois; Marcia Brillante, Gullment.

June 8—Prelude and Fugue, Clark; Larghetto, Mozart; Third Mass, Gounod; Offertory, "Ave Maria," Arkadelt; Postlude, March in E Flat, Petrali. Evening Organ Music—Allegro in C, Adagio in E Flat, Volckmar; Offertory, "Parsifal," Wagner; Postlude in D, Tours.

June 15—Prelude in C Minor, Pastorale in F, Whiting; Mass, La Hache; Offertory, "Ave Maria," Howe; Postlude, Scherzo Symphonique Concertant, Lemmens. Evening Organ Music—Sonata in D

Minor, Mendelssohn. Regular monthly music service—Offertory to S. Cecilia, Battiste; Postlude in B Flat, West.

June 22—Fantasia in F Flat Minor; Priere in E, Thayer; Mass in C, Silas; Offertory, "Cujus Animam," Rossini; Postlude in C, Whiting. Evening Organ Music—"Insanae et Banal Curae," Haydn; Adagio Cantabile, Haydn; Offertory, "On Song's Light Pinions," Mendelssohn; Postlude, Southard.

June 29—Offertore in G, Wely; Prelude in E, Whiting; Mass in C, Silas; Offertory, "Inviolata," Dethier; March from "Leonore Symphony," Raff. Evening Organ Music—Concert piece in F, Minor, Battiste; Toccata in G, Dubois; "Festival March," Westbrook.

He that loves is uneasy because that he loves. In proportion as he loves, in the same proportion his love will become a kind of torment to him until it finds vent in some glorious sacrifice, some fair offering, or some noble action for those who are the object of that love. And so the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ was uneasy in his Divine bosom because of his infinite love for us, and it could find no higher, and no greater vent than he should come down from heaven—again and again invoked, called forth by the word of consecration, and thus renewing on the stone of sacrifice, on the altar of grace, all that this love for us prompted him to do for us on Calvary. But it was not only as a sacrifice he comes. He comes to remain as a sacrament. He comes, and

comes in the fulness of his adored presence, on our altars. He who loves lightly may be contented with the grasp of the hand, with a passing visit, or a word of sympathy to the object of his affection; he who loves selfishly may grow cold in his love when time withers away the beauty which first captivated him; but the love of Jesus Christ was another love,—this love remains forever, it never changes, and the object of his love retains the freshness of her youthful beauty unto the end of time,—as fair to-day as that Church which he first came to visit in the Holy Sacrifice, and who, while he remains in the sacrament, is as fair to-day, with her nineteen hundred years of age upon her, as she was the morning when she was first crowned in all her virginal beauty.

Father Thomas Burke, O. P.

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A SUCCESSFUL CRUSADE AGAINST ANARCHISM.

LORENZO J. MARKOE.

I.

We citizens of the United States have, by the cruel assassination of President McKinley, been rudely shaken out of our boasted sense of freedom and security from such crimes. Indeed, so severe was the shock, that a sudden revulsion of feeling took possession of many persons. Some of those who had been most outspoken in defense of freedom of speech, liberty of the press, and the right to think as we please, suddenly broke forth in impassioned demands for the annihilation of all anarchists, for the absolute suppression by the severest measures of all abettors of anarchy, and for the most stringent laws against the propagation of the principles or dogmas of anarchism in this country. So-called ministers of the gospel astonished their hearers by the bitter and venomous words which they hurled forth against the miserable wretch who, seduced by the teachings of others more criminal than he, had dared to raise his cowardly hand to strike down our unsuspecting Chief Magistrate at the very moment that the latter was extending his hand in cordial friendship.

Whilst struck with amazement at the utter loss of self control by such men, we all agree that something must be done to meet this ghastly foe that is leering in our very faces, and perhaps, encouraged by this first success, may be at this very moment hatching some fresh horror to spring upon us when least expected. It

has seemed to us that this national humiliation and uprooting of our confidence in our own entire freedom from danger, despite the atmosphere of freedom that we breathe in America, may predispose us to be less censorious and critical towards those of our ancestors who have had to deal in times past and in other lands with this very anarchism that now confronts us as a new and unforeseen antagonist. A retrospective glance of this sort will at once bring before our view the two great forces of law and order on the one hand, and anarchy and confusion on the other, facing each other for centuries and engaged in mortal conflict. Prejudices which during the past century blinded our fathers to its real character should not be allowed to blur our own vision, or to prevent us from studying this great conflict on its merits and drawing from it lessons needed to guide us in our own policy in dealing with the forces of disorder in the United States. In plainer words the fact that both the good works and the crimes of preceding centuries were performed in the name of religion, and under the impulse of true or feigned religious zeal, should not prevent us from studying them impartially, without being swayed by anti-religious prejudices in reaching our conclusions.

Religion being in former times recognized universally as the great source of doctrine and authority, all was done in her name. The legislator based all his con-

clusions on religious grounds; whilst the anarchistic agitator, forced thereto by the spirit of the times, likewise appealed to religious motives and disguises under which to cloak his real purpose to destroy existing institutions and introduce anarchy and confusion in the place of law and order. Greece and Rome professed to regard religion as the basis and solid foundation of all law. Hence all who opposed the constituted authorities of those days necessarily appeared in the ranks of the opponents of the established religion of the day. Under the old empires this religion was paganism or idolatry; under later rulers, at least in Europe, it was Christianity; and under the united family of nations known as Christendom it was that form of Christianity which recognized the Pope in Rome as its head, acknowledging in him a species of suzerainty over all the other rulers of Europe. The Romans and Greeks looked upon those who opposed the recognized civilization of their day as "barbarians;" in later times, under the suzerainty of the Roman Pontiffs, they were called by the name of "heretics." A study of the relations of the constituted authorities in Christendom to the "heretics" of their day will not be without its advantages to us in dealing with the "anarchists" of our own times.

The Europe later known as "Christendom" was formed under the guidance of the Roman Pontiffs from the conglomeration of barbaric hordes that overran Europe and destroyed the great Roman Empire. But whilst the rulers of these tribes were gradually induced to accept the teachings of Christianity, they were by no means always the docile and obedient sons of the Roman Pontiffs under whose teachings they were being fashioned into civilized beings and weaned from their barbarous customs of generations past. Thus it came about that the legislation of these nations of Europe, whilst based professedly upon Christian teachings, frequently retained much of the spirit of the days of barbarism, and was by no means always consistent with the principles inculcated by their Christian teachers. Hence there was frequently wit-

nessed a struggle between these teachers on the one side and the civil rulers on the other; the first seeking earnestly to lead to a higher plane of action, and the latter to enforce what they believed to be a just severity against crime and contempt of lawful authority.

But, whilst there were frequent disagreements and even contests as to the exact relations of the civil rulers to the recognized spiritual authority—the Roman Pontiffs—yet both were united in a common crusade against disorder and the denial of all lawfully constituted authority. The legislation of the period aimed at eradicating crime and disorder and at upholding the majesty of the law and the authority of the rulers of the day. We therefore find the legislation of those days to be a peculiar mixture of Christian principles and barbaric practices. The former were introduced into it by the influence of the Christian teachers—the popes and bishops, and clergy generally—the latter were the still uneradicated remains of former barbarism. Heretics were necessarily the antagonists of both the spiritual and civil powers; for both were intimately united, as already stated, in upholding and enforcing the existing legislation or jurisprudence of Europe. We find one of the earliest instances of this even under the Pagan emperors of Rome.

Balmes remarks: "In the year 296, we see Diocletian and Maximilian, by an edict, condemning to different punishments the Manicheans who had not abjured their dogmas, and consigning their leaders to the fire. These sectaries had always been considered as great criminals, and to punish them has always been judged necessary, not only for the interests of religion, but even for the morals and good order of society * * if we add to this, the turbulent character of the sects which, under various names, arose in the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries * * we clearly see that it was not a dispute as to a particular dogma, but that the whole social system was compromised."* The Manicheans perpetuated themselves, their teachings and practices on through

*European Civilization, pp. 204-5.

the early days of the Church and down through the centuries. Finally in the 11th century they stirred up serious disturbances in France. Towards the end of the 12th century they were publicly proclaiming their dangerous doctrines. They then united with the celebrated banditti, the Cottereaux, and committed all sorts of excesses, finally exciting a formidable insurrection which was only repressed by force of arms. "I have seen all sides," declares Stephen, Abbot of S. Genevieve, who was an eye-witness of these occurrences, "churches burnt and ruined to their foundations. I have seen dwellings of men changed into the dens of beasts."*

In the beginning of the twelfth century Tancheme, or Tanquelin, taught doctrines and committed crimes subversive of all social order, and throughout Zealand and other places he drew a large following after him. He addressed himself especially to women, and spread the most revolting corruption all about him. We are told that three thousand men accompanied him everywhere. When he was preaching they stood around him with drawn swords. Eon, Arnauld of Brescia, Pierre de Bruis, the Cathari, Vaudois of Lyons, Paterins of Arras, Albigenses and many others all belong to the anarchists of those days. These men were not merely propagators of innocuous personal opinions, which they were entitled to defend or not at their own sweet will, without interference or coercion from the constituted authorities; but they were actively, aggressively and boastfully striving for the complete overthrow of the existing authorities and the existing order of things both spiritual and temporal. In S. Bernard's time the so-called "apostolical" sects vigorously opposed the sacred institution of marriage, and gave themselves up to the most unbridled licentiousness. Rohrbacher in no way exaggerates when he declares that these heretics "were at bottom what we would call to-day anarchists, revolutionaries, preaching the overthrow of all authority, civil and religious, the abolition of marriage and of property, in one word the destruction of all human society."** The Vaudois devel-

oped into a class whose existence became utterly incompatible with public tranquillity.

In the thirteenth century these various sects, sometimes under one name, sometimes another, became more and more wide-spread and powerful. They boldly assailed the fundamental ideas of all religion, condemned marriage, and promoted the most infamous abominations. And so the struggle continued, with success now on one side, now on the other, down to the sixteenth century. Sometimes members of the clergy who had fallen away from the purity of life required of them by their sacred office became leaders in these movements; and these men were always the worst and the most implacable in their vicious hatred of the existing order of things. During that century the Anabaptists, professing to be acting in the name of the Most High, "invaded all property, destroyed all existing power, and spread everywhere desolation and death."

The long struggle of so many centuries at length culminated in the great revolt known as the Reformation, so lauded to the skies by its partisan historians, but so clearly shown in its true character by a long list of impartial writers of eminence and respectability, Catholic and Protestant, both in England and on the continent. The awful condition of Bohemia under the blighting influence of John Huss and his successors is well known to all students of history. He boldly declared that a temporal or spiritual ruler who fell into mortal sin immediately forfeited *ipso facto* all power and jurisdiction. This principle was at once subversive of all social order and was applied indiscriminately to bishop or civil magistrate. These teachings were always reduced to practice. It was the spirit of those days to push to their logical conclusion in actual practice the theories that men held regarding government and social order.

John Huss and Jerome of Prague led a tumultuous armed mob to the town-house on a Sunday to effect the forcible release of three rioters arrested by the magistrates during the disturbances caused by

*Ibid., p. 252.

**History, Book LXXVII, p. 427.

the new doctrines; but the law of the land took its course and the men were executed. Huss' disciples interred them with great honors, singing a chorus over their tomb: "They are saints who gave up their bodies for the gospel of God." Huss, himself, pronounced their eulogy, declaring them "saints and martyrs." The discord became so serious that the king fled for safety, and hurried from place to place to escape from his rebellious subjects. Thus the teachings of Huss were not merely speculative and harmless; but they were subversive of all social order and filled Bohemia with sedition, riots, sacrilege and bloodshed. His successor and "avenger," Ziska, "combined the cruelty of Attila with the fanaticism of Cromwell." His followers were called "Taborites." They declared their chief magistrate, the Emperor Sigismund, to be "the red horse of the Apocalypse." Ziska expired on October 11, 1424, ordering his soldiers to have his skin made into a drum, the mere noise of which would cast terror into his enemies.

Speaking of the Huguenots in France under Coligny, Cobbett, the Protestant historian, declares that "These 'Protestants,' as they were called, bore no more resemblance to Protestants of the present day than the wasp bears a resemblance to the bee. That name then was, and it was justly, synonymous with *banditti*, that is, *robber and murderer*; and the persons bearing it had been, by becoming the willing tool of every ambitious rebel, a greater scourge to France than foreign war, pestilence, and famine united."*

John Knox, in Scotland, was called by Dr. Johnson the "Ruffian of the Reformation." "Knox's whole preaching was a violent incitement to insurrection. He openly gloried in the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and advocated habitually the slaughter of those who opposed his gospel. His insolence and brutality, even to his sovereign, are denied by no one acquainted with his history."**

Martin Luther, in Germany, who, like Huss, was an apostate Catholic priest, made it one of his first acts of "reforma-

tion" to degrade the sanctity of marriage, both by his own sacrilegious union with a Catholic nun and by allowing Philip of Hesse to keep two wives at the same time. Calvin, being driven from his native place for an awful nameless crime against nature, became a violent "reformer" of the morals of those who had condemned him for his crime. Thus all these men were practically the anarchists of their day. They strove to destroy the people's reverence for the "powers that be," and to lead them away from the great traditions of social law and order that had been bequeathed to them by their Christian teachers.

It is a very striking fact that, amidst the upheavals, commotions and bloodshed that prevailed in England and other countries under the so-called Reformation, Spain was attacked in vain, and proceeded on the even tenor of her way unmoved and scarcely touched by these disturbances. A careful study of this remarkable fact will serve to convince us that the main reason for Spain's freedom from anarchy and anarchism during these troublous times is to be found in her establishment and maintenance of the Inquisition. The real Inquisition and the phantom Inquisition known to Protestants and, alas! to so many unwary Catholic readers as well, are two entirely distinct things. The first really existed and accomplished most successfully its mission in Spain; the second has existed only in the excited imaginations of disappointed anarchistic writers who were embittered by their inability to introduce their nefarious teachings into Catholic Spain. Let us consider briefly what the Spanish Inquisition really was.

Spain was emerging from her cruel and prolonged struggle of eight centuries with the Moors, who had well nigh crushed her as a nation. This long experience had thoroughly impressed upon the Spaniards the relentless persistency of the Moors in their determination to dominate the Spanish people and force their religion and national customs upon them. With the Moors worked hand in hand the Jews, who were very wealthy in Spain and had intermarried with the most opulent Spanish families. Consequently there was a very popular demand for the expulsion of

*History of Reformation.

**Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J., Mess. Sacred Heart, Nov., 1901, p. 998.

the Jews from Spain. To add to the intensity of the feeling against them it was constantly charged and generally believed—whether true or false—that they were guilty of kidnapping Christian children. Yet the government steadily resisted the demand for their expulsion for nearly a hundred years; and it was only when they were clearly proven to be in league with the Moors, the avowed enemies of the Spaniards, and to have written a libel against the Spanish government, that the edict for their banishment was issued and the tribunal of the Inquisition established by the government to see that this edict was enforced, and to punish those Jews who, after embracing Christianity to escape the decree of banishment, relapsed, and then engaged in an active campaign to corrupt the faith of the Christians of Spain.

Ferdinand and Isabella, thus sustained by the popular demand and yielding to the sense of self-preservation that any government would necessarily feel under like circumstances, applied to the Holy See for its authorization for the establishment of the Inquisition. The Holy Father, convinced of the necessity of the case, gave his consent. But we may here remark that in the very next year he entered his solemn protest against what he believed to be the unnecessary and unfortunate severity of the Inquisition in its

dealings with accused persons. So that whatever measure of undue severity may be truthfully ascribed to the Inquisition was from the very first opposed and discountenanced by the Holy See. And, furthermore, as the years went by, many proscribed Jews and others, deemed dangerous characters by the Inquisition, journeyed to Rome and were there received and protected by the Pope, who not unfrequently mitigated the sentences pronounced against them by the Spanish Inquisition and restored them to the full rights of citizenship.

The Inquisition, thus established by royal decree in response to the urgent demand of the people themselves, was furthermore composed of members who derived their authority as inquisitors solely from the sovereign. When Cardinal Ximenes once ventured to question the advisability of a certain appointment on the Inquisition the king promptly reminded him that the tribunal derived its life and authority from the royal prerogative. As years went by other classes of persons and crimes were by royal authority made subject to its jurisdiction. The wealth derived from confiscated property of persons condemned by the Inquisition went into the royal coffers for the support of the government.

Conclusion in August.

IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD

A vision of savannas, far unrolled,
League after league, a shimmering sea of
gold,

Where the Amapola its shining cup
Brimful of perfumed wine had lifted up
To pledge in welcoming draughts of pure
delight

The strangers entering this land of light.

Cool shadows lurked where by the wind-
ing way

Oaks, centuries old, stood forth in bold
array,

Or tasselled plane trees by the river's side
Clashed murmuring leaves, faint echoes
of the tide,

Breaking on winding beaches far away,
While all around us beat the wild oats'
spray,

Amid whose depths the drowsy cattle
stood

Knee deep, where wind waves swayed the
wondrous flood.

Bright skies of cloudless blue above us
bent,

Blue mirage lakes their weird enchant-
ment lent.

Till unto childhood's eyes the wide vale
seemed

The fabled wilds where fairies danced or
dreamed,

For never voice of toil, with clamor rude,
Had waked the echoes of that solitude,

Where gentle Nature, in rare beauty
dressed,

Held regal sway within her Court of Rest.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ROSE C. CONLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,

Through joy and through torment,
through glory and shame."

—Tom Moore.

The capture, Mary learns, is not to be attempted until moonrise at midnight. She hears her uncle and George Benson depart, then quickly donning a black cloak, she slips out into the blacker night. Flying through unfrequented ways, she soon reaches the fields now known as the "Babbit Farm." All space is a black void, and all sound is hushed, save her own heart's wild beating. She lays her ear against the damp ground over the cavern, but no sound of voices, crackling camp fire or sentry beat reaches to her strained senses. "How deep it must be and how dark!" she thinks, shudderingly. Then, murmuring a prayer that she will escape with her life and his, she plunges into the dark unknown. So low the passage she must stoop, nearly doubling; and lower, until she is soon crawling on hands and knees through a stream of icy water that flows over the rough floor. Trembling with cold and panting with weariness she creeps on and on—miles, it seems to her, ere the passage widens to a height that enables her to stand erect. She pauses, fearing to be assailed. Suppose a concealed sentry, hearing, should shoot her ere she can speak, Or, worse still, thrust a bayonet through her from out this terrifying darkness! Oh, for a ray of light to guide! It seems hours since she started—hours which may cost his life! This worst fear banishes all others, and she follows it with headlong swiftness through a narrower but higher passage, and, oh, joy! a light at last! A few steps further and she sees a tall, cloaked sentinel guarding the en-

trance to a large chamber, lighted by torches.

Swiftly he turns. "Halt! The countersign!" "'Tis I, Mary!" she cries, recognizing Terence, and unknowingly giving the countersign (proposed by Terence for that night), for the countersign was "Mary!" Wondering at his silence, she steps into the light. "My God! Mary!" he cries, falling back against the wall, and looking terrified as at an apparition. Had Mary died since sunset, and come to tell him!

"Oh, Terence!" (emotion unconsciously betraying the name she calls him to her heart) "waste no time, come out of this dreadful place with me; our soldiers will be here at midnight. I came to warn you. Oh, come! it must be nearly that now," and she shakes his arm in frantic fear that already it is too late.

Her touch upon his arm arouses Terence at last. It is really Mary then, not a dream before him—Mary with a terrified face calling "Terence!" who has come through night and cold and darkness—through icy waters and a den of foes—perils and pains innumerable—forgetting even her country—for what?—for him! A light so blinding illumines Terence's soul that the joy of it nearly stops his heart beats! Mary loves him! Did man ever have so sweet a thing to thank Heaven for before! He sinks upon his knees, scarce knowing if to Heaven or to her, and kisses her wet garment's hem, and leaves tears with the kisses on her cold hands.

"Oh, Mary, mavourneen! mavourneen! what can I say to you for this?" His voice choking, he longs to take her in his arms and claim her his forever more; but nay, her love is a secret that her love has revealed to him—not herself. She must not know from him that she has betrayed it; for Terence is chivalrous and delicate to the core, of those rare ones who

"Bear without rebuke

The grand old name of gentleman."

Moreover, he is proud. Her love must be given knowingly and unreservedly before he would claim it.

While I have been recording his thoughts, he has not been idle. He assures Mary that they are safe for another hour (then the Tories return from a reconnoitering expedition.) Making her drink some brandy, and wrapping her in his cloak, he kindles a roaring fire; then announces his plan of escape. It is to carry her, wrapped in blankets, like a bundle of them, through an exit in the roof of the cavern. Feeling and thought return to Mary as cold and fear depart, and she enters a vigorous protest to this plan. "Miss Power, 'tis the only safe way, it must be," answers the soldier, with authority that awes Mary into silence.

Suddenly Terence's own gay laugh returns, and he says: "Miss Power, you ran away this afternoon. I never pursue one who runs from me, so I couldn't finish my story then. Will you hear me now?" "Yes," faintly. "Willingly?" he persists. "Of course," she says, trying to look nonchalant, but blushing instead. The blush elates Terence, he has much ado to repress a smile of delight at it. "Well, Miss Power, you said your country's hater could not be your lover. Is that all? Oh, my love, my love! (forgetting ceremony) the round earth is not worth your little finger to me! What was love made for if 'tis the same as all the flimsy worldliness around that disappears under clouds? Must it fit only favorable conditions or does it cry out for an unconditional surrender? Oh, I was mad to dare to think that you could care!" ("It was humanity, not love, that brought her here," he miserably thinks.) She sees his despairing humility, hears the pain in his voice, and Mary, proud Mary, suddenly throws her arms around his neck in a self-abandonment of generosity, crying, "I love you, oh, I love you, after God and better than all the world!" An unconditional surrender that leaves nothing to be desired, in the opinion at least of Soldier Terence

Fitzgerald, late of County Tipperary, Ireland.

CHAPTER V.

A few days later Newton received news that threw it into a ferment of activity. Its staid citizens, hurrying about in festive attire, with eager countenances, betokened the news no trifle—indeed, it is nothing less than a visit from Washington himself. In the intervals between the battles of Princeton and Trenton, Washington visited many Jersey towns, including Newtown.

Newtown has not yet recovered from the shock of another surprise. In the capture of the Tories in the Devil's Helt on Christmas eve, which Captain Fitzgerald accomplished with great *eclat* without losing a man, a British spy was taken, and, wonder of wonders, it proved to be the captain's own brother, the merry son of Erin who had won all hearts and who was supposed to be a Federal sympathizer at least.

Of course, Mary's many discouraged suitors are loudest in their denunciation of him, and George Benson's vanity is being fed with praise for once, as it was he who tore of Terence's cloak and revealed his Tory uniform when they met him on their way back from the capture of the other Tories in an open, moonlit field.

But to return to the lovers. They had scarcely left the Tory retreat when they met the attacking party thither bound.

"Ha!" cried George Benson, "'tis his Brogueship! May we know the contents of that bundle you are smuggling through the dark?" "You may not," Fitzgerald replies, with an easy laugh that fills Mary with wonder and admiration. "Christmas packages are not opened until tomorrow, but I give you my word you can all see it at Washington's banquet." "Ha, ha!" laughed Frank Stoll, "'tis a keg of good Irish whisky, I'll wager a crown. Curb your appetite, boys." All laugh and turn away, but Benson, lurching suddenly forward, would have fallen upon Mary, had not Terence sprung aside, when Benson falls heavily to the

frozen ground, and, jumping up, is about to renew the attack. But Captain Fitzgerald, who is commander, cries "You are not out to fight private battles, Benson. Forward, march!" pointing sternly ahead. Not daring to disobey, Benson goes, scowling blackly.

Moonlight is flooding the holy midnight of Christmas in chaste, white light when Mary's lover leaves her in safety at her own gate.

On Christmas morning the terrible and unexpected news of Fitzgerald's capture as a spy is given to Mary by her uncle at breakfast, with mingled enthusiasm and indignation, and only after hours of anguish does she receive the following note in a Christmas package;

"My Love: Through my brother I am able to send you this. Don't fear for me. I shall not be shot. True, last night they were determined to shoot me at sunrise, but it was the sunrise of Christmas day and they didn't. But I would not have been shot, nor will I. Be calm; Washington has sent word to delay the execution until he comes. I enclose you an emerald ring from the Emerald Isle; wear it for love of me. Sure, love, a Dutch trader in New Amsterdam paid your poor Terence for a favor with it. I am the happiest convicted spy that the world ever knew—for you love me! Isn't love the richest Christmas gift? The Christ-child bless you, love, and give you many merry Christmas days—with me. Your devoted,
TERENCE."

It is the night of December twenty-eighth, 1776. In pine-scented, green-festooned parlors, the "quality folk" of Newtown village are gathered about the banquet board of Quartermaster Anderson. Men in velvets, satins and laces that vie with those of "my ladye faire" herself in gayety—dames and maidens in powder and patches and high spirits. My heroine's costume may serve as a pretty example of how the dear ladies looked on that far-off evening to please General Washington. Mary's white brocaded *polonaise* was looped over a flowered petticoat of pink satin. Her little slippers were decorated with pink velvet

"shoe roses." A single curl fell over a bare shoulder, and rosy cheeks, dark eyes, dimples and patches flashing out from the white frame of her powdered hair dazzles Washington himself, and he smiles at her through the cloud of his troubled thoughts.

The soft glows from silver-branched candlesticks flash back the gleam of jewels, and ripples of low laughter from the light heart of youth flow round the board that fairly groans beneath the bright piled-up fruits of the late harvest, stuffed game and poultry and sweetmeats. Riches and plenty everywhere, indeed history tells us that so lavish was the display of silver plate at this feast that Washington gently chided his entertainers, reminding them that the soldiers were suffering privations while they reveled in splendor.

But I came not to write a history of this banquet, but to conclude my story, which here reaches its climax. Washington is not chiding now, but smiling most genially as he holds his glass aloft and cries, "This toast, I ask you all to drink to one whom you all, as Americans, owe a debt of gratitude. He, a foreigner, at the risk of his own life as a spy, caused the capture of the Tories here on Christmas eve, and helped me win the battle of Princeton, and for two years has rendered like service to the patriot cause, refusing all honors and emoluments, 'To Sir Terence Fitzgerald!'" All spring to their feet and the toast is drunk amid great excitement, a hubbub of exclamations, questions, answers and explanations that grows to a roar almost when Washington calls "stand forth Sir Terence Fitzgerald!" and Mary, with a wildly beating heart, gazes at Terence, preceded by the host, as they come from a curtained recess, a splendid figure in gleaming satin and rich laces, with jewels flashing from buttons and buckles; but a paling face, whose blue eyes flashing straight to her tell Mary 'tis he who loves her, this brilliant friend of Washington. Deep silence greets this apparition; then cheers, three times three, ring to the roof, and Washington holds up a diamond star suspended from a golden eagle's beak, saying: "Sir

Terence, we beg you to take with you to your own land this grateful token from another people," and turning to Mary, smilingly, "one of our most beautiful Yankee belles will not object, I know, to pinning this decoration over so brave a heart," and Terence looking down in a sweet face sees not the diamonds for her bright eyes, and her trembling fingers are further retarded in their glad mission by his own, that cannot resist clasping them

as he whispers "Over so loving a heart, he means, Lady Fitzgerald."

We will leave our hero receiving his honors, nor follow him to that fair green vale across the seas, but of our heroine we may say that

"O'er the hills and far away.
Beyond their upmost purple rim
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

THE END.

DREAMS.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

The golden sunset-portals of the west
Are closed, and rose and opalescent
clouds
Now quickly flee, as dismal Darkness
shrouds
The day that is no more. O tranquil rest
Thou dear dead Day! Within thy hal-
lowed life
There came into my soul a dream of
peace—
A vision of a tender, sweet release

From toils of pain, and weariness, and
strife.
And now beyond the flower-scented way,
By flowing streams, and verdant vine-
clad slopes,
Adown fair dells where moonlight silent
gleams,
My heart is swiftly borne. And as in
dreams
We wander fancy-free as child at play,
So, stray my thoughts afar on winged
hopes.

S. PIERRE AND MORNE ROUGE.

M. N. GOODNOW.

S. Pierre, now buried 'neath Pelee,
Accepted hint sent o'er the seas
To ape the folly of Patee,
And chose for its French deputies
A vile, oath-bound Freemason clique
To down the Church in Martinique!

Election eve, the island through,
The towns were all placarded 'round,
To show what Masons meant to do;
While from the paid *canailles* resound
Through chapels of meek nuns at prayer
The ribald threats of proud S. Pierre!

"O Heart of Jesus, great and kind,
Protect from harm Thy humble band
Before Thy image here inclined,
And save us by Thy mighty hand!"
These chosen ones in terror wall,
Prostrate within the altar rail.

Morne Rouge awaits election news,
'Mid threats on priests' and sisters'
lives;

S. Pierre has given the *blacks* their cues,
And singled victims for their knives;
While round the altar sisters moan,
And hymns to Sacred Heart intone.

When sudden round the edifice
Sulphurous fire and vapor blent
Swept with tornado's deafening hiss,
As Mont Pelee in twain was rent;
And, 'stead of image to Him reared,
The sacred, living Christ appeared! (1)

In their escape from that dread flame
Let men discern the power of prayer;
Let all at least revere His name,
And learn from doom of proud S. Pierre,
Now buried deep 'neath Mont Pelee—
God's answer swift to blasphemy!

(1) Such is the account rendered by the Sisters themselves and given in all the papers of Christendom. Investigations are in course of proceeding.

A CHRONICLE OF OLD LETTERS.

CHARLES J. PHILIPS.

II.

WEDNESDAY, Seventh Day, July 25.

We are 1,882 miles from New York, more than half our journey, and it has all gone too swiftly for me. I could live on the sea forever! It is almost Heaven!—almost.

To-day it is very rough, rather cold and windy. I am up on my old perch on the stern, where I get every motion, and every breeze. I enjoy the ups and downs, and while almost half the passengers are attending the fishes, I could laugh aloud for sheer delight. One minute we mount the very summit of a wave, and the next go plunging deep into the trough. I enjoy the sensation immensely of feeling as though I had left part of myself behind me when the boat goes down.

Mur has gone back on her record to-day. She is—ugh!—and her face is ghastly; no other word describes it. I have prevailed on her to come upon deck, as I think she will be better up here than below.

The greater part of our fellow passengers (one hundred and twenty-four in number) thinks this a most terrible day. At breakfast this morning about half the places were vacant; not a bit of sun, heavy leaden clouds, and such a wind! While you, I suppose, are about sweltered with the heat, I am certain that, if the necessary elements of *mal de mer* were in my composition, they would come to the front in such weather as the present. I cling to my perch in the stern, although advised not to remain, as I get the heaviest motions of the boat; but I like it, and it evidently likes me, so here I stay. There is the Doctor staring at me as if he wanted to know what all this writing is about. If he only knew it was about him! Mur and I have such fun dodging him in our walks on deck.

I am reading "Madolin's Lover," by Bertha M. Clay! Miss Thomas, "one of

us," lent it to me. It is dreadfully sensational, but anything rather than be brought to such a pass that one has nothing to do!

Last night there was a little dance to commemorate the first half of our journey, but, although I was just dying to join, I did not feel quite equal to dancing with people I had known so short a time.

* * * * *

THURSDAY, Eighth Day, July 26.

We are 2,192 miles from New York, and before this hour on Sunday we shall be on French soil. I can scarcely realize that we have but two days more. Surely, to all things there is an end!

So far as I know I am the only one who has not been ill. To-day is very rough, the waves are rising in fury as well as height and are washing over the deck; and the wind would almost blow one overboard, it is so strong. It is just capital fun, according to my idea, but there are precious few among the ladies who agree with me. The people on board are a triple in awe of Mur; they just bow distantly and say good morning when she is around; but if she goes away, the officers and passengers are, O so friendly. It is very amusing; Mur and I enjoy the situation. It must be because she looks so puritanical that they are so shy. I tell her that she is a she-dragon, and that they are all afraid of her. This morning the Doctor, finding me alone, came up to talk to me, and was very much surprised to hear I had not been ill. He does not speak English very well, so our conversation was mostly in French, and a little bit in German. He told me I spoke French "bien-bien, tres-bien," and wanted to know if I were going to England.

Last night it commenced to rain just after dinner, and kept it up all night. We got very little sleep, for the wind and rain were something terrific. They put up

too, and the noise of hauling the was enough to awake the dead. To o it, the floors were stripped of their ng, and scrubbed; and as walking out of the question, we spent the ng in the saloon. Mur retired about but I stayed up to finish my book. s is by far the roughest day we have consequently, I am almost alone ck. Just now I am down in the n, as the waves are getting too high omfort. They came up over the s heads, so I thought the better part r plan was to get below as quickly as w how. There is an unusually high unning, but it is very grand. s steamer does not stop at Cher-; Pier; a tug comes out with passen- to the steamer (which lies in the el), and also takes those going to ourg. They say we are let down the side in a basket, but I cannot vouch e truth of the statement. I will ou later. I think I told you further in this epistle that I might have this posted in Plymouth, but now I shall s the ship carries no English stamps I think it is perhaps too far to post yself. Of course I could give the y to them, but would be afraid of overlooking it, should they be in a r.

* * * * *

FRIDAY, Ninth Day, July 27.

day is rough, rough, and the waves eally and truly mountains high. I almost despaired of ever seeing that e of the sea. The wind is blowing a ct gale from the northeast, but as the s shining, "I am as happy as a big ower." There were four ladies at fast, and seven at lunch, including lf. Even the men are in the throes a-sickness and will not trust them- s to eat—much less to speak. Ask how they are, and they just screw elr faces and shut their eyes. Murrie ot been up at all to-day; she is too to think.

a Doctor felt my pulse to-day, and he thought I would do. I told him I r thought I would. He makes him- very agreeable, now that Mur is ill,

but I think he knows now that I am in- different to his charms.

I had a conversation with the Captain on deck; he told me to go on up to the hurricane deck, as it was much nicer up there; so up I went, in defiance of wind and wave. It was a grand sight to watch the waves coming up as high as the hand-railing; but the sunlight was so fiercely hot that it gave me a headache. I came down after a time and continued to make myself thoroughly at ease on the first deck.

The chief engineer spoke to me in German to-day, and I answered him in German, but asked him to speak English, as I knew it much better. He laughed and said if I wanted him to do so I should nit have answered him in German; not a word can I get from him but that.

I have not had my dress spoiled so far by anything falling on it from the table, but if there were no racks on to-day I am sure it should not escape. These racks I speak of are about two and one-half inches high, and go all around the table; they are divided into compartments for one's plate, glass, etc., and if a dish should slide it can only go a certain distance on account of the cross-bars. It is almost impossible to sit in the one position two seconds, and as for walking—it is a bold dash from one post to another when we can avail ourselves of an opposite lurch from the ship. You would die laughing could you see us bowing and scraping in a vain endeavor to keep ourselves from sprawling. Ever so many have had a downfall. One man lost three hats, a little boy lost two. Straight walking is out of the question. I danced a hornpipe this morning all the time I was dressing. It's fun! I am having such a good time! It made me laugh at table this morning to see the men pass meat, eggs, coffee, everything, and end up on a lemon and seltzer water. I asked Mr. Thomas how he felt—he and his daughter sit at our table. As he has crossed the ocean several times he ought to be used to it, but he just screwed his face into a little tight knot and shut his eyes. He could not trust himself to speak. He looked so comical I burst out

laughing, which was very heartless I know.

It is a comical feature of the trip to hear people protest at the very idea of seasickness being associated with them; but nevertheless they will acknowledge that they do feel a little dazed, but seasick? Oh, dear, no; not at all.

* * * * *

SATURDAY, Tenth Day, July 28.

We shall be at Cherbourg at twelve noon to-morrow, and will not Mur be glad. She is much better to-day, however, and was up on deck, though she was just barely able to crawl up and sink into a seat. I left her to take a constitutional with a lady who is to spend three months in Berlin and the remainder of the year in Greece.

It is not quite so rough to-day as it was heretofore, but, for all that, the boat rocks fearfully. One minute you see nothing but sky, and begin to speculate on the chances of ever coming down, and before you are aware of it you come down with a thud that makes you think you have struck bottom. Sometimes I think this ship must have feeling, when a big wave comes along, for it stops and shivers from stem to stern. From prow to stern we dip, and from side to side we roll continually.

To me this ocean trip is *the* event of my life, yet how true it is that there is no pleasure without its alloy of bitterness; for, instead of being delighted, I am, like Oliver 'Twist, greedy for more, and I shall be honestly sorry to leave the bright blue sea to-morrow when we arrive at Cherbourg.

Last night I had to hold on for dear life in my berth, and really at times I thought it was not at all improbable that I should go through the partition and make my neighbor's acquaintance. I had a good old walk in the early evening despite the rolling of the ship, and the waves which came up over one deck to the other.

Land is in sight while I am writing, but whether it is the Scilly Isles or the English coast of Cornwall I have not heard. Those who have been sick say the very sight of it makes them well. At four to-

morrow morning the tug will steam out to us and carry off the Plymouth passengers, and, eight hours later, the same will be done for us, and then good-bye for ever so long to even a glimpse of the bright blue sea.

The doctor came along last night as I was reading in the saloon, and asked to see my book. Of course, he looked at the title. It evidently struck him as peculiar, and he pronounced it "*My*" until I told him that it was short for *Mary—oder Marie*. Now he calls me "*Lady May*."

Yesterday afternoon I was on deck without Mur. I wanted to walk badly, but couldn't keep my feet with the rolling of the ship. After a while Mr. Franz Gelein—of our table—came up and offered to assist me. So off we went, arm in arm. The waves dashed right over the deck from one side to the other. We had a good walk and at the same time enjoyed the sunset. I had refused to walk with the doctor, telling him that I did not care to, when lo, and behold! up he came and saw me. He then rushed off and got another girl.

* * * * *

SATURDAY, 11:20 P. M.

This is the last chance I shall have to write you on board, so I shall seize it. Our Plymouth passengers have just been towed off. We had dinner, and afterward went on deck to view the land, to which we were as near as the island is to Toronto. Mr. Gelein kindly lent me his glass, so that I saw all that I could of the Scilly Isles, Land's End and Cornwall proper. When the coast grew dim I went below, packed our belongings, and afterward joined Mur on deck, where we had our last walk before sighting Plymouth. No "basket" appeared. We went from the ship to the tug by means of a gangplank. A pilot comes on and takes us through the "Narrows" and after that the tug figures. We watched the hands take on the ship's stores of fruit, etc., and then when our fellow-passengers got aboard the tug we waved them a last good-bye, and went below. Plymouth, from a distance, looks like Quebec, that is, Upper and Lower Town. Mur is tired and wants to rest. In eight hours—at

about seven o'clock—we shall be in Cherbourg. Now I must say bye-bye until we land. MAY.

* * * * *
L'HOTEL DE NORMANDIE, PARIS.

August 3, 1888.

Before this reaches you, you will have had ample time to digest the packet written at sea and posted about an hour after our arrival. Having told you everything of importance that occurred during the voyage, I may as well take up the thread of the story at the point where our good ship "Wieland" anchored outside the harbor of Cherbourg. We, with eight others, boarded the little tug which took us to the city pier.

I think I was never so sorry for anything in my life as I was to leave the ship. You see, not having been ill, I was able to enjoy everything presented to its fullest extent.

The stewardess called us at five-thirty, and said we had to be ready to go on the tug at seven. I was already up, and soon on deck. We were close to the land, and had an excellent view of the coast, which for miles is strongly fortified. The fortifications are of the most solid and massive kind imaginable, for Cherbourg is one of the chief naval and military stations in France. It was designed and fortified by Napoleon I.

After a little while a stewardess came and called us to breakfast, which had been prepared an hour earlier for the Cherbourg passengers. We had about finished when the tug signalled, and in a very few moments we had said good-bye to our fellow-passengers and were steaming slowly to the pier. A great many had risen early to see us off. It was a cheering sight to see the passengers crowding to the railings, calling "good-bye," waving handkerchiefs and cheering us loudly. Even the steerage passengers were up on their deck and joined in the general enthusiasm.

We were disappointed to find that uncle was not on the tug. I was especially, as I wanted to introduce him to our friends, but it was not his fault. He left Boulogne Friday night so as to be sure to meet us. We were due at 6 A. M. Satur-

day, but did not arrive until Sunday, and the tug had left the Cherbourg pier and anchored out in the channel to wait for us, so when Dr. J. G. arrived at the pier, lo and behold! away off in the distance he could just make out the faint smoke line from the tug. There was nothing else for him to do but wait, so wait he did until 8:30.

As soon as we neared Cherbourg I kept my eyes wide open scanning the people on the pier and at last made out uncle, in mackintosh and jockey traveling cap. He had an umbrella, for it was raining heavily. Immediately I waved to him, and he must have discovered us at the same time, for we waved simultaneously. (It was yours, "the Cob," he knew, for Mur was standing behind me, with her back to the pier.) Uncle looks just the same, with his hat on, only he has *solidified* (excuse the word, I have no better.) He gives one the idea of strength, and is just as handsome as ever. He is very dignified, and, taking him all in all, is just my idea of a perfect gentleman. With his hat off, however, he looks older, as his hair is quite gray on the top; but that, so far from detracting, adds to his appearance. It gives him a decidedly professional look. Have I described him fully now, I wonder? Can you see him just as we did?

When the tug had stopped and we got off, I ran up to him and treated him to a good big hug, and this time he did not cry out, "Oh, Birdie, my collar!" Not at all—he just submitted good-naturedly and returned it.

Well, we drove to the Casino, which is the best hotel there. We took another breakfast, after which uncle accompanied us in a walk; finally, he walked us into a church. We had altogether lost sight of the fact that it was Sunday, but not he. After Mass we had quite a long stroll around the city. The city is the quaintest possible. It looks as though it were a hundred years behind the present age; its streets are all of stone, both sidewalk and pavement. The buildings are of stone—in fact, everything is stone.

Uncle thought we should be too tired

to travel until Monday, but we decided to go, that we might arrive at Paris early next morning. It was just six when we reached the hotel, where, obeying orders, we jumped into bed for a three hours' snooze, and then breakfast. It seems as though we had hardly done anything lately but take breakfast!

I must try to tell you a little about L'Hotel de Normandie—that is, if I can; but really, it is so grand I fear that my description will not do it justice. Uncle just told us it was "a very good place," but Mrs. Moore, a friend of his (sister-in-law to Hamilton Moore), says it is one of the best hotels in Paris. The interior reminds one of the description of oriental palaces. The staircases are very broad, carpeted in gray velvet, bordered with red; the wall as you ascend the stairs is cut in large panels, ten by five feet, of granite and marble, the grain of which is varied and beautiful. The halls, dining-room, smoking and reading rooms, office, etc., are paved in marble mosaic, and all the rooms, except the bed chambers, are fitted in oriental splendor.

They have aimed at making the rooms seem larger than they are in reality, and to this end have mirrors, without frames, on three sides of the room, reaching from floor to ceiling, so the walls are really of glass. In every corner, on the mantelpieces, everywhere in fact, are artificial plants, shrubs and ferns; but it is only when you touch or smell them that you discover they are not fresh from the garden.

The French are very fond of mirrors, consequently everywhere you go you are continually confronting yourself; and sometimes it is startling, to say the least. Our sleeping room is elegant in all its appointments. It is carpeted in crimson, and has a base all around of red granite. The whole front of the wardrobe is a mirror, and there is also another mirror over the marble mantel. Leading from the bedroom is our dressing-room, all in marble, and mirrors again!

We are to stay in Paris a week or ten days and then go to Boulogne to be with uncle for August, perhaps part of September. We then return to Paris for the

winter. In the spring, we set out for the Italian lakes. Is not that a most delightful prospect?

Tuesday morning before we were out of bed Mrs. Moore called, and apologized for coming so early; but as a lady friend of hers was spending that afternoon and evening with her before leaving for Switzerland, she could not avoid it. She is an Italian, but speaks English very well. She took us out to shop, and was just the sort of person that makes you feel you need not worry about a single thing. I don't know what we should have done without her.

At 10 o'clock next morning we set out, as we had appointed the previous day; we were out until 4 o'clock. Of course, we had our luncheon down town, but for all that we were hungry, and had to take a little something to "hold us up" until seven o'clock, our dinner hour.

While we were out we had to go from The Louvre to Bon Marche (not *the* Louvre, but a store so-called), so we went by boat instead of in an omnibus—a more pleasant way of reaching it. The Seine is not a wide river by any means, but one is struck by the clean appearance of its banks. In any other city the banks of a river are not generally very pleasing to the eye; but the banks of the Seine are built of solid masonry, and kept just as clean as any part of your homes in America. All along both sides are the old Imperial Palaces and gardens. Another point to the credit of Paris is the absence of dust in the streets, owing to the fact that the city provides a force of men to brush and water them constantly from morning till night. These men seem to have become so accustomed to it that they do not mind, even on a crowded street, how many horses are about them.

Tuesday evening brought us a letter from Uncle, telling of his safe arrival at Boulogne, and giving us some instruction as to shopping.

Mur's pride got a big fall when he told her to get a French dressmaker to remodel all my dresses! I am to have some new ones, too; but just at present only a tailor-made one for seaside. He gave me three hundred and twenty francs for

spending money during our week in Paris. What do you think of that?

On Thursday we did not do any shopping. In the afternoon we took a long walk in the Bois de Boulogne, where we had a little bit of an adventure. We had walked for quite a distance, and seeing chairs all along the way, we sat down to rest. Bye-and-bye up came a woman, who asked us for the price of the seats. She told us they were not free. Here was a predicament surely! I had not as much as a centime with me, and although the cost was but a sous apiece, it might just as well have been a million. I told her I had no money with me, and would you believe it, she thought I was imposing upon her. Finally, I took everything out of my pocket, and Mur followed suit. As a last resource I gave her a card with our addresses, and asked her to call the next day. Off she went, assuring us that she certainly would—for a sous, imagine. So far she has failed to collect, and I guess she thinks the walk would be hardly worth it.

The Bois is the loveliest spot imaginable, although "spot" is hardly applicable, to an extent of miles and miles; the grass grows as smoothly as on a well-kept lawn. All through the Bois are the most

beautiful walks and drives, and there is also a lake and a zoological garden. The charge for entrance to which is one franc, or twenty cents, on week days, and only five sous on Sundays.

We left Bois to take dinner; after which I entertained myself with music; this was followed by a game of cards called "Bac," in which eight persons participated. It is a stupid game, or rather, it proved so to me, so we soon left the card players.

This morning we filled some engagements. At three we dressed and went out to call on Hamilton Moore, walking as far as the Champs Elysees. From that point we took a carriage to Rue de l'Opera. Our drive was delightful—the whole length of the Champs Elysees, thence to the Place de la Concorde, past La Madeleine, and on to Rue de l'Opera.

The streets are the width of about three principal streets in S. Paul, not counting the sidewalks, which are fully as wide as a single street of S. Paul. They are divided by an avenue of trees, but I do not think I can give you a description adequate to their beauty. They are well named avenues. Paris is so different from anything we have ever seen. It is almost like fairyland, with the added charm of reality.

UNDER THE ROD.

AGNES C. GORMLEY.

So oft before Thy mercy seat,
One boon of deep desire,
My eager prayers of Thee entreat!

While lonely watches tell the night,
While busy frets the day,
I beg its favor in Thy sight.

But Thou, who readeest our truer need—
How e'er the yearning heart,
Its passions hungry void may plead—

Dost in Thy own and wiser way
Love's largesse here bestow;
And though but darkling comes the ray,

I know when Heaven unfolds some prize
For which the human strives,
'Tis fuller measures to devise.

Then teach me ever to discern,
What Thy omniscience wills
And all Thy deeper meanings learn.

And if "The Rod!" be Thy command,
Oh, while I bow my head,
Sweet saving Victim, near me stand!

SAINT MARY MAGDALEN.

PROTECTRESS OF THE DOMINICAN ORDER.

The holy penitent, S. Mary Magdalen, whose praise is in the Gospel, has ever been regarded as the particular protectress of the children of S. Dominic and especially of his Third Order. Our Lord Himself assigned her a mistress and patroness to S. Catherine of Siena. It is said to have been she who, together with S. Catherine of Alexandria, accompanied our Blessed Lady when she brought the miraculous picture of our Holy Father to Suriano. Innumerable passages in the lives of our saints testify to the love and devotion they bore her.

Tradition tells us that, in the persecution which arose in Jerusalem after the death of S. Stephen, S. Mary Magdalen, together with her brother, S. Lazarus, her sister, S. Martha, S. Maximin, who, is said to have been one of the seventy-two disciples, and others, were placed by the Jews on a vessel without oars or sails and entirely destitute of provisions, and thus seemed doomed to certain destruction. But God's angels were watching over the little craft and guided it safely to the shores of Provence. The holy company landed at Marseilles, of which city S. Lazarus became the first Bishop. S. Martha founded a community of holy women at Larrascon; and S. Mary Magdalen and S. Maximin proceeded to Aix, where the latter fixed his episcopal see. Together they evangelized Provence, preparing themselves for each instruction by prayer and fasting, and confirming their testimony by miracles. But the holy penitent sighed after a life of solitude, that she might sit continually in spirit at those Divine feet which she had washed with her tears and anointed with the spikenard of great price. Our Lord was well content to grant her that "better part," which He had promised should "not be taken from her." He is said to have sent His angels to conduct her to a wild and solitary cave

on a mountain-side not far from the shores of the Mediterranean, and now known by the name of "La Sainte-Baume." Here the Saint spent well-nigh three and thirty years in the exercise of penance and contemplation, her life being miraculously sustained without the aid of ordinary food. S. Vincent Ferrer records the tradition that every day, at each of the seven hours of prayer, the angels raised her in the air to listen to heavenly music and to participate in the Divine Banquet.

At length our Lord appeared to her and sweetly invited her, in return for the hospitality she had shown Him in His mortal life, to enter the heavenly mansions. She was miraculously conveyed to the oratory of S. Maximin, where the holy Bishop once more refreshed her spirit with the Bread of Angels; and immediately after receiving it, she gave up her soul to the Master whom she had loved so devotedly. Her holy remains were laid to rest in an alabaster tomb, in memory of that alabaster vase which twice served to guard the perfume with which she anointed the Lord. This tomb was in the crypt in which S. Maximin himself was afterwards buried, and the place bears his name to this day.

When, at the beginning of the eighth century, the Saracens began their ravages in Provence, which continued some three hundred years, the Cassianite monks, who had charge of the sacred relics, carefully concealed the crypt beneath a mound of earth, and it was not discovered until 1279. According to the Dominican tradition, in that year the Prince Salerno, who was a nephew of S. Louis of France, and afterwards became Charles II, King of Sicily and Count of Provence, was taken prisoner by the King of Aragon, and closely confined in the fortress of Barcelona. By the advice of his confessor, who was a Friar Preacher, he commended

himself earnestly to S. Mary Magdalen, the patron Saint of Provence. That night, which was the eve of her feast, the Prince was suddenly awakened from sleep and found the Saint standing beside him. She bade him rise and follow her, together with his suite. She led them safely out of the fortress, and, after they had walked for some little time in silence, she turned and asked them if they knew where they were. They replied that they believed themselves to be close to the walls of Barcelona. "Not so," answered the Saint; "you are already six miles beyond the Spanish frontier, and only one league from Narbonne." Charles threw himself at her feet, saying, "What can I do in gratitude for this night's deliverance?" Then she bade him search for her relics, telling him that he would find them in the Church of S Maximin. "You will know my body," she said, "by this token; the forehead is still preserved with the flesh and skin entire on that part which touched our Lord's risen body. You will also find two vessels, one full of the hair with which I wiped His sacred feet, and another with the blood-stained earth that I gathered at the foot of the cross. I desire that these precious relics be now given to the care of my Brethren, the Friars Preachers, who are indeed my Brethren, because, like them, I was a

preacher and an apostle." With these words she disappeared; and when day dawned, the Prince found that he was indeed close to Narbonne.

He lost no time in repairing to S. Maximin, where he discovered the sacred relics in a box, bearing an inscription to the effect that they had been removed thither in the year 710, for fear of the sacrileges of the Saracens. Charles then founded a convent of the Order on the spot and entrusted the precious treasures to the keeping of the Friars. Not content with this testimony of his gratitude to his heavenly deliverer, the Prince, when he succeeded to his hereditary dominions, founded no less than twelve convents of the Order, and in all of them it was ordained that a daily commemoration should be made of S. Mary Magdalen in the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin.

The Friars Preachers continued to be the faithful guardians of the relics at S. Maximin and of the sanctuary erected at La Sainte-Baume down to the time of the French Revolution. After the restoration of the French Province of the Order by the celebrated Father Lacordaire, the care of these holy places was once more entrusted to the sons of S. Dominic, A. D. 1859. Even in our own day they are much-frequented places of pilgrimage.

LIGHT, THE SHADOW OF GOD.

HARRIETT ALOCOQUE BARTNETT.

Over the face of the waters,
Moved the spirit of God,
Void was the earth and in darkness
Made by the might of His rod.
"Let there be light," and 'twas light,
He the great Light and the Way,
Good was His work. And the first
Evening and morning were day.

Light but the shadow of dying,
Death the bright light—sublime,
Hope of the shipwrecked and wandering,
Gate to the garden Divine.
Those that have gone are the powers,
Guiding the blind on their way,
We are the night and the darkness,
They are the bright noon of day.

Faith is the food of the hungering,
Light of the soul is its prayer,
Good deeds the harvest of springtime,
Virtue the flower most fair.
'Tis with the strivings of Spirit
Upward we mount in the right,
Higher and higher the ladder,
Far to the Source of all Light.

Far till the rays of His glory,
Weaken "The light of the eye,"
As the bright sun of the Heavens
Outshines the stars of the sky,
And the one truth of all nature,
Creed of all men of the sod,
Lies in the faith of the Maker,
Rapt in the mysteries of God.

RECORD OF THE CAPTIVITY OF THE SPANISH FRIARS.

V.

On the twenty-ninth of May, the prisoners arrived at Tagudiu, where the people gave them a hearty welcome, which was deeply appreciated. They remained here two nights and one day. On the evening of the thirty-first, having marched twenty-one miles, they arrived at Santa Cruz. Here they found a peaceable people, governed by a native parish priest, who had remained faithful to his duties. In vain did the apostate, Agilapy, offer him, on the part of the Filipino Government, the most advantageous positions; this worthy pastor constantly refused preferment and remained faithful to the mission confided to him by his lawful superior, the Bishop of Vigan. "This excellent parish priest," adds Father Herrero, "was the only priest of the secular clergy whom we had met since our departure from Bulacan, who had remained steadfast to the Church and its hierarchy in defiance of the Filipino authorities. When the prisoners arrived, he gave them the use of his presbytery, and portioned out among the inhabitants of the place those whom he could not lodge under his own roof. On the following day, the feast of Corpus Christi, Mass was sung by the parish priest, who was assisted by two of the friars. After Mass there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which the hundred priests were joined by the entire population.

But this happy condition was not to last long. As soon as the friars were hospitably entertained in any place, orders were promptly given by the governor of the province to have the march resumed. After a few days at Santa Cruz, the prisoners were, therefore, ordered to leave, and they commenced another journey. Strict orders were given to compel even the invalids to march, no regard being paid either to age or profession. The distance to be accomplished daily, according to the instructions of the rebel government, was from twenty-five to thirty miles.

A short time after leaving Santa Cruz, the first halt was made at Santa Lucia, where the natives were in general kindly disposed; then the prisoners advanced towards Condon, where they arrived on the fourth of June. Another march of seventeen miles brought them to Salcado. The number of friars had now increased to one hundred and fourteen; they slowly proceeded through the hill country for twenty miles, when they reached a town named Conception. On leaving this place, the route lay across mountains, through rugged paths, as far as Engaglu. Finally, on the twelfth of June the prisoners arrived at Cervantes, the capital of the district of Lepanto. This town was assigned to the Spanish friars by the Filipino government as the place of their banishment.

The place suited admirably the purpose of the leaders of the new republic. Isolated in a country difficult of access, more than sixty miles from the coast, buried in the mountains, surrounded by barely civilized natives, the prisoners of the government would be reduced to extreme want and deprived of all communication with the rest of the world. Cervantes contained scarcely fifty Christian families. This town was, to speak accurately, merely the headquarters of a missionary district among the Igorrotes. Throughout the district of Lepanto, that is to say, a radius of twenty-five miles around Cervantes, there were only six towns or villages. The combined population of this section of the country amounted to twenty thousand three hundred and forty-eight souls, of whom only two thousand three hundred and thirty-one were Christians. This mission, under the Spanish government, had been conducted by five Augustinians. The half-naked Igorrotes were only partially civilized; the greater number of them pursued agriculture, while others worked in the gold mines of the Spanish colonists. The local governor, Don Sinforoso Bondade, and some European employes living at Cervantes,

showed great kindness to the newcomers; but all their good-will could not make up for the destitution which the friars suffered in this desolate place.

On the sixteenth of June, four days after their arrival, a Franciscan, Father Jesus, fell sick. The journey had reduced his strength and in a few hours he was at the point of death. It was impossible to administer the Holy Viaticum to the sick man, as no wine could be found in the country with which they could celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. On the twenty-fourth, holy oils having been procured with great difficulty, the sick man was anointed, and a couple of hours afterwards he expired. On the following day, all the friars assisted at the funeral of their confrere. They recited the Office of the Dead and gave the absolutions, but were unable to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of his soul. When the body was taken to the cemetery, the friars had to scoop the earth out with their own hands, as they were unable to obtain a spade with which to dig the grave.

On the twentieth of July a native secular priest, Don Augustine Rosario, who had been appointed missionary rector of the entire district of Lepanto, by the Filipino government, arrived at Cervantes. This unhappy priest had been suspended by the Bishop of Vigan from the exercise of the functions of the sacred ministry. Authorized by the Vicar-General of the Filipino army, this apostate Agilapy went from house to house among the natives, administering the sacrament of baptism to all, without inquiring whether they were instructed in the fundamental truths of Christianity or without even asking them if they had the desire to receive the Sacrament.

On the fourth of August, the feast of S. Dominic, the friars were obliged to ask Don Augustine for articles necessary for the celebration of Holy Mass, but the apostate flatly refused to give them. He had received, he said, strict orders on this head, from the government, and the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries by the friars would seriously compromise him. But he offered to say Mass himself and wanted two Dominicans to assist him as

deacon and sub-deacon respectively; a third might preach the panegyric of the patriarch of the Friars Preachers. Our fathers had to be content with their sad lot and remain at home without hearing Mass, even on the feast of their founder, rather than assist at the Holy Sacrifice offered up by a suspended priest. The Dominicans, Franciscans and Augustinians recited the Office of S. Dominic in common. They further honored S. Dominic in a literary way by reciting poems in Latin, French and English, commemorative of his virtues and the mission of his Order.

The prisoners, though undergoing many privations, enjoyed a certain amount of liberty, thanks to the kindness of the local governor, Don Sinforoso, but it appears that spies informed Aguinaldo of this toleration. On the tenth of August an officer arrived at Cervantes bearing an autograph letter from the dictator, containing bitter reproaches that the prisoners were being treated too well. He stated that he had not given permission to the friars to leave the town nor to quarter themselves on the natives. Don Sinforoso replied at length to all the dictator's complaints, but apparently failed to satisfy him; for, on the twenty-fifth of August, Aguinaldo sent another letter, repeating his charges, and threatening severe measures. Don Sinforoso, however, continued to manifest his good-will and carried out his humane treatment of the prisoners.

The friars kept the month of the rosary with great fervor. Fearing that the Filipino government, which was enraged at the successes of the American army, would in a moment of passion massacre the Spanish prisoners, whose custody became more and more difficult, the religious earnestly besought God either to grant them their liberty or the grace to die martyrs to His cause. On the fourth of October, the feast of S. Francis, another petition was addressed to Don Augustine asking permission to celebrate one Mass, at least, in honor of the patriarch of Assisi, but the apostate priest flatly refused. The friars celebrated the feast of Saint Francis in the same manner as they had observed the feasts of S. Dominic and S. Augustine. During the early

part of November the prisoners made a novena in common for the suffering souls in purgatory. On the fifth, one of them, Father Minon, a Dominican, became ill, and on the eleventh expired in the arms of his companions. His death had evidently been brought about by hardship.

Several Spanish prisoners of war were added, by orders of the Filipino government to the one hundred and thirteen friars, who were imprisoned in Cervantes. However, as the American troops, after disembarking, marched into the heart of the country, and were gaining successes over the armed bands of the Filipino government, Aguinaldo deemed it prudent to remove the friars from the seat of war and hide them in the country of the Igorrotes. Accordingly, on the twenty-fourth of November, the dictator issued a decree declaring that all the friars imprisoned in Cervantes, should at once set out for Bontoc, a place sixty miles towards the north-east. A great many Spanish soldiers were also ordered to depart. But, as several difficulties stood in the way of carrying out the decree, especially the problem of providing food for so many persons in so distant a part of the country quite destitute of resources, a kind of compromise was agreed upon. Three hundred prisoners, amongst whom were the one hundred and thirteen friars, were to remain at Sabagan, fifty-four miles from Cervantes.

It was amusing to read the accounts of imaginary victories published by the Filipino government, in spite of the fact that news arrived daily of the progressive march of the Americans. On the third of December General Gregory del Pilar was surprised by the American naval brigade in the defiles of Mount Tila, seventeen miles from Cervantes, his troops routed, and he himself was killed. After this disaster Aguinaldo at once sent orders to the prisoners to quit Sabagan, and proceed at once to Bontoc. It was a critical moment for the friars, who were in a state of doubt and anxiety. Should they obey the order, or should they make an attempt to regain their liberty? The Spaniards residing at Cervantes secretly informed the friars that the American troops had taken the town. Could they not now fly, put themselves under Ameri-

can protection, make for the shore and return to Manila? Would they ever have a more favorable opportunity to rejoin the American troops?

At last they decided to return to Cervantes, and the resolution, once taken, was put immediately into execution. Under the pretext of returning to Bontoc by a safer route, they turned their backs on the village and set out in the direction of Cervantes. The Filipino officer in command suspected their design, but, seeing that it was impossible to resist them by force, satisfied his conscience by declaring to them that he did not intend to be in the least responsible for the consequences of their escape. The prisoners, fearing pursuit, made a journey of forty-one miles without a single stop. The Igorrotes, whom they met on their way, helped them in every possible manner, offering even to carry on their shoulders four or five friars who were old and infirm, scarcely able to travel on foot. It is curious that when Aguinaldo heard of the escape of the prisoners he at once published a decree granting them their liberty. On the sixth of December they arrived at Cervantes, then occupied by the American troops. Don Augustine hastened to offer them the use of the church for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, but they refused to enter into communication with him.

On the seventh the body of prisoners marched in groups for Condon. The natives, being freed from the yoke of the Filipino government, gave the friars a most hearty welcome. From Condon they went to Vigan, a seaport town. This journey, which had been so full of hardships to them when captives, was now accomplished without difficulty. Several vehicles were supplied for the old and infirm.

After resting a few days at Vigan, they set out for San Fernando on the sixteenth of December. They remained there for some days, finally arriving at Manila on the evening of the twentieth, the steamer which carried them entering the waters of Pasig at half-past four o'clock. They at once went to the convent, and were joyfully received by their brethren who were all rejoiced at their escape after a captivity of eighteen months.

EDITORIAL.

the special honor of the Precious Blood, our ransom's Divine price, Catholic Church dedicates the month of July. To the men of S. Dominic, to Rosarians who are accustomed to the meditation of the mysteries of the Beads, the counting of the decades, decade after decade, in joy, in peace, in glory, is a spiritual reminder of the dropping of those sacred drops that are shed so copiously, so generously, that our sins might be washed away. The man who would be true to the grace which is blessed time should spend, daily, some time in the contemplation of that Precious Blood—the Blood of Jesus Christ—on behalf of the children of suffering and sin, seeking healing and pardon and the renewal of their baptismal robes. The grace and merit of the Precious Blood are in all the mysteries of the Beads.

an event of unusual significance was conferred on former President Cleveland by the faculty of the Augustinian College of S. Thomas of Villanova, Philadelphia, on June 17. This degree had not previously been conferred in our country. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia presided. From the general press we take the following extract from Cleveland's address:

This incident prominently suggests to me the imperious edict of education, which forbids the hindrance or disturbance of its high mission by religious dissension, social intolerance or any of the barriers that to a greater or less extent separate civilized humanity. The relic of education is based upon identity of aim, equal rights in its opportunity and impartiality in the distribution of its rewards and honors.

As it seems to me is impressively illustrated when the severely Catholic college of S. Thomas of Villanova bestows its highest honorary degree upon

one connected with the management and holding an honorary degree in the severely Protestant Princeton University. The processes of education, as they exist in this country of ours, have, or always should have, in addition to other characteristics, especial harmony of purpose and design, as they are related to our Government, and this should constitute a bond of close fraternity. Whatever other objects and purposes may be involved in educational efforts among us, one of its constant and prominent aims should be the cultivation and maintenance of a high standard of American citizenship. When we recall the fact that the beneficence of our scheme of government depends upon the virtue of education of units of our citizenship, it is at once apparent that an important and common duty rests upon every agency that undertakes the instruction of the youth of our land.

It will be a sad day for our nation when the forces of education and the teachers of moral living shall cease to strive in unity to leaven the entire mass of our citizenship, or when their influence in that direction shall be divided and circumscribed by religious and sectarian differences.

The former President then addressed the graduates, pointing out some of the duties and responsibilities they were entering upon, and concluded as follows:

"You may be sure that you will fail to meet these obligations if you are not constantly and solemnly impressed with the conviction that your educational advantages are only valuable as they better fit you to do your duty to your God, to your country and to your fellow-men."

The annual convention of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society is an affair of importance to California Catholics and to all who are interested in works charitable or philanthropic. This year the assembly met in Santa Cruz, delegates having been

present from various parts of the State. The work was happily inaugurated on June 17, by the celebration of High Mass, Father McNamee, the zealous pastor of Holy Cross Church, officiating. An appropriate sermon was delivered by Father Hudson of Gilroy. The convention remained in session for three days, during which very encouraging progress in the admirable work of the Aid was made. DOMINICANA is very pleased to record these good tidings, and to wish still further prosperity to the cause for which these Catholic women are laboring so earnestly.

The pupils of all our Pacific Coast Dominican schools are now enjoying their vacation. Beginning with College San Rafael, which closed for the season on May 21, and ending with S. Catherine's, Benicia, which held its commencement exercises on June 18, the different institutions entertained their friends by programmes of great merit, proving the efficiency of teachers and the skill of pupils. To the academies of S. Rose and of the Immaculate Conception, San Francisco, of S. Vincent's, Vallejo, of S. Agnes, Stockton, of S. Mary's, San Leandro, and to those already named, DOMINICANA offers felicitations and adds the hope that after a well-deserved rest the Sisters will resume their work with renewed strength and with increase of numbers among their scholars.

In S. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, on June 25, Archbishop Riordan conferred the Order of Priesthood on three Dominican students, Brothers Bertrand Clyne, Humbert Kelly and Andrew Hunt. Solemn High Mass was sung, for the first time, by the young priests on June 29. Father Clyne celebrated in S. Dominic's, Benicia, Father Kelly in S. Dominic's, San Francisco, and Father Hunt in S. Vincent Ferrer's, Vallejo. DOMINICANA offers hearty congratulations to the newly consecrated recruits, wishing them many years of zealous service in the army of truth.

The recent establishment, by the Reverend Father Crowley, of a school for the training of boys in agricultural pursuits, affords the people of California a splendid opportunity to aid a most important enterprise.

Although generally acknowledged as the basis of industrial pursuits, farming, upon scientific principles, has received little attention in our own State. Knowing the wonderful possibilities for bettering the social condition of the masses by fostering intelligent interest in the cultivation of the soil, Reverend Father Crowley has initiated the good work by bonding a fertile tract of one thousand acres of land upon which the boys may acquire an experimental knowledge of agriculture and its various branches. Horticulture and viticulture hold out alluring inducements to the capitalist.

The recent appointment, by the President, of Archbishop Ryan to the Board of Indian Commissioners makes specially timely the following extract from the "Appeal in Behalf of the Negro and Indian Missions in the United States," which prefaces the report of "Mission Work" for 1902, and which cannot fail to touch every Catholic heart. Of the millions of Catholics in this country, how few there are who actively interest themselves in the work of the Indian and Negro Missions:

The time set apart for the Annual Collection for our Negro and Indian Missions will soon be at hand. When, on the one side, we consider the magnitude and urgent needs of these our "Home Missions," when, on the other, we view the colossal Church which is called upon to support them, we are forced, with sorrow and humiliation, to confess that the Annual Collection has ever been small; and, moreover, it is with deep anxiety we notice that while the works of these missions are increasing every year, the means by which they are sustained are not proportionately augmented.

We are loth to admit that the missionary spirit (which has always been the Church's glory) is dying out in these United States, yet, from the apathy seemingly evidenced by this collection, it would, indeed, appear to have lost its wonted vigor. It becomes a matter of duty earnestly to urge both pastors and

people to unite in making this annual offering what it ought to be.

The Negro Mission claims our hearty co-operation; on the meager help received each year it has developed beyond all rational expectation. Devoted priests and sisters, supported by a pittance, have brought spiritual succor to our immense throng of blacks; and, despite many discouragements, have steadily enlarged their sphere of action. The Catholic Church is the savior of races, and we must see to it that she dutifully throws her protecting arm around the Negroes of our country.

Alongside the vast throng of blacks who remain to be converted, there is a multitude of Catholic Indians in immediate danger of perversion. On account of the dreadful crisis through which our Indian Missions are passing, they should appeal to us in tones of thunder. Deprived of government help, which they had a right to expect, the numerous schools, nurseries of Catholicity and civilization, which were flourishing among the different tribes, are on the verge of destruction. As it will take time for this new institution to bear sufficient fruit, the people at large should, in the meantime, come generously to the rescue by means of the Annual Collection. Since the school is the life of the Indian Mission, the Prelates are for the present directing their united energies toward maintaining this most necessary auxiliary of missionary work.

Having demonstrated the necessity of perpetuating the Indian Schools, and the utter impossibility of such perpetuation without organized effort of all the Bishops of the country, the Appeal continues:

Both the Negro and the Indian should appeal most forcibly to the Catholics of the United States.

The Negro was brought here against his will—while it was with equal unwillingness that the Indian beheld his people slaughtered, his habitations burned, his inheritance wrested from him until his retreat was by the "big water" of the West, and he, in numerous instances, was forced to be satisfied with a prison-like home, in arid deserts and dreary mountain places.

Many Catholics gladly availed themselves of the services of the Negro, while a vastly greater number no less gladly took possession of the Indian's land, on which they built pleasant and happy homes, from which they derive a comfortable living, while the first and real owner of the soil is eking out a miserable existence on the western plains.

Both races now unite their voices in pleading, not for temporal, which they might in justice claim, but for spiritual

aid. These people are part and parcel of our great American household, and, according to S. Paul, "If any man have not care of his own, and especially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."—I Timothy, iv, 8.

These people are our needy brothers, and S. John says: "He that hath the substance of the world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him."—I John, iii, 17.

Are the Catholics of the United States prepared to stop their ears to this cry for spiritual help? To harden their hearts against this importunity? Can they themselves revel in the very luxuries of religion and sleep with quiet consciences while the Annual Collection grows more meager and yet more meager; while the Indian and the Negro is being slowly but surely handed over to the ever alert Protestant sects, who do not hesitate to contribute most generously if they can succeed in perverting only one unfortunate, neglected Indian or Negro Catholic from the Church of the Living God?

Catholics, awake! and let the Annual Collection of 1902 be a worthy testimony to your generosity, zeal and faith!

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

P. J. RYAN, D. D.,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

J. J. KAIN, D. D.,
Archbishop of St. Louis.

The Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Negroes and Indians.

The reports submitted by twenty-three Bishops of work accomplished in their respective dioceses, although encouraging, emphasizes the necessity of greater exertion to procure sufficient funds to continue what they have begun.

The following good tidings come from Bishop Allen of Mobile:

The progress of the Colored Work is encouraging, and we look for very satisfactory results from the labors and sacrifices of our priests and religious in the future. The schools are all doing effective work, and it is a pity that our means will not allow us to increase their number. At the present time our expenses in maintaining schools are increased by the fact that we have to provide separate schools for the Blacks and the Creoles. I have tried to secure for the Colored School work a community that devotes itself exclusively to this work, but up to the present time my efforts have not been successful.

The Bishop relates that Mother Katharine Drexel has received twelve of his more advanced pupils into the Girls' Industrial School, near Rock Castle, Va., and that some others have been promised places at S. Emma's Industrial School. He expects much good to come through the Catechetical School for Boys, which the Josephite Fathers opened November 1, 1901, near Montgomery, with ten students. Rev. Thos. B. Donovan is the rector, and Rev. J. M. Kellogg prefect of students and of discipline.

That the Negro catechists educated in S. Joseph's College will be the means of helping the members of their own race there can be no reasonable doubt. Every effort should be made, therefore, to aid the priests who are laboring for this particular object.

Aside from the consoling knowledge that poor souls are being rescued by their efforts, many spiritual advantages accrue to all who help in carrying out the work.

All who help the cause will be daily remembered in Mass, and on Tuesdays a Mass in honor of S. Anthony will be celebrated for them at the shrine.

On Wednesday a mass will be celebrated in honor of S. Joseph for all who aid us and their petitions.

Four Public Novenas—Novena to S. Joseph; nine masses, from 10th to 19th of March. Novena to S. Anthony; nine masses, from 5th to 15th of June. Novena to All Saints; nine masses, from 24th of October to 1st of November. Novena for Poor Souls; nine masses, from 2d to 12th of November, in honor of the poor souls for all our deceased helpers and the dead of our living helpers. Petition envelopes will be sent to each helper in due time each year to take part in these novenas. Send the names of your dead relatives and friends for the Poor Souls' Novena. Daily will be remembered at the altar all the living and dead whose names are sent to be placed at the shrine.

All donations should be addressed to Rev. Thomas B. Donovan, Rector S. Joseph's College for Negro Catechists, Montgomery, Alabama, P. O. Box 775.

The S. Dominic's Junior Choir and Choral Union and the S. Dominic's Juvenile Minstrels are adding fresh laurels to their crowns. The success which they achieved in the Alhambra, during April, when the girls composing the former society sang, with admirable effect, the entire opera of the Bohemian Girl, and the boys, forming the latter, gave a minstrel exhibition of the highest order, has brought

numerous invitations, asking the services of these gifted children in behalf of various enterprises.

The girls and the boys have generously responded. On June 28 they appeared at Ocean View, for the benefit of S. Michael's Church, Father Cooper, Pastor. On the fourth of this month they will entertain the poor people living in the County Alms House, San Francisco. This will be a truly charitable work. We are proud of our worthy boys and girls, and DOMINICANA is very pleased to offer hearty congratulations to our clever young people, not only because of their musical and dramatic success but because of their laudable spirit in exercising their talents in behalf of churches and God's dear poor.

MAGAZINES.

The Forum, beginning with the July number, will be published hereafter as a quarterly review of the world's important events. The various departments represented will be ably conducted by scholars experienced in special fields of interesting information. Discussions developing American politics, foreign affairs, finance and economics, science, invention, engineering, literature, music, the drama, art, and educational movements, will be presented by erudite thinkers on these important subjects.

The department of educational research promises altogether novel features in the field of literature.

The Forum of the past bespeaks a high standard of excellence in its forthcoming appearance as a quarterly review.

Out West (but we prefer the cheery old name of *The Land of Sunshine*) is doing praiseworthy work for the cause of irrigation as a government enterprise, for the preservation of our Big Trees, and for the development of California's rich resources. The editorial department rings true as steel, to American principles in matters Philippine and otherwise. The June number of *Out West* is particularly good.

The *June Arena* contains an article dealing with the causes of the Philippine War. Such a contribution to the thought and conscience of the country is welcome. We advise its reading.

"The Sacrificing of a King" is the title of a scholarly article in the *June Messenger*. For its timeliness and its interesting and scholarly details we are indebted to the pen of Mr. John A. Mooney, who touches naught that he does not adorn.

A correspondent of *Freeman's Journal*, Sydney, writing of the Catholic missions in South Africa, gives the following information about the Church in Natal:

"But by far the most flourishing town in Natal is the seaport of Durban, which is destined to become, in the near future, a place of considerable importance. It is in Durban that Dr. Jolivet intends to have his Cathedral. The present church (S. Joseph's) and the adjoining presbytery in West street, together with schools, etc., have recently been sold for £56,000. With this sum it is intended very shortly to commence the building of a new cathedral—one worthy of the colony—on a piece of land near the cemetery. A suitable house for the Bishop and priests, and schools for boys and girls, will also be erected, and Durban will become the Cathedral City of Natal. The Catholic population of Durban is about 3,000, of whom about 2,000 are whites and the remainder mostly Kaffirs, Hindus and Creoles.

The latter are from the neighboring island of Mauritius. To meet the spiritual wants of these various people, there is the Church of S. Anthony for Hindus in Durban, while there are two for natives, viz., S. Francis Xavier's at the Bluff (Port Natal), and the Church of the Sacred Heart of Oakford, as are those of 'Our Lady of Succor,' Verulam, and another small church at Mount Sergeant. Native missions and schools are established at Umzinto, Emoyeni, and Ebuhleni, at all of which places there are resident priests. In the upper Natal district flourishing churches, convents, schools (boarding, day and native), hospitals and

sanatoria, and missions for natives and Hindus exist. Amongst the principal centers of Catholicity in that part of the country are Pietermaritzburg, Estcourt, Ladysmith, Newcastle, and Dundee—all of which have become somewhat notorious since the commencement of the Anglo-Boer War.

"In Durban, besides the Order of priests before mentioned, there are four Orders of nuns—the Sisters of the Holy Family, who have a high school for young ladies, a 'Jardin d'Enfants,' or select infants' school, S. Joseph's parochial schools, an Indian day school, and the 'Maria Stella' day and boarding schools at the Bera, where the novitiate of the Holy Family is situated; the Sisters of Nazareth, who have their 'Nazareth House' at Bera; the Augustinian Nuns, who have a sanatorium and hospital in the same district, and the Dominican Nuns, who have a convent at Oakford, where they conduct a boarding school for young ladies (S. Mary's), a school for boys (S. Aloysius'), a boarding school for reputable colored children (S. Vincent's), and day schools for native boys and girls."

The *New York Freeman's Journal* of May thirty-first gives the entire speech of Honorable George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in opposition to the Administration policy in the Philippines. We shall set before our readers some extracts from the Senator's fine address, in our August number.

The *New York Sun* of May twenty-fifth quotes a Protestant Episcopal missionary's views of religion in the Philippines, published recently in the *Living Church*. The writer says:

"In passing along the streets of Manila at night one may hear families reciting their prayers in common, and another says that in all parts of the archipelago the Christian natives are noted for their docility, 'pure words, deep piety, intelligence and temperate habits. Why send our 'High Church,' 'Low Church,' 'Broad Church,' 'reformed,' and what not named

denominations to such Christians? Perhaps to the Sultan of Jolo we will go. We have the Rev. F. W. Atkinson, Superintendent of all the United States Government schools in the archipelago; the Rev. M. S. Stone, Superintendent of Schools in Manila, and the Rev. E. P. Bryan, who so bitterly assailed the friars, Superintendent of the Normal Schools, and an almost unanimous board of teachers of our Protestant churches in charge of all the schools paid for by our government. Secretary Root states that we must purchase the schools, lands, etc., belonging to the friars, in order to separate Church and State, and what do our reverend teachers but assail the religion of the people they are paid to teach?

"Cathedrals, churches, colleges, schools, homes and hospitals are now in the Philippines. As in all parts of the world, the doors of the Catholic Church are always open; the worship is not confined to Sunday, but is the business of every day, and there is a special service for every day of the year. The constant round of festivals presents to the mind of the people with dramatic effect the most interesting parts of sacred history or the most striking incidents in the lives of the Saints, the Virgin Mother and of Christ. How differently do we remember the Catholic Saints and Popes prefixed to our Book of Common Prayer, and how religiously does the Catholic Church celebrate their memory?

"And who has not marked the reverence with which Catholics are wont to assist at the service of their Church, as well as the respect they pay to the Church? No wonder they are so devoted believers that it is infallible and has existed through all the centuries. Time and place affect not the Church of those devoted people, people of all nations one people. As it was the Church that civilized our ancestors, it is still thrilling the world with its teachings, and a service wherein all the senses are addressed and all enchained.

"Let us leave these faithful millions to go on crowding the Catholic churches and schools, on Sundays and on week days, at all hours, at all seasons and in all weather, impressed as they are and we

are with the grandeur, the solemnity and dignity of the Catholic ceremonial. Who has not felt a thrill of rapturous emotion when in one of the splendid temples when, after a solemn moment has passed, the glorious music again breaks forth, mingling joyous with solemn notes, while a priest at the altar, robed in the venerable vestments of eighteen hundred years, intones the Mass of thousands of years, while the kneeling multitude in hushed silence is bowed in secret prayer?

"Let us stay at home and leave our ancient mother to civilize the remaining millions in the Philippines, with her unchangeable faith, her unity, her prayer, her sacrifice, her music, and with the devotion of hundreds of millions in cathedrals, churches, schools, asylums, hospitals and homes, in all parts of the universe. N. D. S.

"Philadelphia, May 22."

While it is to be deplored by every right-minded American at home that the reverend superintendents of the schools in the Philippines have used their official positions as vents for their private spleen against a religion, the rudiments of which they have never learned, no one for an instant will recognize these individuals as fair representatives, faithful exponents of American home policy.

A summering in Colorado for the Reverend F. W. Atkinson and his associates would undoubtedly effect desirable changes in their views of the question of education at home and abroad.

The Messenger has done a notable and valuable service to the cause of Truth by the publication in June of a thorough and convincing article, entitled "Poisoning the Wells," in which the deficiencies, errors, misstatements and evidences of prejudice and bigotry and ignorance marring Appleton's *ENCYCLOPEDIA AND ATLAS* are vigorously exposed. We congratulate *The Messenger* and we cheerfully add our voice to the protest which its editor has so intelligently made.

The June issue of the *International Catholic Truth Society Bulletin* has reprinted the substance of this excellent

article. Several Catholic weeklies have rendered like good service to the cause.

THE THIRD ANNUAL REPORT of the Catholic Truth Society appears as the initial number of a regular monthly *Bulletin* of the Society.

The *Bulletin* is the outgrowth of the practical needs of this organized defense of Catholic Truth.

As its name implies, the *Bulletin* will contain information on controverted points of history, refutation of current slander, and the proper presentation of Catholic practices. Complete lists of Catholic classics will be published for the benefit of Catholic and non-Catholic students.

The subscription price, one dollar per year, places the *Bulletin* (Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.), within the reach of all lovers of Truth.

Bertrand Shadwell, in *The Boston Pilot* of recent date, writes on "malevolent assimilation," in the following vigorous style:

Bind and torture, burn and slay,
In the old barbaric way;
Stamp their rice crops in the mud,
Drench their ruined fields in blood,
Drive and starve and concentrate;
Still they won't assimilate.

Shoot your prisoners at a guess;
Make a howling wilderness;
Butcher children, women, men,
Every native over ten,
All you meet with, small or great;
Shall the dead assimilate?

Yea, by Him who seeth all,
Though in holocausts they fall,
Till their last defender die,
Till their last home light the sky,
Rendering you hate for hate,
They shall beat at Freedom's gate.

"The Filipino in Washington" is the title of an excellent bit of writing in *The Ave Maria*, June 21, done in the best style of our truly esteemed contemporary. Well done, Father Hudson!

We advise our friends to read this contribution in which "traitors," "rebels,"

"benevolent assimilators," "imperialists," "anti-imperialists" and other good and bad Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic, will find food for thought.

The intention designated for the League of the Sacred Heart during this month is veneration of the Holy Name of Jesus. As this intention was suggested to our Holy Father by the zealous Jesuits who direct this fine organization, we congratulate them and we rejoice for the outpouring of love and adoration and thanksgiving and reparation that will be offered to our Blessed Lord by so many devout souls.

Availing of the opportunity thus afforded, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for July makes a special appeal on behalf of the Holy Name Society and its noble apostolate. In the League leaflets the same spirit is in evidence. And, finally, *The League Director* for July is entirely devoted to a sketch of the Holy Name Society, an explanation of its rules, and a list of its indulgences. For these good and most helpful things we bless God, while we pray that this zealous work of the Jesuit Fathers, through the various publications named, may redound to the glory of the Holy Name of Jesus in the greater spread of the Holy Name Society.

BOOKS.

THE REAL LATIN QUARTER, by F. Berkeley Smith, descriptive of the life of the artist in gay Paris, while depicting many un-Bohemian frivolities, discloses loving devotion and noble sacrifices for Art's dear sake. In the picturesque presentation of the struggles of the strong and the unhappy disappointments of the weak, sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties is unconsciously excited.

The Funk & Wagnall's Company, New York, have excellently reproduced the sketches of the author-artist.

THE HEROINE OF THE STRAIT, A ROMANCE OF PONTIAC, by Mary Catherine Crowley, is published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

The surrender of Old Detroit to the

English, forges a chain of circumstances which involves the patriotic French people in a series of difficulties with the English guardians of their territory.

The Indian conspiracy initiated by Pontiac, fraught with treachery towards the white settlers, is averted by the prompt action of Angelique—the French maiden—heroine of the strait.

Love episodes are interspersed amid scenes of carnage; special interest centers, however, in the capitulation of Angelique, not to an enemy of her country, but to a diplomatic Scotch trader. Miss Crowley's life-like portrayal of French-Canadian character excites a sympathetic appreciation of the buoyancy of spirit manifested by the children of New France under unwelcome vicissitudes of colonization.

THE WESTCOTES, a novel by Quiller-Couch, is distinctively characteristic of English country life. It forcibly contrasts national peculiarities in the apparent kindness of English jailers towards their French prisoners during the Napoleonic Wars.

The evolution of a love affair between a staid English lady and a young French prisoner, under extraordinary circumstances, is agreeably disclosed. The realistic presentation of bright scenes enhances interest in the actors and emphasizes the author's decided bent for vivid delineation.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, have brought out the story in appropriate dress.

CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO, by Ernest Crosby, is published by The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

Sam Jinks, the hero of this telling satire upon our degenerate military system, is an enthusiastic youth who perseveringly endures all hardships in his effort to realize in himself his ideal of a perfect soldier.

At the zenith of his glory, Captain Jinks finds that he is wanting in "automatic

obedience," and lays down his arms. Remorse, however, preys upon his mind to such an extent as to render him a mild sort of imbecile for the balance of his days.

While recognizing the obvious parallel drawn between modern militarism and primitive savagery, one must sincerely deplore that either or both should stalk through the land in the guise of meek-eyed benignity.

Mr. Crosby's book ably demonstrates the double refraction of disciplinary phenomena.

The illustrations by Dan Beard are appropriately realistic.

IN THE COUNTRY GOD FORGOT, by Frances Charles, is a strongly written story of life in Arizona at the present day.

In the development of this triple romance, the female characters are strikingly attractive in their heroic resistance to depressing influences.

We cannot applaud the passive acquiescence of Bax in his dealings with his hard-hearted father. The old man seems to have been the victim of a moral drought—impervious to the merciful gentleness of his long-suffering and injured household.

We enter the land of the cactus in the blazing glare of a summer's sun, and mingle with the human actors in their helplessness and sorrow, which they thought "that God forgot"—but we leave them with the knowledge that joy has filled their hearts in the light of God's remembrance.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have brought out the book in good form.

NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE, OR GHOST AND GHOST SEERS, by Catherine Crowe, is published by Henry T. Coates & Company, Philadelphia.

In his introduction to this new edition of NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE, Thompson Jay Hudson, Ph. D. LL.D., says: "Considered as a mere collection of stories, the work is far more interesting, fascinating, thrill-

in any novel that has been written. This is true without reference to the question whether the stories are true or act or fiction; for, disguise it as we may, account for it as we may, the fact is that the soul of man thrills before to every attempt to solve the question of its destiny."

The narratives presented by the author, though unaccompanied by confirmatory facts, purport to illustrate many kinds of psychic phenomena. Allegorisms, warnings, trances, apparitions, evil spirits, haunted houses, etc., receive ample treatment.

EDUCATION AND THE LARGER LIFE, by Clifford Henderson, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. In his own point of view, the author writes in a forcible and clear style for a "social purpose" and its agents as deponents of the "larger life." Few persons, however, will assent to Mr. Henderson's opinions regarding what constitutes the "larger life" or the means he advocates to attain it. The chapters on "Religious Education," "Childhood," "Adolescence," and "Holidays" consider essentially the development of the moral and physical well-being of the child. In acknowledging that the child has an immortal soul, Mr. Henderson strangely aside the means of attaining spiritual perfection and dismisses this all-important factor in the development of the "larger life," in its true sense, with a reference to the "advantages" of church and Sunday School attendance.

"It seems to me," writes Mr. Henderson, "a great advantage for children to go to church on Sunday, provided the church is a *delight* instead of a *duty*, and provided that the clergyman is a good man."
* * * "But the church should be at the home. If the children cannot go there, or cannot get there by an agreeable drive, they had much better stay at home!"

The automobile observance of Sunday, in pursuit of perfection, that is, the attainment of culture," might satisfy those

who have no desire to enter into Eternal Life. "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." And again, "I am the Lord thy God, Mighty, Jealous, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands to them that love Me, and keep My commandments."

No name in the calendar of Saints is so universally known and so tenderly loved as that of the gentle S. Francis of Assisi. Catholic and non-Catholic writers have, from time to time, vied with one another in sounding his praises. Of the many volumes which have been written in commendation of the Seraph of Assisi, we consider none more worthy of notice than the *SACRUM COMMERCIVM*, an Allegory, simple yet charming in conception, telling how S. Francis wooed and won the Lady Poverty.

From the introduction we learn that this little volume was compiled some time in the thirteenth century (most probably in the year 1227) by an unknown Franciscan, since which time it has been printed three times in Latin and three times in Italian. The first Latin edition was printed at Milan in 1539. Père François Van Ortroy, the noted Bollandist, was the first to call attention to a copy in the Ambrosian Library. It is of exceeding rarity, being the only copy of that edition known to exist.

This beautiful little book is now for the first time published in English, the translation being the work of Montgomery Carmichael. A chapter on the "Spiritual Significance of Evangelical Poverty," by Reverend Father Cuthbert, is happily added to the Allegory.

"Tell me," says the Lady Poverty to Blessed Francis and his companions, "why you hasten thus speedily from the Valley of Tears to the Mountain of Light! Can it indeed be that you seek me who am poor and needy, tossed by the tempest, and bereft of all consolation?"

A beautiful thought for one entering the

religious life is found in words such as these: "At first it will be sweet to you to bear Anything, but after awhile, lulled in Security, you will become careless of the Blessings you have received. You will imagine that you can return to God whenever you wish, and find the old consolation. But the Spirit of Negligence once admitted is not so easily got rid of."

"When a Man hath come to his End then would he make a Beginning. For a voice will always dwell in your Hearts, saying: To-morrow, and To-morrow, we will return to the former Man, for it was better with us then than it is now."

Space will not permit us to make many quotations, but we cannot refrain from giving a few words from the chapter written by Father Cuthbert.

"To S. Francis," he says, "God was ever present in the Creation, the Life behind all life. He could not think of Earth apart from Heaven, nor of finite man apart from the Infinite God. 'To them that love God all things work together unto Good'; the truly spiritual man discovers the imprint of the Divine Life along all the highways and byways of creation, just as the poet's eye discovers beauty in the woodland through which the ordinary wayfarer passes unheeding."

The value of this little volume is enhanced by marginal notes and by Scriptural references which give aid to the reader interested in research. We cannot pay too high a compliment to the publishers, Messrs. Tennant and Ward, of New York, for the pains they have taken in bringing out, in handsome style, this valuable work. Cordially we welcome it in its Franciscan dress of brown, so artistic and appropriate; and as earnestly we wish it God-speed on a long journey to the homes of all who love the dear S. Francis.

CHATS WITHIN THE FOLD, by Humphrey J. Desmond, is published by the John Murphy Company, Baltimore.

Mr. Desmond speaks in a spirited manner upon a variety of topics, all pointing to the necessity of a broader education of

Catholics, religiously, socially and politically. As a powerful means for attaining this end, Mr. Desmond recognizes the influence of a judicious Catholic press. Upon this point he remarks:

"There are frequent occurrences in the political world which should be discussed from a Catholic standpoint. Social questions are repeatedly coming up in our Legislatures for some kind of determination. The political rights of Catholics are in common need of strong assertion and of spirited defense. The Catholic press must be outspoken on these occasions. People want to hear from it, instead of consulting the columns of the secular journal. There are, too, moral situations upon which the conduct and vote of politicians have a bearing. Whatever Catholics care to be politically they have a right to expect this of their press. And we trust that the time will come when the presence of a timely and Christian expression on proper political matters will not only be the criterion of a journal's Catholicity, but of its right to the name of journal."

Mr. Desmond makes a fine distinction between "partisan politics" and "politics pure and simple." His "Chats" are enjoyable and profitable.

Benziger Brothers, New York, have issued a neat pamphlet, *THE HOLINESS OF THE CHURCH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*, by Dr. Scheeben, which is an edifying account of some of the holy men and women whose lives adorned the preceding age.

The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Canada, have sent to us bound volume number nine, representing their work in *The Carmelite Review* for 1901. We compliment our Canadian brethren on the issue of this substantial book, and we avail of the opportunity to commend to our friends this worthy magazine, the official organ of the Confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel. Subscriptions may be sent directly to the Carmelite Fathers.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

er Gonzales (called S. Telmo),
st. (Patron of Sailors.) Elev-
ay in honor of S. Dominic.
tion of the Blessed Virgin.
n.) Anniversary of the death
verend Father Vincent Vinyes,

rk of Modena, O. P., Priest.
charity.) Monthly Mass of
r deceased members of the
lding Association at 9 a. m.

ady the Refuge of Sinners.
in Mary.) (Benediction.)

thony Maria Zaccaria, Priest.
intention.) Second Saturday
f the Most Holy Rosary. (Vo-
f the Rosary.)

SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Oc-
the Apostles Peter and Paul.
ary indulgences for Rosarians:
list Rosary Altar; prayers; (2)
it at exposition of the Blessed
prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at
prayers. Communion Mass
uns at 7 a. m. Meeting of S.
dality at 2 p. m. Rosary pro-
mon and Benediction at 7:30
dling new members in Confrat-
he Rosary.

edict XI., O. P., Pope. (Zeal
l.) Meeting of Rosarian Read-
ut 8 a. m.

age of S. Joseph. Twelfth
honor of S. Dominic.

n of Cologne, O. P., Priest and
of the Martyrs of Gorcum.
ss of the Rosary.)

rition of S. Michael, the Arch-

Ignatius Delgado and Dominic
P., Bishops and Martyrs of
nd their companions. (Bene-

hn Gaulbert, Abbot. (Forgive-
uries.) Anniversary of those
dominican cemeteries. Plenary
for Rosarians, members of the
Confraternity and Tertiaries;
list at services for the dead;
Votive mass of the Rosary.)
day in honor of the Most Holy

ED SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
of Voragine, O. P., Bishop.
g.) Plenary indulgence for
f the Holy Name Confrater-
procession; prayers. Mass for
Sodality at 7 a. m. Meeting at

3 p. m. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2
p. m. Procession of the Most Holy Name,
Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

14—S. Bonaventure, O. F. M., Cardinal
Bishop and Doctor of the Church. (Hu-
mility.) Meeting of the Young Men's
Holy Name Sodality at 8 p. m.

15—S. Henry, Emperor of the Holy Ro-
man Empire. Thirteenth Tuesday in
honor of S. Dominic.

16—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Plenary
indulgence for members of the Living
Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benedic-
tion.)

17—Conversion of S. Augustine, Bishop
and Doctor (from May 15).

18—B. Ceslaus, O. P., Priest. (Mission-
ary work.) (Benediction.)

19—S. Vincent de Paul, Priest and
Founder of the Vincentians or Congrega-
tion of the Mission, and also of the Sisters
of Charity. Anniversary of the death of
Reverend Father Peter Cronin, O. P. The
Fourth Saturday in honor of the Most
Holy Rosary.

20—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
Plenary indulgence for members of the
Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.
Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 p. m.
Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30
p. m.

21—S. Jerome Emilian, Priest, and
Founder of the Congregation known as
Somascha.

22—S. Mary Magdalene, Protectress of
the Dominican Order. (Benediction.)
Fourteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dom-
inic.

23—B. Jane of Orvieto, O. P., Virgin.
(Fervent prayer.) (Votive Mass of the
Rosary.)

24—S. Camillus of Lellis, Priest and
Founder of the Congregation of Regular
Clerks for the Care of the Sick.

25—S. James the Greater, Apostle.
(Benediction.)

26—S. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Vir-
gin. (Benediction.) Fifth Saturday in
honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

27—FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
B. Augustine of Bugella, O. P., Priest.
Mortification of the passions. Plenary in-
dulgence for Rosarians accustomed to re-
cite in common a third part of the Rosary
three times a week.

28—B. Anthony of the Church, O. P.,
Priest. (Zeal for regular observance.)
Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name So-
ciety at 8 p. m.

29—S. Martha, Virgin, Sister of S. Mary Magdalene. The Right Reverend Bishop Alemany promoted to the office of Archbishop and transferred from Monterey to San Francisco 1853. Fifteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

30—B. Mannes, O. P., Priest, Brother of S. Dominic. (Contemplation.) Votive Mass of the Rosary.

31—S. Ignatius of Loyola, S. J., Priest and Founder of the Society of Jesus. (Obedience.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary

for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Frederick, Bishop and Martyr; S. Ignatius, Priest; S. Henry, Emperor; S. Eugene of Carthage, Bishop; S. Martha, Virgin. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Christina, Virgin and Martyr; S. Margaret, S. Victor, Martyr; S. Jerome, Emilian, Confessor; S. Mary Magdalene. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. James, Apostle; S. Camillus, Confessor; S. Vincent de Paul, Confessor; S. Bertha, Abbess; S. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

MUSIC FOR JULY.

July 6—Sonata in B Flat, Mendelssohn; S. Cecelia Mass, Gounod; Offertory, Ave Maria, Masten; War March of the Priests, Mendelssohn. Evening Organ Music—Overture to the Occasional Oratorio, Handel; "On Song's Light Pinions," Mendelssohn; Offertory, "Vorspiel," Wagner; Marche Militaire, Whittier.

July 13—Offertoire in G, Wely; Fantasia in E, Dubois; S. Cecelia Mass, Gounod; Offertory, "Christus Factus Est," Postlude, "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat," Handel. Evening Organ Music—Reverie in G, Whiting; Offertoire in A Flat, Battiste; Offertory, Allegretto, Moszkowski; Postlude, Marche Solennelle, Lemaigre.

July 20—Andante in E Minor, Smart; Communion in E, Davred; Lejeal's 4th Mass; Offertory, "Adore Te," Dethler; Marcia Brillante, Guilment. Evening Organ Music—Romona, Svendsen. Monthly Music Service—Cantata, "Daughter of Jairus," Steiner; Offertory, Allegretto, from Fanfare, Lemmens; Postlude in C, Whiting.

July 27—Marche Religieuse Guilment; Meditation, Renaud; Offertory, "Ave Verum," Dubois; Grand Chœur, Dubois. Evening Organ Music—Andantino, Gadi; Prised, Wagner; Offertory, Flute Concerto, Rink; Marcia Pomposo, Verdi.

O Thou, my Life, give me what then Thou gavest!

No angel vision do I ask to see,
I seek no ecstasy of mystic rapture,
Nought, nought, my Lord, my Life, but
only Thee!

That golden gleam hath purged my sight,
revealing,

In the fair ray reflected from above,
Thyself, beyond all sight, beyond all feeling,

The hidden Beauty, and the hidden Love.

As the hart panteth for the water-brooks—
And seeks the shades whence cooling
fountains burst;

Even so for Thee, O Lord, my spirit
fainteth,

Thyself alone hath power to quench it—
thirst.

Give me what Thou gavest, for I seek it
No longer in Thy creatures, as of old;
I strive no more to grasp the empty
shadow,

The secret of my life is found and told—
—Mother Raphael Drame, O. P.

There is no frigate like a book
To take us leagues away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.

This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

—Emily Dickinson.

DOMINICANA

III.

AUGUST, 1902.

No. 8

A RECENT VOLUME ON DANTE.*

JOHN A. MOONEY.

Several years ago, to make more enjoyment of a hot summer's day, Mr. Dinsmore went through a friend's library for an interesting book to take into the woods. Finding Longfellow's translation of Dante's "Inferno," Mr. Dinsmore read, and was fascinated. During the summer the book was his constant companion. Though other translations, he formed a personal acquaintance with Dante. In good faith he wrote several articles about the poet in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Now he publishes the volume whose title we have indicated.

There is a Dante tradition in Boston, dating back half a century. A choice of New Englanders have laboriously stroved to make Americans acquainted with the beauties of the greatest of all poets. We may call Mr. Dinsmore a pupil of Longfellow and of Norton. Seemingly, he approached Dante without any familiarity with the poet's own language, nor did he now display any general knowledge of the best Italian literature—a vast literature—dealing with Dante's works. In sketching the life of the poet, Mr. Dinsmore accepts views that are not critical. The accio's Life of Dante was written more than forty years after the poet's death, and not "some thirty years," as Mr. Dinsmore implies. The poet's political activity the author exaggerates. Letters

—
The Teachings of Dante, by Charles Dinsmore. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1902.

attributed to Dante, though evidently not written by him, Mr. Dinsmore quotes as if they were authentic. To Dante he attributes *canzoni* breathing a spirit altogether alien to purity, and yet he would find it difficult to prove that the poet wrote a line in the least alien to purity.

That Mr. Dinsmore is sometimes rash in expression, and that he is also sadly misinformed about certain subjects, will be apparent from the following sentence on p. 26, in which he suggests that Dante may have "sympathized with the Jesuitical casuistry that no faith need be kept with traitors, and that with the froward it is right to show one's self froward." Dante was a great man, but not the mental acrobat that Mr. Dinsmore tries to make him. One could pardon the Cambridgeian "bull," but one cannot pardon the libel on the Jesuits. Mr. Dinsmore admires Dante for his love of truth, and therefore we wonder all the more at Mr. Dinsmore's putting his name to a known falsehood.

Evidences of a lack of careful study of the history of facts and of "thought" are not infrequent in the author's pages. Beauty, he says, before Dante's time, had been feared as sensuous and evil. A moment's reflection should have kept the author from printing words so unreasonable. Does he mean that there was a time when human nature was not human nature, or the human soul not a human soul? For Thomas Aquinas he has words

of high praise. In the pages of the mighty philosopher and theologian he may learn something new concerning the principles of æsthetics. Indeed, studying S. Thomas, many of the author's misapprehensions should be removed.

On p. 40 Mr. Dinsmore writes of "the stilted and unnatural Latin tongue," and on the same page he tells us that "from the days of Rome's magnificence the Latin had been the vehicle of all worthy prose and verse." As a student of Dante, the author should have learned to be humble when speaking of the language of Dante's own master, Virgil; the language of the poet's chosen friends, Cicero and Boethius.

In a chapter on Dante's "Religious Teaching," and in one on the "Value of His Thought," there is, with some truth, much error. Mr. Dinsmore is, we believe, a Presbyterian of some shade, and also a minister occupying a pulpit. Of what he calls "mediæval" philosophy and theology he has the vaguest conception. About "modern" philosophy and theology he speaks often. What *he* believes is "modern." Wherever *he* agrees with Dante, the poet is "modern." The more Mr. Dinsmore reads Dante, the more he discovers how "modern" Dante is. This modernity of Dante is easily explained. Whatever of theological or philosophical truth Dante possessed was Catholic truth—truth founded on reason, revelation, Christ, and the Rock of Peter. Truth does not change. It is mediæval and modern, too; it will be as modern as the most modern modernity of the most distant future. In the thirtieth century, if time shall endure so long, Dante will be in the forefront of the moderns. If it were not so, then there would be neither a God, a Christ, a religion, a revelation, a hell, purgatory, or Heaven.

The "cumbrous theology of Aquinas" is an unfortunate expression of Mr. Dinsmore, an expression no student of S. Thomas could use. Dante did not find the theology of Aquinas too cumbrous for his vigorous mind. There are cumbrous minds that do not care to encumber themselves with the agreeable burden of truth acquired by the noble application of the in-

telle to the close, logical, comprehensive, scientific presentation and argumentation of the great Master of "modern" and mediæval and ancient thought, S. Thomas. But those who live in glass houses should not throw stones—cumbrous or uncumbrous.

The title of Mr. Dinsmore's book is too extensive. He sets forth, not *the* teachings of Dante, but only some of the teachings, and thus he does not do full justice to the poet. That sense of logical order, that completeness of statement, for which Dante is remarkable, the author does not himself show. Were one to turn a many of his propositions into the syllogistic form, Mr. Dinsmore could not defend them. A man of lively emotions, and one probably accustomed to use the spoken rather than the written word, his language is not always precise, not always restrained within due limits. His epithets are often "stilted and unnatural." When he is moved, he is apt to exaggerate. "Grim prophet," "swarthy prophet," are terms poorly descriptive of one who could be, and was, grim, gentle, sad or joyous, as his art demanded. At times Mr. Dinsmore is not merely fanciful but also fantastic, as he is where he writes of "Our Puritan Dante, Jonathan Edwards." One might as justly have used the name of Mark Twain.

However, take it all in all, Mr. Dinsmore's book is an interesting piece of work. He is an admirer, a lover of the poet. In Dante he recognizes a great moral and religious teacher. We venture to say that Mr. Dinsmore has learned more than one truth from Dante. Perhaps his earlier Presbyterianism has been "modernized" into a broader, more hopeful, tenderer creed, since, on a certain summer day, he began to read the "Inferno." Nor could it well be otherwise, judging from the author's own testimony. "Dante"—thus Mr. Dinsmore writes—"is the greatest prophet of the Christian centuries, because he has given utterance to the largest aggregation of truth in terms of universal experience, and in a form permanent through its exceeding beauty. That so many minds are

turning to him for light and vigor is most significant and hopeful."

From Mr. Dinsmore's volume, a Catholic will not gain a true insight into Dante's teachings. The translations of Hettinger's work, and of Ozanani's, are more useful, more comprehensive, more learned, and therefore more instructive. But to the many who have not read, or will not read, these books, Mr. Dinsmore

will do a measured service. Into his volume he has put hearty good will, considerable labor, and much honest purpose. He loves truth and beauty, too. He has a cultured mind. His enthusiasm will certainly lead many of our separated brethren to read, and perhaps to study seriously, the master-works of the sublimest poet ever vouchsafed by a gracious God to a beloved mankind.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

BENJAMIN F. DE COSTA.

In Youth's fair dream-land gifts exalted shine,—

Gifts fond hearts know no higher,—
Sought long on land, amassed amain,
By merchant, prince, and king and thane,
To feed at last, perchance, the pain!

Time's ashen, funeral pyre:
Soul, seek a more enduring prize
Than glads a monarch's eager eyes,
The Love of Jesus.

To Joseph's offspring the envisioned Seer,
Assigns on Nebo's Mountain

The fruits of Everlasting Hills,
The verdure born of Hermon's rills,
The field a mighty harvest fills,

And herd and joyous fountain:
But more than Palestine that glows,
With wealth a Summer sun bestows.
The Love of Jesus.

In argent beauty gleams the moon-lit pearl,

From grottoes of the Ocean,
Deep treasury of wealth untold,
Where silently, mid sands of gold,
Fair purple coral fronds unfold,

And away with rhythmic motion:
But more than pearls, beyond compare
E'en Gates of Pearl, entempled, fair,
The Love of Jesus.

What lustre lingers round the priceless gifts

In Hebrew royal coffers,
Rare Tharsis ivory whose sheen
Reflects the topaz, sweet, serene,
That, proud, the peerless pageant Queen
Of loyal Saba offers:

But more than gifts great Queen may bring

To sacred Judah's splendid King,
The Love of Jesus.

Aglow, reflecting its true heaven-born blue,

The sapphire fair lay shining,
On Aaron's richly brodered vest,
Where Urim, Thummin, duly blest,
The High-Priest's guiding light attest

In Judgment and Divining:
But more than all the Sacred gems
On Breast-plate or on diadems,
The Love of Jesus.

Aye, rich the meanings of rare jewels set
So fair in ancient story;

The Emerald that rich mines give,
The Sapphire deep, where sweet skies live,
The Moon-pearl, tender, sensitive,
Ablaze with Mystic glory:

But more than Jewels, priceless, pure,
With holiest investiture,
The Love of Jesus.

Supremely precious each symbolic gem,
And gold the nations treasure;

But midst thy gloom, Gethsemane!
And on thy Cross, O Calvary!
A value shines nor land nor sea

Nor Universe may measure;
Beyond compare the Love that gave
His Precious Blood a world to save,
The Love of Jesus.

O Thorn-crowned Saviour, may Thy wondrous Love,

Archangel's love excelling,
Within my heart a joy abide,
Through all my being, deep and wide,
Flow e'er a sweet, transforming tide,

In every thought up-welling:
Since infinitely more than all,
The treasures earth-born souls enthrall,
Thy Love, O Jesus!

S. BERNARD'S WINDOW.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

Swift the wakened morn is widening,
 Quivering gleams of startled light
 Through the legend-painted windows
 Flood the chancel pure and white,
 Flashing on the golden portals
 Where Love's Prisoner silent waits,
 Crimsoning our Lady's roses
 From the Orient's rubled gates.
 Sweet saint faces, morning gloried,
 Watch from every storied pane,
 All the air throbs silent music,
 Tuned to Love's mute, mystic strain.

So I turn, swift memory blending
 With devotion as I muse
 On one strong, sweet face whose beauty
 Seems with heaven-born art to fuse
 Majesty and gracious mildness;
 Strength to brave, yet more—to bend,
 Sage and seraph beauty blending
 With the grace of Father, Friend.
 Dear S. Bernard, Hope's bright angel
 Bends beside him as his pen
 Traces there that prayer immortal,
 Moving still the hearts of men:
 Memorare; Virgin, Mother,
 Still to thee our pleadings rise,
 Seeing God's deep mercies mirrored
 In the love-light of thy eyes.
 Still that prayer on earth is echoed,
 Thrilling sweet through human woe
 With the self-same tender music
 That it waked so long ago.
 Memorare, Virgin, Mother,
 Now and at the awful hour
 When the earth lights fade and flicker,
 When we feel the demon's power;
 Memorare, dearest Lady,
 For His sake if not our own,
 Ne'er thy children kneel unaided
 At thy great star-pillared throne.

High above the painted window
 As the morn-light filters through,
 With her sweet Child softly nestling
 In her mantle's sheltering blue
 'Mid the mists, all glory-riven,
 'Mid the splendors crowning fair,
 She, our Lady, Queen and Mother,
 Sweetest name in human prayer,
 Smiles upon her faithful champion,
 With that same dear smile of old,
 'Mid the seraph glories burning
 Through the veiling mists of gold.

Then my thoughts wing through the ages,
 Distant memory pictures rise
 Out beyond the rifted sapphire

Of yon angel-lighted skies.
 Lo! the pictured form before me
 Is a living man again,
 Is a mighty power moving
 In the moaning tides of men.
 As dark seas that surge in anger,
 Raging at the storm's command,
 Breaking with unbridled fury
 On their prison bars of sand—
 Bend their haughty spirits, lapping
 Soft on crag, and still in bay,
 Leaping onward in the broad wake
 Of the white moon's soothing ray—
 So the tides of human passion,
 Party hate and civil strife,
 Beating maddened on the barriers
 Of the spirit's nobler life,
 Hush their raging fury, silenced,
 Shuddering, quivering, trembling, still,
 As that pure, bright spirit draws them
 Upward by Love's magnet will.

Pictures rise that long have vanished
 In the twilight of the Past,
 Clairvau's calm, deep-shadowed choisters
 'Mid their mountain silence vast;
 Chimes from cross-lit ivied belfries
 Wake the echoes wide and clear,
 And the startled night bird answers
 From her leaf-dark covert near,
 All the silence breaks in music,
 Melody of praise, of yore
 Sung by Jordan's sacred waters,
 Sung by Asshur's exile shore.

Fades that view—a surging city,
 Sick and poor and blind and lame,
 Thronging round a vast cathedral—
 But the spirit is the same.
 See the white-robed monk beside them,
 Heaven's mercy in his hands;
 Health and peace and joy and comfort
 Fall in showers as he stands,
 Image of his Lord and Master
 By Genesareth's moon-white sea,
 Or 'mid sunny valleys clinging
 To the breast of Galilee.
 Still S. Bernard. Halt and helpless,
 Sinners, scoffers, all are stirred.
 Nobler purpose thrills their spirits,
 Quickened at that mighty word.

Yet again the vision changes,
 'Tis the battle's wild array,
 Horse and rider plunging fiercely—
 Falling in the deadly fray;
 High above the surging battle
 Gleams the labarum's sacred light,

ion cry "God wills it"
war cloud's shrouding night.
is dove-bearing spirit

battle's thousand fears,
ath's relentless ravage,
ck and woman's tears?

Yes, yes, God wills it,
Christian war cry e'er;

of worldly conflict,
n of cloistered prayer.

this, this the legend
Red Cross beacons bright,
Christian warrior combats,
sense or passion's might.

Our light in darkness,
ness, peace in strife,
l, our strength, our sweetness,

His dear will, S. Bernard's life.

Lover of the Heart of Jesus,

Quickened to its throes of pain,

To its tender, eager yearning

For our answering love, and fain

To assuage that quenchless soul-thirst

Bringing sacrifice or prayer,

Bringing love and ceaseless serving—

May our lives that glory share!

So the pictures pass, and memory

Fades. Once more the pictured pane

With our Lady, glory-lightened

And the white-robed monk again,

As he kneels in love and rapture

Tracing that immortal prayer,

Where the golden morn-light widens

In the silent chapel air.

AN EVENING SOLILOQUY.

M. M. OLSEN.

darkness settles o'er the
one the lanterns light in

ie I stand and lift my eyes,
g them toward the clear, blue

art. Then all the majesty,
he joy, the wondrous love of

y yearning, longing, wanting

ak, but something in me stirs,
throws upon this immortal

God! A falt'ring child of sin!
ope to hold the weight of all
erfection? No! As when
floats and quickly vanishes
g but its heav'nly fragrance

it was there, I seem within
soul rise up to meet its God;
thence unto His heart, in joy
vanishes, exhausting all
ng, heaving, longing, leaving

peace—the fragrance of the

evenings often find me thus;
rou God of Love, as I look up
ndrous, mystic depths above,
o find Thee there, I wonder if
illy see Thy face, sweet Lord!
really, truly, surely be

That that same burning Heart of Thine
Will be before my eyes? Will it be then,
As now my thoughts in love imagine it,
Flushed with a soft, red light—ethereal,
And deep, so deep, that when I look, O
Heart,

Th' abyss seems miles and miles away,
yet near.

And often, Lord, at every twilight's dawn,
And every evening's birth, I ask that
Heart

To take me far away within its depths,
To keep me there, and be at rest with
Thee!

And Thou hast sheltered me, Thou ever
wilt,

For I will ask each morn and every eve
Of Thee, to keep me there. Great Heart,
I look

For hope, for joy, for light, for love—for
everything

To Thee. What shall I say, or do, or
think,

When first I see Thy holy, heav'nly face?

When first I see the mystic, peaceful joy,

The lonely grief—the glory in those eyes?

And Thee, pure Heart, Abyss of Love?

By Nature led, I see Thee only now in
thought,

And but one deed may take from me
fore'er

The sight of Thee, the joy of Heav'n—
thus peace.

But I will give, of love, the greater part,
And confidence in Thee will do the rest.

A SUCCESSFUL CRUSADE AGAINST ANARCHISM.

LORENZO J. MARKOE.

II.

The motto of the Inquisition was "Mercy and Justice." It was a court of equity as well as a tribunal for administering justice. Civil authority in those days being professedly based upon the principles of the true religion, this tribunal drew its principles of equity and justice mainly from the same source. Ecclesiastics appointed by the crown and not by Rome administered its affairs to a large extent. But their decrees were subject to royal revision and were carried out only with the royal consent. Thus even these ecclesiastics were entirely under the jurisdiction and subject to the veto power of the sovereign. To bring out this fact yet more clearly we would remind our readers of the experience, during the time when the Council of Trent was in session, of Archbishop Carranza, who was held in custody by the Spanish Inquisition on charges of heresy and disloyalty to the crown, and continued in confinement despite the efforts of the Pope and of the Council to secure his release. Thus we here again witness the old story of the tendency of the civil power to go to unnecessary extremes in the enforcement of measures in themselves just and right, and of the ecclesiastical power at Rome exerting its influence on the side of mercy rather than of severe and rigid justice.

But, despite this admitted tendency to unwise severity on the part of the Spanish Inquisition, let us consider for a moment what were in reality its methods of legal procedure. Bear well in mind that heresy and disloyalty were in those times convertible and synonymous terms. The two were by the very nature of things inseparable, and each implied the other. Hence, the civil power not claiming authority in things spiritual, the examination of the religious belief or opinions of the accused was the special duty of the

ecclesiastics composing the Inquisition. But how did they set about this work? Let us see.

Before an accused person could even be examined or summoned at all before the Inquisition, it was required by the rules governing that body that he should be charged with his supposed derelictions by three witnesses, independently of one another, each well known for his integrity and trustworthiness, and each one taking a solemn oath that he was not influenced in making his accusations by personal malice or other unworthy motives. The testimony of these witnesses was then compared. If it was found to be contradictory or insufficient, it was set at naught. Often the witness was recalled for further examination, but his previous testimony could not be read to him to refresh his memory or for the purpose of being explained or corrected by him. If, under examination, he contradicted that testimony it was set at naught and discarded. If under this rigid scrutiny the witness was detected in equivocation, self-contradiction or perjury, he was liable to imprisonment and to other severe penalties.*

Furthermore, both the accusers and the officers of the Inquisition were subject to excommunication if they were influenced by malice or any other unworthy motive. These censures were renewed by Benedict X. in a special bull, and absolution from them was specially reserved by him to the Holy See. It was only after the deposition of the third witness that the accused was summoned; when, if he disproved the charges, he was released. If after being released he relapsed, he was again arraigned in the same manner as at first; and if convicted a second time he was

*See Samancas, *Institutiones Catholice*, p. 33, Edit. Romae, 1575, 4to., cited in Spalding's *Miscellanea*, footnote, p. 228.

again pardoned on repentance. It was only on the third conviction, by three different sets of witnesses, each consisting of three, that he was finally delivered over to the civil court to be judged for his offense.

The trial that now took place would appear from the authorities on this subject to have been an entirely new one, without regard to the proceedings already had before the ecclesiastics. And whatever torture may have been authorized by the Inquisition to elicit a confession from the accused was ordered by this civil court. Thus the life-like pictures of ecclesiastics standing gloating over their helpless victims and perhaps even amusing themselves by occasionally giving the rack an additional twist with their own hands, pictures which Prescott and other writers of vivid imaginations and strong prepossessions against everything Catholic have delighted in depicting for the delectation of their credulous readers, must be relegated by the sober-minded and impartial student of history to the realms of fiction or even wilful falsehood and calumny.

Counsel was allowed to the accused party, and, in the Spanish courts, was allowed unreserved communication with his client during three days, that he might have every opportunity to prepare suitable answers to the different charges in the indictment. Finally, notwithstanding frequent statements to the contrary, it is absolutely true that the articles of accusation were shown to the counsel for the accused. Thus every opportunity was afforded for making a clear and effective defense against the charges preferred.

As to the use of torture, it must again be borne in mind that this practice formed a part of the civil jurisprudence of the day. These barbarisms were the result of centuries of heathenism and paganism; hence the work of eradicating them or at least softening the severity of these laws was also one of centuries; and, even in our own day, in the opening of this twentieth century, we find this inclination for torturing accused persons as a punishment for suspected crimes breaking out

with renewed virulence here in the United States, practiced in the presence of great crowds of the most prominent and respected citizens of communities in this country, and defended publicly by these same citizens as perfectly justifiable and proper under the circumstances. In the days of the Inquisition the suggestion of the use of torture in this way by unauthorized mobs of citizens would have filled Spain with horror. The use of torture in certain cases was regulated by the established laws of all nations. It was embodied in the Theodosian and Justinian codes and had the sanction of Ulpian and other commentators on these codes. It was a legacy from the old Roman jurisprudence. The authority of the Church accomplished much toward the mitigation of these remnants of pagan civilization, and the great Spanish Catholic writer Ludovicus Vives and others condemned the whole practice as cruel and unjust.

As regards the Spanish Inquisition, tortures were employed by its civil courts only in extreme cases, and then more to prompt the repentance than to bring about the condemnation of the accused. The confession elicited under torture could not be used against the accused unless he voluntarily confirmed it three days afterwards, according to the usages of the Spanish courts. If he would not confess, he was generally acquitted. The application of the torture was restricted within very narrow limits, and all abuses in inflicting it were severely condemned and subjected the officers thus transcending their powers to the obligation of repairing all injury done to those thus tortured. The presence of ecclesiastics was required by law to prevent just such abuses.

Thus we find that the ecclesiastical court of the Inquisition was but preparatory, took cognizance only of a certain class of offenses connected with religion, pardoned twice whenever the criminal gave satisfactory signs of repentance, and never presented or turned the criminal over to the civil courts except when there was no hope of reforming him. The civil

court alone inflicted the punishments ordained by the Spanish laws. So equitable was the ancient Inquisition that the Order of the Templars in the beginning of the fourteenth century sought to be judged by it in preference to any other court. Charles V. established the Inquisition in Sicily; the Senate of Venice established the one existing in that republic.

It is worth while to note in passing that, whilst the Spanish Inquisition was thus restrained and its tendency to severity counteracted by Papal influence, the Calvinistic consistory of Geneva, Elizabeth's Inquisition in England, and the tribunals of the so-called Reformers generally, were slaughtering and torturing victims in great numbers. It is said that the Geneva Consistory was an inquisition which *never* forgave. On the other hand, the Roman Inquisition, under the immediate control of the Holy See, has never yet been shown to have authorized one single case of capital punishment. It has been well said that "We often hear of the numbers of victims who were immolated by the (Spanish) Inquisition, but we are not told of the far greater number who fell in the various religious wars by which Germany, France and England were convulsed, while Spain was secured by this institution from the acrimonious controversy in which those wars originated. Where the Spanish Inquisition immolated one victim, the Moloch of religious dissension has immolated whole hecatombs!"* We may add that the supposed thousands of persons condemned to death by the Spanish Inquisition has dwindled, under the light of modern research, to a few hundreds scattered over the entire long period of its existence.

Voltaire, in his essay on General History, t. iv., chap. 177, p. 135, as quoted by the Count de Maistre, remarks that "In Spain, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there were none of those bloody revolutions, conspiracies and cruel punishments which were seen in the other courts of Europe. Neither did the Duke of Lermo nor Count Olivares shed the blood of their enemies on the scaffold.

Her kings were not assassinated, as were those of France; neither were they brought to the block, as were those of England. In a word, were we to except the horrors of the Inquisition, Spain would have been irreproachable." These last words of the arch-infidel are valuable, as showing that his tribute to the peaceable condition of Spain at that period was wrung from him, despite his desire to besmirch her for using the very instrument by means of which she protected herself against the anarchism then desolating all the rest of Europe.

That the anarchy threatening us in America is the logical outcome of the fundamental principles of Protestantism appears undeniable. It is only by the application of the principles of natural law and justice, so unflinchingly taught by the Catholic Church in all ages, that we can cope successfully with anarchism here. Protestantism is powerless to deal with the case. Having by its reckless abandonment of those principles evoked the demon of Anarchy, it now stands by, powerless to control its fury, and itself becomes a victim of the anarchist's contempt for authority and hatred of law and order. The difference between Catholic and Protestant teachings in this respect deserves to be carefully noted in this moment of our country's need. Balmes points out this difference in these well-chosen words: "The first lay it down as an incontestible principle that *there are errors of the understanding which are faults*; the others, on the contrary, think that *all errors of the understanding are innocent*. The first consider error in regard to great moral and religious truths, as one of the gravest offenses which man can commit against God; their opponents look upon errors of this kind with great indulgence, and they ought to do so in order to be consistent . . . the Catholic Church . . . considers the sin of heresy as one of the greatest that man can commit. You, who smile with pity and contempt at these words, the sin of *heresy*—by what right do you claim the power of condemning heresies which are opposed to your orthodoxy? Why do you interfere with those men who desire to destroy the ex—

*Balmes' European Civilization, p. 233.

isting state of society? Why baffle, why oppose those dark conspiracies, which, from time to time, send one of their members to assassinate a king? You invoke your convictions—but you must remember that such societies and such men can also invoke their convictions. You say that the doctrines of the Church are human inventions; they say that the doctrines prevailing in society are also human inventions. You say that the ancient social order was a monopoly; they say the present social order is a monopoly. In your eyes, the ancient authorities were tyrannical; in theirs, the present ones are so. You pretended to destroy what existed, in order to found new institutions conducive to the good of humanity; to-day these men hold the same language. You have proclaimed holy the war which was waged against ancient power; they proclaim holy the war waged against present power. You have pretended to make all opinions respected, even athelism, and you have taught that nobody has a right to prevent you from acting in conformity with your principles; but the fanatics in question have also their horrible principles and their dreadful convictions. But our adversaries will say such convictions are inexcusable. Yours are so also.”* We might well believe that Balmes was addressing himself to an audience here in the United States and in the present year.

Once more we quote a passage too pregnant with truth for us in this country to be passed over in silence. He continues: “When the principle, that there are culpable errors, is once established (a principle which Catholicity alone can logically maintain in theory), it is easy to see the reason of the punishments which human power decrees against the propagation and teaching of certain doctrines; and we can understand why it is legitimate to punish, without considering the conviction that animated the culprit, the actions which are the result of his doctrines. The law shows that this mortal error has existed, or can exist; but in this case it declares the error itself to be culpable; and if a man adduces the testimony of

his own conscience, the law reminds him that it is his duty to rectify his conscience. Such is, in truth, the foundation of a legislation which has appeared so unjust; a foundation which it is necessary to point out, in order to vindicate a great many human laws from a deep disgrace; for it would be a great disgrace to claim the right of punishing a man who was really innocent. Such an absurd right is so far from belonging to human justice, that it does not belong even to God. The infinite justice of God would cease to be what it is, if it could punish the innocent.”⁴

We cannot—as a substitute for this right to punish, based on natural law and justice—fall back upon the merely utilitarian argument that “Governments act in the name of society, which, like every being, possesses the right of self-defence,” and that because “There are certain doctrines which menace its existence; it has, therefore, of necessity and right, the power of resisting those who promulgate them.” Balmes truly says that “Such a reason destroys at one blow the idea of punishment and justice. To wound an aggressor in self-defence is not to chastise but to resist him. If we consider society in this point of view, the criminal led to punishment will no longer be a real criminal, but the unfortunate victim of a rash and unequal struggle. The voice of the judge condemning him will no longer be the august voice of justice; his sentence will only be the act of society avenging the attack made upon it. The word punishment will then assume quite a different meaning. It then appears like a combat between a giant and a pigmy. The giant takes the pigmy in his hand, and crushes him against a stone.”** Finally, Balmes draws the conclusion that no government can sustain itself if it is refused the right of repressing doctrines dangerous to social order, whether those doctrines are covered with the mantle of philosophy, or disguised under the veil of religion.

We have desired to show in this article

*Ibid., p. 201.

**Ibid., p. 202.

*European Civilization, p. 200-201.

how unjust is our popular conception of the Spanish Inquisition; and to draw attention to the teaching of Catholic theologians in defence of those principles of natural law and justice on which our legislation must rest as a solid foundation, if we would successfully resist the forces of disintegration now at work in our Republic. Whilst, no doubt, repressive measures are needed to prevent the excesses of anarchy, something much more necessary is the positive or constructive effort to

teach men better things. Men are coming to understand more clearly in this country that the Catholic Church is the consistent and unflinching advocate of those great principles of natural law and justice which must form the basis of our crusade against anarchism; and that the Catholic body in the United States is a great conservative force standing inflexibly for law and order, coupled with a merciful campaign of education in the great principles which are the necessary foundation of all social order and harmony.

A SAINT'S HEROISM.

(An Incident in the Life of S. Clare, August 12.)

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

By fiendish might, with flaming sword—
(Thus runneth blest Tradition's tale)—
A Christian-hating Moslem horde
Despoiled Spoletto's smiling vale,

And came at last, when summer's sun
Illumed that cross-crowned abbey fair,
Ruled sweetly by Assissi's nun,
The meek yet vallant Abbess, Clare.

Her virgin band in sore affright
Fell prostrate at their chapel's shrine,
And wildly craved from Paynim might
Protection of their Spouse Divine.

Lo! 'twas that Spouse's festal day,
And high above its altar-throne
The Host in gleaming 'monstrance lay,
'Mid countless lights that round it
shone.

But, led by Inspiration blest,
Saint Clara took, with fearless hand
That 'monstrance from its place of rest,
And, followed by her trembling band,

Upcrept it o'er the abbey gate—
And then in adoration, low
She knelt upon the dust, to wait
The coming of the dreaded foe.

Thus praying: "Lord, in mercy free
From beasts the souls that praise Thy
Name."

"Fear not! for I thy strength will be!"
Swift from the Host Love's answer
came.

Half blinded by the dazzling light
That o'er the sacred gateway glowed,
The Moslem turned in wild affright
And sped a-down the flinty road.

Hushed was his fierce and fiendish yell,
And haughty flags he lately waved
Now 'neath his charger's footsteps fell.
Heroic Clara's home was saved!

Ah! sweetest saint! thy fadeless fame
Lives in our far-off golden land;
Its fairest valley bears thy name,
Gift of the blest Franciscan band.

There Jesuit hosts, with rev'rent care,
Bid learning's halls and faith's sweet
shrine
That holy name still proudly wear
O vallant Bride of Love Divine!

Aye! where the pictured windows gleam—
One—(traced in hues divinely bright)
When sunny rays athwart it stream,
Thy story tells in rainbow light.

BLESSED JANE D'AZA, MOTHER OF S. DOMINIC.

and Jane of Aza, though believed by writers to have been a daughter of a ducal house of Brittany, is more likely thought to have belonged to the Spanish family of the Garciez, related by blood to S. Lewis of France, Ferdinand of Spain and others who were raised to the altars of the Church.

Her birth took place in the first half of the twelfth century, at the castle of Aranda, on the Douro. Of her early life we have no particulars; as she was of an age to marry she contracted an alliance with Don Felix de Calaroga in Old Castile, whose family was as noble and as saintly as

his. His personal character, as well as his rank, rendered him in every way fitted to become her husband; and the old age over which they ruled was so able for its piety and good order, that it was commonly said rather to the credit of a monastery than of a castle.

Angular beauty of person and the possession of a cultivated mind, Blessed Jane added to her piety and great energy in the performance of good works. The world had had many attractions for her; she applied herself diligently to the duties of her state, and devoted all the time which remained to the discharge of her domestic duties to prayer and works of charity. She was ever distinguished for humility, a high-born lady as she was, the simplicity and modesty of her bearing like that of all her attendants. She daily spent the whole night in devotional exercises, made pilgrimages to the principal sanctuaries, and visited the afflicted poor in their humble dwellings. Her three sons born of this truly holy marriage, Antonio, the eldest, a secular priest, and, enamored of poverty, distributed his patrimony to the poor and retired to a hospital, where he spent the remainder of his days hum-

bly ministering to the sick. Mannes, the second son, also embraced the ecclesiastical state, in due course became one of the first Friar-Preachers, and has received the honors of beatification. By the dedication of both their sons to the service of the sanctuary, Don Felix and his wife were left without an heir to carry on the succession of their family, and desiring greatly to obtain from Heaven the gift of yet another son, Doña Jane resolved to present her petition to God through the intercession of S. Dominic of Silos, a saint at that time renowned throughout Spain for the fame of his miracles, especially in the releasing of captives.

The Monastery of Silos, which stands in the near vicinity of Calaroga, was the resort of pilgrims from every part of the country; and there, with the approbation of the Abbot, she began a novena, spending not her days only but her nights also in the church, the hard pavement of which was her only bed. On the seventh day of the novena the saint appeared to her, and declared that her prayers were heard, and that she would become the mother of a son who should be the light of the Church and the terror of heretics. In gratitude, she offered to the saint the child who was to be given her through his intercession, and promised that, in memory of this favor, he should bear the name of Dominic. Before his birth she beheld her son in a dream or vision, represented under the figure of a black and white dog, holding in its mouth a torch which kindled and illuminated the entire world. About this time also Jane had, with her accustomed liberality, distributed to the poor the entire contents of a cask of excellent wine. Fearing that this might cause some annoyance to her husband, she knelt down in the cellar and offered the following touching prayer: "O Lord Jesus, though I do not deserve to be heard, I beseech Thee, nevertheless, to take pity upon me in the name of

Thy servant, the dear little child whom I bear in my womb and whom I have consecrated to Thee." The prayer was scarcely ended when the cask was found to be miraculously refilled.

Dofia Jane would entrust to no one the nurturing of this child of benediction, the future father and founder of the Order of Preachers; she brought him up herself with the utmost care, and, when he was but a few weeks old, she and Don Felix bore him to the Abbey of Silos and offered him to God before the altar of S. Dominic. The Abbot celebrated a Mass of thanksgiving, and, when turning around to say the *Dominus vobiscum*, his eyes chanced to rest upon the infant, and he uttered instead the words, *Ecce reparator Ecclesie*—"Behold the reformer of the Church." Perceiving his mistake, he endeavored to correct it, but three times the same words involuntarily escaped his lips, and they were taken as a presage of the child's future destiny.

Blessed Jane also carried the infant to the tomb of his great-uncle, Blessed Peter of Ucles, the founder of the military religious Order of the Knights of S. James of the Sword. She seems frequently to have visited this spot, where a hermitage

still bears her name, whilst a fountain and garden in the neighborhood are called the fountain and garden of S. Dominic. When he had reached the age of seven, she entrusted her child to the care of her brother, the arch-priest of the neighboring town of Gumiel d'Izan; another of her brothers, the Abbot of La Vid, seems also to have had his share in the education of the young saint.

Don Felix and Blessed Jane must have had other children besides the three here mentioned, as it is certain that S. Dominic and Blessed Mannes had two nephews who entered the Order of Preachers; and the name of Guzman has been perpetuated in Spain even to our own days, and has been allied by marriage to many of the royal families of Europe.

The death of Blessed Jane is believed to have taken place between the years 1185 and 1194, when her son was studying at Palencia. She was buried in the parish church of Calaroga, but her remains were subsequently translated, first to the family burial place of the Guzmans at Gumiel d'Izan and later on to Pefiafief. From time immemorial she has been held in great veneration, and she was beatified by Leo XII.

QUEEN OF WATERS.

CHARLOTTE PAU.

Grand Pacific!
Wild! Magnific!
Worlds of beauty in thee live.
Mighty Ocean,
What devotion
Visions of thy grandeur give.

O'er thy billows,
Like green meadows,
Skims the albatross at dawn.
Star-like vision,
Sky's reflection,
Decks thee when the day is gone.

Near the borders
Of thy waters
California's daughters stand.
Sweet acacias,
Fair eschscholtzias,
Weaving in a golden band.

Queen of waters,
Dancing zephyrs
From thy bosom kiss the foam.
Wealth prolific,
Powers terrific,
'Neath thy placid surface roam.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCETTE.

A. L'ESTRANGE.

I.

empathies beyond our own control
 stir our hearts and move our in-
 most soul,
 came they? For what hidden
 repose sent,
 their cause, their object, their
 sent?

extremes, opposed as night and
 day,
 our fancy wiled united away?
 these queries with which minds
 are rife
 to swell the mystery of life.
 And they have been and must re-
 main,
 life's varied mysteries are made
 plain.
 —S. M. S.

as if the sun in its setting were
 out the portals of another world.
 of sunset hues that lit up the
 red mountains with a glow of fire
 a robe reflecting the conflagration.
 of changing hues that tinted the
 and the sky rose color, and deli-
 en, and violet, and molten gold,
 dilated the wild, solitary grandeur
 ever scene—the beetling cliffs with
 speckled pinnacles; the oak forests
 primeval beauty and freshness;
 flowerless flowers and shrubs im-
 ming the air with perfumes wafted
 redens no hand of man had plant-
 cataracts roaring and leaping
 ck to rock. The glory enveloped
 any-tinted light a large boat that
 hing along over the translucent

It safely rounded the bold, pic-
 promontory—to-day called
 —where the Strudel and Wirbel
 f the Lower Danube pass into re-
 id scenes of wild magnificence. It
 rapidly through the tranquil
 which here open into a spacious
 ie glory died out in the softened
 of the sun's last rays, and, as it
 i into twilight, the boat reached a

safe cove at the entrance to the Pass of
 Kazan, whose colossal grandeur loomed
 awful in the gathering gloom.

"You have done your part well, my
 good fellow," said Agladius, the young
 Roman officer, as he lightly sprang
 ashore. "'Tis a pity the rest of my jour-
 ney must be done by road."

The boatman looked at him with a wist-
 ful air. He continued: "Stay you here
 to-night. You shall have hospitality at
 Cyprian's house."

"Good sir," answered the boatman. "I
 have carried many a passenger thus far,
 but none has made the way so pleasant
 as you have, with gay song and tales of
 other lands. I must return by the light
 of the moon, for to-morrow's task awaits
 me. Thanks for the liberal guerdon that
 bespeaks the noble Roman."

Agladius laughingly waved his hand in
 farewell, and rapidly walked on. He had
 not proceeded far when a long, low build-
 ing in the Arabian style appeared in view.

"Here we are," he soliloquized. "Cy-
 prian has had his plans well executed this
 time. He has surrounded himself with
 remembrances of his native Antioch and
 his beloved Damascus."

Agladius passed on through a low gate-
 way opening into a large courtyard, in
 the center of which a dragon, hewn in
 black marble, spouted water from its
 huge jaws in showers of spray. Around
 shady trees spread their branches over
 arborescent seats that invited to repose;
 orange and lemon trees reflected their
 golden fruit in the crystal waters of the
 basin surrounding the fountain; roses,
 balsams, oleanders, innumerable plants of
 other climes, shed delightful fragrance
 around.

On, by a side door to an inner court
 still more beautiful, he proceeded, and
 here he was met, with a profound salaam,

by Theoctistus, Cyprian's Syrian steward, friend and faithful follower.

"Welcome! The master expects you. He bids me tell you, 'Refresh and repose'—then he will see you."

"My venerable and venerated friend, Theoctistus," said Agladius heartily, "I was a small boy, indeed, when I saw you last, yet I well remember you as the consolator of many of my youthful sorrows."

"It rejoices my heart to meet Agladius," and the old man's face beamed, "for his presence means joy."

They entered together a large apartment magnificently adorned in the Eastern style. On a table, drawn near to a luxurious divan, were refreshments in profusion. Agladius was apparently accustomed to such surroundings, for he heeded nothing. After a few preparatory ablutionary ceremonies in perfumed waters brought in by another Syrian attendant, he sat quietly down to a solitary meal, and then fell asleep.

A few hours sped. A heavy damask curtain at one end of the apartment was drawn aside, and there entered a man of commanding presence. The clear-cut features, the low, broad brow reflected the man of thought. In his dark eyes there was the occasional flash of smoldering fires, yet their expression was calm, even tender. He advanced, and gazed with a kindly look on the handsome face of the sleeping youth.

"Agladius is changed," thought he. "A man now, and a comely one. He had unbounded confidence in me once; but time and experience are the destroyers of youth's ideals. I must win him; he will be useful to me. I must stand to him in all his entanglements, which will be numerous with so ambitious and fiery a youth. His stay will be limited; I must rouse him. Agladius!" The deep, low, musical voice crept in melody through the sleeper's brain, and gently roused him.

"That you, Master Cyprian? How goes it with you?"

"Pretty well, my young friend. I am pleased to meet you again. How did you leave our friends in Rome?"

"Marcus, and Antony Priscus, and Eustothius send you greeting. Flavius died last Ides of March—high living and low thinking, they say, after the fashion of the day."

"Good old Flavius!" said Cyprian, with a smile. "Sated appetites admit him among the immortal gods, as server at the Olympian banquets."

"I am on a secret embassy to the East," continued Agladius. "Times are very unsettled. These deluded Christians are giving annoyance everywhere. They are creeping into the offices of State, and they and their priests must be narrowly watched, lest they overthrow the Empire. A rumor has reached me from Damascus that Justina, the only woman I ever loved, has yielded to the wiles of the Christians, and that she professes herself a Christian. Not she alone, it is said, but her father and mother have lapsed. Brave Censitanus himself, who used to rage against the Christians!—they have cast their spells on him and his."

Cyprian's brow darkened. "You speak truly, my friend, when you say they are giving annoyance everywhere. Three hundred years of suppression by fire and sword and wild beasts' fangs have proved of no avail to exterminate the sect. The death of those whom we slay seems to renew its vitality. It is certain that the Roman Empire and the national religion are in danger from them. I have consulted the oracles at Athens, Mount Olympus, Argos, Phrygia, Memphis, Chaldea and India. The universal warning vouchsafed by the gods is: **'BEWARE OF THE CHRISTIANS!'**"

"Why do not the gods prove themselves more powerful against them? By Jove! I no longer believe in the gods! They do not, after all, belong to the practical details of life, and success can be achieved without them. But I want you, Cyprian, to exercise your power and win for me Justina from the Christians."

"Young man, we approach dangerous ground. You seek my aid, and you say you believe not in the immortal gods of Rome and Greece, of Egypt and India? You are inconsistent. You must retract

your rash words by act—come and sacrifice to Apollo."

Agladius, in no wise disconcerted, checked a laugh. They rose and passed behind the curtain into a circular room. Its roof was supported on Doric columns of variegated marbles, the ceiling painted in arabesques of blue and black, red and gold, most harmoniously blended; the floor was of inlaid marble of various colors. In the center was a black marble slab, supported on pillars carved like delicate lace. This was the altar of sacrifice, on which Cyprian practiced the revolting rites of paganism. A divan was placed under a window, which opened out to a balcony, revealing a superb view of the moonlit Danube. A subtle perfume filled the air, causing an enervating languor at once to seize the visitor. It was emitted by the incense burning in a thurible placed before a large statue of Apollo, sculptured in alabaster, the folds of the drapery so arranged as to give an air of majestic ease to the figure.

Cyprian quickly shut the window of yellow stained glass, and the soft light from a lamp suspended from the center of the ceiling revealed every detail of the strange apartment to the young man's wondering gaze.

As Cyprian moved to and fro in preparation, the jewels in his girdle flashed with extraordinary brilliancy against the jet black softness of his loose robe.

Agladius drew himself up, and, folding his arms, awaited Cyprian's pleasure. His mind had grown disturbed from the moment his eyes had rested on the statue. The air of dark mystery about the place oppressed, annoyed him.

"Take the incense," said Cyprian. "Sacrifice to Apollo."

Agladius filled the golden spoon with a copious supply, and flung the incense into the thurible with no reverent air. The perfume became so powerful that the youth grew dizzy, almost intoxicated. He staggered forward, and threw himself on the couch.

"Rouse yourself," said Cyprian. "Yield not too easily. What seek you?"

"The rescue of Justina from the Chris-

tians," he replied; "her love and her hand. Furthermore, advancement, honor, preferment. Let me be as the divine Emperor himself—a god amongst men. Give me wealth unbounded, and a long life to enjoy it."

"Your requests are moderate," and Cyprian smiled. "The gods will grant them if you are faithful. You are entering into the spirit of our abode. Promise to carry out ruthlessly all edicts against the Christians, whenever and wherever it will be in your power; promise to labor to abolish from the earth the memory of the Nazarene, and the kingdoms of this world will be yours."

"I promise." Agladius' voice was broken with agitation.

"Then honor, wealth, preferment, pleasure are yours."

Cyprian approached the statue, and, offering incense, began muttering cabalistic words. The perfume became more subtle and penetrating. It worked on Agladius' nerves, producing unwonted excitement. His mind grew strangely disturbed. His emotions alternated from depression to frantic mirth, from hope to despair, from ambitious aspirations to utter indifference. The agitation of conflicting thoughts and feelings so shook him, physically as well as mentally, that self-control was becoming impossible. Fierce, cruel desires rent his heart; darkness filled his mind. A pause ensued, an ominous silence. At length Cyprian turned towards him. A deep melancholy brooded in his dark, expressive eyes, despair rang in his tones, as he exclaimed: "My familiar, Dæmon, is at hand. I am in his power. Seek you aught of him, Agladius?"

"Justina!" he broke out in reply.

A terrible howl burst on their ears.

"What is that?" asked Agladius, starting up.

"A hungry wolf in the forest," replied Cyprian.

"He is more than hungry," and Agladius' eyes dilated.

In hollow tones Cyprian continued: "The gods are angry. Astorath mourns. Apollo's power is held. Peace! Never,

never, never!" Suddenly he threw up his arms. "I hurl defiance at the God of the Christians!"

"And shall not I have Justina?"

In a loud, angry voice Cyprian replied: "There is no approaching her. She is armed with some mysterious sign which the spirits cannot face. She uses it perpetually in great faith. It sparkles on her breast in precious jewels. She signs it over all she eats and drinks, so that no potion of ours can harm. 'Tis a talisman all-powerful against us. 'Tis the sign of the Crucified. Spirits that crowd the air, ye mighty ones who people the Elysian fields, ye whose power rules the world, arise to combat! Baffle the sign!"

Another howl of rage, defiance and despair rang through the room, and outside; it was taken up by the echoes of the mountains, reverberating in mocking and menace, till it died away suddenly in the distance.

"A hungry wolf, indeed," remarked Agladius, with a shudder, "and a very uncanny one. Has Charon fallen into the Styx?"

Cyprian appeared disconcerted.

"The very name of Justina evokes the fury of the gods. But that is only a wolf," he replied.

Agladius, a prey to wildly conflicting emotions, to a turbulence of passions that approached the verge of madness, the darkness of his mind an image of the despair of his heart, felt that endurance was at an end. His misery crystallized into a cool, blind determination to end his life. He dashed from the room, out through the courts; away, away from that house, to the river!

II.

With the radiance of your peaceful beaming, O beautiful moon! shine into his troubled soul; speak to his weary soul! Tell him Love appointed you the ruling orb of night. Ye stars in the mysterious sky-depths, let your joyful shining tell him Love called you forth! Ye silvery waters, gliding in ceaseless flow to your end, let the music of your rippling sing to Love a melody of praise, and soothe his desolate soul into hope and peace!

'Twas a calm, soft summer night; the

moon shed sweet radiance around. All was still. No sound or sight of human joy or human woe intruded—yes, Agladius! hurrying distractedly.

The cool air fanned his hot brow. The calm, peaceful beauty of the moonlight river scene struck on his spirit with tranquillizing force. It recalled the image of Justina.

His pace grew less rapid, and slower, and still more slow. Reason resumed its sway.

"Justina! I sought you, for I would have you by fair means or foul, and shall I find you in the regions of Death? You, who are life, and joy, and bright content? That infernal machinery of Cyprian's in there had well nigh undone me!"

He had reached the bank of the river, and now stood with arms folded to take one long look. His handsome face was contracted with the agony of his mental tortures; dark and gloomy was the expression of those eyes that usually sparkled with mirth, or flashed with courage.

He had keen sympathy with Nature "in all her moods"; gradually his soul yielded to the softening influence of Nature's sweet peace; it stole into his soul, and lifted up his thoughts above himself.

"The world is very beautiful, and I am young," he murmured.

He continued for some time silently drinking in the loveliness surrounding him. The thought forced itself on his mind, inspired no doubt by guardian spirits, hovering near: "O Nature!" he exclaimed, "the Mind that planned thee was good!" He threw himself on the ground under a spreading oak. "The world is very beautiful, and I am young!" he repeated sadly.

He sank into a deep reverie. After a while, exhausted by the violence of the emotions he had experienced, he fell asleep, till the warm rays of the morning sun roused him to life and action.

Cyprian stood beside him.

"Forget all that passed last night. Ignore a temporary failure. I will accompany you to the East. Come, refresh yourself. Then we will start without delay."

To be continued.

EDITORIAL.

August brings a special wealth of devotion to those who follow the Dominican Calendar. Our holy Father, S. Dominic, S. Hyacinth, the great Apostle of the North, S. Rose of Lima, America's first canonized child, are honored, besides those beatified, including the mother of the Patriarch, Blessed Jane of Aza, whose life is sketched in this number of DOMINICANA.

Our Blessed Mother in the glory of her Assumption, the lovely feast of our Lady of the Snow, that of S. Augustine, whose rule the Dominicans follow, those of other holy Founders, notably S. Bernard and S. Alphonsus, both ardent champions of devotion to our Immaculate Lady, are some of the features of this specially favored month. As usual, we counsel our readers to consult the Calendar for details as to indulgences.

In the instructions to Governor Taft committed to him for his guidance in his negotiations with the Vatican, it was explicitly insisted that the American notion and plan of complete separation of Church and State should be realized in the Philippines. Very good! Putting aside Secretary Root as an unknown quantity (so far as knowledge of the case and fairness of purpose are viewed), we assume that the President will include, in this insistence, the schools of the Philippines, on which outspoken words are now in order by all who hold to the Catholic Faith and by all who hold to the American plan of "no public money for sectarian" and especially proselytizing purposes. In the Philippines American honor is on trial, and its worst enemies are the false-tongued and false-hearted persons who would rob the Filipinos of their Catholic Faith, under the pretence of "education."

We conclude in this number Mr. Mar-koe's excellent paper, the first portion of which was received with marked appreciation by our subscribers, from many of

whom we have heard. We are pleased to be able to promise them other contributions from this gifted gentleman.

A training school for scientific farmers, as a supplementary work of the Youths' Directory, will practically popularize the idea that brain work is not only required for, but is being honorably expended in rural pursuits. America's slow progress in this respect is forcibly illustrated by the fact that France maintains nine national schools of agriculture, and connected with each school is a well-kept farm in which the students put their lessons into practice. In addition to these national schools there is a large number of intermediate farming schools. There are about forty agricultural institutes besides, under the control and direction of the Church. These schools have popularized farming as a means of livelihood and have very much improved the farming methods of the French people. Consequently France has ten millions of peasant proprietors, while England and Ireland together have less than nine hundred thousand.

Aside from utilitarian advantages accruing to the individual and to the State, the institution proposed by Father Crowley has a higher object in view—the stimulation of the popular appreciation of the dignity of labor as a means of spiritual profit and eternal recompense. We are confident that this worthy enterprise will meet with the substantial support of California's citizens.

In our July number we spoke of this latest work undertaken by the zealous and generous-hearted Director of the Youths' Directory, and we are pleased to refer again to the subject, urging our friends to be friends and helpers of Father Crowley, who will gratefully appreciate their co-operation.

On the important question of the Taft Commission at Rome, the misleading

journals give, daily, unreliable information—in other words, falsehoods. Space must be filled, and the Friars are doing good work in this, if they never did any other good work. If the spirit of gentleness and truthfulness and brotherly love, as understood by our American brand missionaries, could prevail in the Philippines, the only good Friar would be, like the only good Indian, a dead one!

The Bishop of Buffalo, Monsignor Quigley, has organized a most practical and even necessary work—an anti-socialistic league, which will be established in all the parishes of his diocese. The object of this society, membership in which will be general, including the Clergy, and, among the laity, employers and employed, is the dissemination of sound and wholesome instruction, according to Christian principles, on questions social and economic. We congratulate the learned and zealous Bishop of Buffalo, and we hope that other dioceses will take up the work he has so earnestly inaugurated.

The proclamation of a general amnesty in the Philippines, the work of the President, all good citizens welcomed. For still better things all good citizens wait and hope. Over the Cuban situation, in the matter of reciprocity, bitter controversy wages, the fruits of which will be part of the payment that this nation must make for its warlike enterprises. And we are not near the end of the chapter.

The important review which we publish in this number, on a recent Dante volume, is Mr. Mooney's introduction to the readers of DOMINICANA. We are privileged to announce a series of articles by this scholarly writer, on a subject very near to the heart of DOMINICANA. The first portion of this series will appear, we trust, within a few months.

The Honorable George F. Thafroth, a Representative in Congress from the State of Colorado, has favored us with a copy of his speech, delivered in the House, at Washington, June 24th, on "Philippine

Policy—Who Are the Patriots?" For genuine American reading of the old school style, we commend to our friends this vigorous address of Representative Thafroth.

We are indebted to the courtesy of our senior California Senator, the Honorable George C. Perkins, for a copy of his speech, in the United States Senate chamber, June 10th, dealing with the question of building war vessels, and giving a history of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

We commend to our readers the Senator's fine address, and we further advise them to secure a copy for careful perusal.

The Bishop of Hartford, whose diocese includes the State of Connecticut, has appointed Father Clement Thuente, O. P., and one of the Diocesan priests, to organize the various branches of the Holy Name Society, established in that State, into a general union, after the manner of the New York and Brooklyn plan, which has truly wrought wonders in the development of the Holy Name Apostolate. Here, on the Pacific Coast, we hope to witness a like growth and organization, in due time. From the various branches in California we hear good tidings bearing promise of still better to come.

The latest advices from Washington in regard to matters Philippine inform us that the President has ordered an investigation of the charges, formally presented, to him by the federated Catholic societies of Pittsburg, that public school teachers in the Philippines have engaged in the work of perverting Filipino children from the Catholic Faith. The President will punish those found guilty; they will be dismissed from the service. Of the thousand teachers appointed from the United States to positions in the public schools of the Islands, only nineteen are Catholic.

On July 9th Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul delivered an address before the National Educational Association. He spoke of the deplorable tendencies of sensational

la, and crowned his indictment by a final statement that he knew, personally, that before our war with Spain the American journal instructed its Spanish correspondent to "wire all that for war, nothing that tends to pre-empt delay it."

Comment necessary, or advice, or reply?

In the latest encyclical of our Holy Father, that on devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, we make an extract, promising our readers to continue in this way what we shall have reproduced, in its entirety, this beautiful letter:

Examples of wonderful love for the salvation of men which shine forth from Christ, have, as befits our holy Father, been the object of our study and contemplation, and, with His aid, will be the end of our life. With our lot cast where that are bitterly hostile to truth and justice, we have, as far as in us lay, instruction, admonition and action, as recent Apostolic Letters manifest, ceased to declare what seemed to us suitable for the dispelling of error and the development of Christian activity. There are two such recent occurrences of a kindred nature that have afforded us occasion in the midst of many causes. One is that we thought well to relate the whole human race in a fitting manner to the Sacred Heart of the Father; the other that we have solemnly exhorted all those who bear the name of Christian to adhere closely to Him who is to all men, individually and collectively, the way, the truth and the life. Under the influence of the same divine charity, looking to the condition of the Church, we are urged to command and perfect, as it were, what has been done, by recommending, in a special manner, to Christians the Blessed Eucharist as a most divine gift coming from the most recesses of the Heart of the Father, who hath so ardently desired union with men, a gift also which is especially designed to bestow the wholesome fruits of the redemption. In this manner we have before this put forth our efforts and authority. It is fitting to recall, among other things, that we gave legal sanction and privileges to societies and associations for the Holy Eucharistic Adoration; and that we promoted the becoming celebration and solemnity of Eucharistic assemblies, bestowing to them and to kindred

works as a heavenly patron St. Paschal Baylon, who was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Eucharist.

"It pleases us therefore, venerable Brethren, to address you on some points of this mystery in the defense and explanation of which the labor of the Church, accompanied at times by the palms of the martyrs, has been displayed, and a splendid array of doctrine, eloquence and various gifts of great men have been shown; and all this to the purpose of making more clear the efficacy of the same, especially in so far as it meets the pressing needs of the times. And surely since Christ the Lord, at the close of His mortal career, left this attestation of His infinite love for man, and this special aid for the life of the world (John vi., 52), we, who are soon to depart from this life, can desire nothing better than to arouse and enrich in the souls of all an affection of grateful indebtedness and devotion to this wonderful Sacrament on which we think must specially depend the hope and efficacy of the welfare and peace which are so anxiously sought by all.

"The fact that we should hold out such aids and remedies to an age that is wretchedly disturbed and suffering may surprise some, and may even cause our words to be received with a certain fastidiousness in some quarters. This results particularly from pride, which, once seated in souls, causes the decline of Christian faith, which demands the devoted homage of the mind, and a dreadful darkness as to things divine settles on the soul. Hence it is to be said of many: They blaspheme what they know not (Jude, 10). All this, far from averting us from our design, can only urge us to strive the more to bear light to the well-disposed and to implore, by the prayers of pious brethren, the pardon of those who revile holy things."

The eleventh session of the Catholic Summer School of America is in progress at the Assembly Grounds, Cliff Haven, New York. The school opened on July sixth and will close on September fifth. It has steadily progressed since its establishment in 1892.

The literary and educational program for the present session consists of special courses in History, Literature and Philosophy. A week has been assigned to the consideration of the varied phases of the History of the Middle Ages. The intense interest centered in these Ages of Faith has been augmented by the persistent

effort of libelous historians to render them in every aspect even darker than painted.

Lecturers of special ability have been selected to present the leading features of that remarkable period of history upon which our modern civilization is based. Five lectures, developing each of the following subjects, will be delivered: "The Political History of the Middle Ages," "Ecclesiastical History of the Middle Ages," "Spiritual Ideals of the Middle Ages," "The Literary History of the Middle Ages," and "Philosophy of the Middle Ages." These subjects include information for the enlightenment of all lovers of truth and champions of justice.

MAGAZINES.

The Ecclesiastical Review for July contains a very interesting sketch of Father Louis de Barbastro, a Spanish Dominican and a sixteenth century martyr, whose death for the Faith occurred within the boundaries of the present State of Florida.

In the same number of the *Review* Father Hugh Pope, O. P., writes most instructively on that much misunderstood proposition of the Fourth Lateran Council, "outside the Church there is no salvation."

The California journals furnish to their readers little information on the Philippines, especially as far as Catholic interests are concerned. We avail, however, of that national paper, *The Sun*, New York, to present to our friends the following from the issue of July 3d:

The Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, a Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, who recently visited the Philippines, has made a report on the work before Protestant missionaries in the islands. The report deals largely with the work of the Catholic Church, and says in part:

"The vital need of the Filipinos is character. Since the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines has conspicuously failed to produce character, and since neither the civil law nor the public school can effectively enter that realm, who shall do this vital work? There is only one who can, only one who is in the Philip-

pines for that specific purpose, and that is the Protestant missionary.

"His ideas of God and man, of truth and duty, are as much superior to those that existed before his arrival as our American political and educational ideas are superior to theirs. * * The effect of American political ideas and of American public schools will inevitably be to break the power of superstition and to develop in multitudes that which will make it impossible for them to remain in the Roman Catholic Church as it now exists. * * Shall they go to atheism or Protestantism?"

"We must not allow our work to degenerate into the merely negative one of fighting the Roman Catholic Church. It will require self-restraint to avoid this. The opposition of Rome will be persistent, bitter and unscrupulous. Our foes are men who hold that the end justifies the means, and the end they seek is Protestant overthrow. Moreover, instances of priestly cruelty and immorality will frequently develop, and the temptations will be strong to ring the changes upon them.

"But enough has been written and enough more will be written to enable the world to understand the character of Spanish Filipino Romanism. We may be obliged from time to time to do what I have attempted to do in part in this report, vindicate our right and duty to control missionary work in the Philippine Islands. But, as a rule, the missionaries can spend their time to better advantage in preaching a positive gospel. The Filipinos know their own sore; what they need is the remedy. * * * The Christianity of the Filipinos is only a veneered heathenism. * *"

Dr. Brown says that the work should be tactfully done, should be made self-supporting as far as possible, and should be as little sectarian as possible, only one form of Protestantism being presented in a given district. He says:

"We cannot afford to make any compromise of faith in the conduct of our schools and hospitals. I would rather have twenty pupils with freedom to influence them to dedicate their lives to God than to have a hundred on the condition that we must not try to convert them."

On this succulent, toothsome delicacy, this gentle outpouring of truth (?) and charity (?) *The Sun* comments, July 6th:

THE WICKED FILIPINOS.

We have received the copy of a report made by the Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of

Foreign Missions, of his observations during a recent visit to the Philippines and of his conclusions from them.

The document is not the work of a wise man or of a man of philosophical spirit, and it will do more harm than good.

"The vital need of the Filipinos," says Dr. Brown, "is character"; but is not that a need general to all peoples? To "change the heart from which the evil motive springs" he finds to be necessary in the Philippines; but where is it not a necessity?

As a proof of the badness of the "heart" of the Filipinos and of their "vital need" of "character," he instances the necessity, according to "a high official in Manila," of practically licensing the social evil, since it is impossible there "to prevent immorality." But is there not a school of social philosophers who advocate a like system as necessary for New York, likewise? Has our American civilization yet distinguished itself by eradicating immorality at home? That immorality here is widespread seemed to be rather shockingly evident in the last municipal campaign.

"The first use of English by an Asiatic is usually to say damn." But that is not a proclivity or a preference peculiar to the Asiatic. "Damn" is the word in the English vocabulary which is most quickly and generally understood and adopted by peoples of a different speech. Let Dr. Brown make investigations as to the matter among the immigrant population of New York.

"The improved steamers which have just been completed for the Pacific Coast and Oriental route will, like their predecessors, carry a hundred times more beer and whisky than school books and Bibles." Yes, but not more proportionately than do our own transatlantic steamers.

It is probably true that the Filipinos have "little of genuine religion," for where are the people who have much of it? Are they here in New York? This is the illustration he gives to prove his point:

"I was in a Negros market one evening when 'the Angelus' sounded. Instantly a hush fell upon the crowded booths, and every native rose and stood with uncovered head and reverent attitude while the deep tones of the church bell rolled solemnly and yet sweetly through the darkening air. It was a beautiful scene. But a moment later the people turned again to their gambling and bickering and bino (rice whisky), evidently without the faintest idea that there was any connection between worship and conduct."

Is such incongruity of emotions and occupations peculiar to the Filipinos? When noon-time services have been held in

Trinity have not brokers turned from the awe provoked by their sublimity to resume "gambling and bickering" on the Stock Exchange and "bino" cocktails, "without the faintest idea that there was any connection between worship and conduct"?

"The Christianity of the Filipinos is only a veneered heathenism." But how much American Christianity is more than a "veneer"? How much deeper than a "veneer" has civilization generally gone? Go to one of the Southern "lynching bees," Dr. Brown, and report your observations, reflections and conclusions.

Dr. Brown has much fault to find with the phase of Christianity exhibited in the Philippines under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. Very likely it is open to criticism; most phases of Christianity are in all lands. The genuine article is nowhere superabundant, even in communities where Presbyterianism is most in evidence.

That the Rev. Dr. Brown's report will not contribute to the happy settlement of either the political or religious problem in the Philippines is demonstrated very unpleasantly in two letters from Roman Catholics, which we print to-day as indicative of the sentiment of that Church.

The communications to which *The Sun* refers we also present:

To the Editor of the *Sun*—Sir: Why does the Presbyterian Dr. Brown find fault with the Catholic Church for trying to keep its members within its fold? Would he not do the same thing under like conditions? Or is he afraid that the Administration, through the Educational Department at Washington, is not doing enough?

Personally, I do not see why Catholics should worry much over the kind of converts the doctor is likely to corral in the Philippines. Dean Swift once mentioned something about weeds from the Pope's garden. It would be a good thing if it were known that all of the Katipunans were members of the doctor's kirk. But, how in heaven is the doctor going to give them a "positive Gospel," as he calls it? He wants to have "spiritual spheres of influence" surveyed off, and each church play shinny on its own side, and leave the other, except the Catholic (and that is to be wiped out entirely, entirely, poor thing), severely alone.

But won't the deuce be to pay with that positive Gospel" if any Tagalog should wander out of his special corral and get into one where another "positive Gospel," of a new brand, is kept for home consumption purely? How is the doctor go-

ing to arrange things to prevent that? Can Secretary Root be depended on to send troops to put them back into the proper preserves? Will the local militia be numerous enough to patrol the boundaries of these spheres?

HUGH J. CARROLL.

Pawtucket, R. I., July 5th.

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: The Rev. Dr. Brown can believe as he likes, but I don't see what right he has to force his belief on the Philippines.

The very essence of his own faith is supposed to guarantee the freedom of conscience. Now give the Filipinos the benefit of the application of this principle, even if the reverend gentleman should lose quite a territory wherein to operate for his advantage.

The Rev. Dr. Brown bewails the immorality of the Philippine clergy, but we would say, as the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid said of the Mexican clergy when a like charge was made by one of Dr. Brown's own body, that the Philippine clergy, according to the best and most reliable statistics, will compare most favorably with the morals of the Presbyterian clergy. Without talking about this country, in which many examples of weakness incident to human nature may be found, we have only to look to Scotland, over which Dr. Brown's religion has for the most part sway, and we find that it is perhaps the most immoral country in the world.

One thing is certain, that if the reverend gentleman goes to the Philippines he will not have Government help. We will take care of this. The only thing he will have to repose upon is the truth of his religion and the money collected by his sympathizers. He will find that Filipino "Romanism" is that precisely of the rest of the world, of the greater part of the civilized nations, and dates from the days of S. Peter.

The Rev. Dr. Brown proposes to preach to the Filipinos a "positive religion." Let him read over again the speeches of the late Presbyterian Assembly and see where he can find a "positive religion" amid the contradictory and ever-changing (the latter even according to their own confession) declarations on the matter of Christian revelation. If he has not got it, how then he can preach a "positive Gospel" to the Filipinos?

Now, let me give Dr. Brown a bit of advice. The Filipinos don't want either you or your "positive Gospel." Your example in the game of Christian doctrine as played in the United States and in Scotland is not such as to invite a healthy

person to imitate you. Attend to your own waning religion. The Filipinos are professing a religion which is in accordance with their conscience. This every decent man will allow them. This they will have, anyhow, if twenty-five millions of Catholics and their sympathizers have anything to say about it.

AN AMERICAN.

Springfield, Mass., July 4th.

And finally, from *The Sun*, July 4, we present this bit, without comment:

PROSELYTIZING IN THE ISLANDS.

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: The International Catholic Truth Society has reason to know, through intimate and authentic correspondence, that active and organized proselytizing is going on in the islands, and while it may not be officially countenanced, the results are the same as if it was. A strong effort is being made to uproot Catholicism in the Philippines. To effect this, temporal inducements are offered to the natives to abandon their faith. One would have expected the appointment of a number of Catholic teachers in a country where the people are Catholics almost to an individual, but the fact is that teachers have been debarred from the very fact that they were Catholics. We can give the name of a student of the Washington university who was refused a position as teacher because of his religion. Not a single Catholic teacher is employed in the normal school at Manila. Only two Catholic teachers are employed in the public schools of Manila, and these are both women. Manila being the educational center and headquarters from which teachers will be sent broadcast, care has been taken to exclude Catholics from the schools.

The moral effect of this uprooting of the religious associations of four hundred years from the lives of a simple people must be apparent to all who have ever gone beneath the surface of such problems.

LORENZO O'ROURKE,

Secretary International Catholic Truth Society.

From *The Josephite* for February, which contains a contribution from the pen of the Reverend Francis J. Tobin (whose article in our April number outlined the work of the Negro Missions), we glean the following encouraging piece of information:

may be a bit of news for some of readers to learn that two colored have recently celebrated their jubilee as Sisters in a colored convent in Maryland. How significant, too, this event should occur in old Maryland, the home of religious toleration in new world. The celebration took on Dec. 11th, in Saint Frances' Convent on Chase street, Baltimore. This institution is located in a respectable part of the town, and is well known to all its neighbors as the "colored" convent. For years its name has been held in high esteem of both the laymen and the clergy of the city. The neighbors have no cause of annoyance from its proximity, but it has rather been a source of admiration to all. Visitors are welcomed, and the daily routine of the inmates made known quite cheerfully. The favor with which the white people of Baltimore receive this colored convent has been shown repeatedly, by the frequent bequests left and the numerous donations offered to the Sisters every year. Truly, it is an inspiring sight to see negro women aspiring so high in the religious life, and living so perseveringly to the lofty standard demanded by their vows. Their institution has an enviable reputation; for its name has not received the slightest stain. Therein are young colored girls educated and trained under the direction of women of their own race, who are excellent examples of the purity and holiness which they would inculcate into the souls of their young pupils.

As more we have to revere over the wisdom of many of the negro race, the more we are impelled to admire these colored Sisters, living the chastened life of good daughters of our Holy Church. When we consider these colored women, vowed to holy service of our Lord, we need go no further to know what high perfection a race can attain, or to see what marvels the teaching of the Catholic religion can accomplish. These colored nuns give able testimony of the ability of the colored woman to become holy, and also to the wonderful

efficiency of the true Church of Christ to lead her and confirm her in the ways of sanctity.

"The colored convent in Baltimore—its very existence—is a credit to the colored people; and indeed the Catholics of America should derive no small consolation from the great results acquired therefrom by the Church's efforts."

The discourse delivered on the occasion of the first Mass celebrated by the recently ordained colored priest, Father Dorsey, was not of such quality as demands approval. Having carefully read the copy sent out to editors, we are in agreement with the following from that sterling journal *The Sacred Heart Review*:

"We have always sympathized with Father Slattery's work, and have spoken well of it, and secured assistance for it from the good men and women whom we could influence. But because this sermon of his, which he has sent to the press broadcast through the country, misrepresents the sentiments of the Holy Father, takes an un-Catholic attitude towards the religious orders, does violence to the facts of history, obscures and actually misrepresents, it seems to us, important Catholic doctrines, and is, altogether, a piece of work in such bad taste, we deem it incumbent on us to offer this emphatic remonstrance."

The Arena for July contains, as its leading contribution, an admirable symposium, by four competent writers, on the subject, "Why I am Opposed to Imperialism." *The Arena* is doing excellent work for genuine American political principles.

In the same number of this periodical we read, with pleasure, an editorial highly commendatory of the stand taken by Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, during the recent street railway strike in this city. On that occasion Mayor Schmitz proved himself to be a man of honesty, courage and devotion to justice.

The personal influence of the German Emperor is interestingly and instructively treated in the July number of *The North American Review*. The Kaiser represents, in his private and public life, a high order of esteem for morality and re-

ligion. His example, in striking contrast with that of the French Republic, is most wholesome. In a recent address delivered at Aix-la-Chapelle the Emperor gave utterance to sentiments worthy of a true Christian who recognizes that the foundations of a nation's welfare must be laid in the fear of God. Among other things his Majesty said:

"I look to all to strengthen the hold of religion on the people, Catholics and Protestants alike. Whosoever does not base his life on faith is lost. My Empire, my army and myself have chosen the protection of Him who said, 'Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word shall not pass away.'"

In an age of denial and blasphemy, when many would dethrone God, and banish His providence from the affairs of men, such a declaration is a trumpet-blast challenge against infidels and agnostics; it is a noble call in the name of morality, to the youth of our day.

In the same number of the *Review* John Handiboe discusses "Strikes and the Public Welfare," in a very clear and convincing manner. One sentence will illustrate his vigorous style and worthy purpose: "There has been too much of 'the public be d—d' sentiment in these affairs, and it has now become the public duty to declare emphatically and definitely that labor disputants shall have no more right to disturb public tranquillity by recourse to a test of strength and endurance than a pair of bruisers have to settle their differences on the street."

As Mr. Handiboe holds the scales of justice evenly balanced, and as he means by "labor disputants" employers and employed, we agree with him that "the public has too long submitted, too long uncomplainingly paid the price (in losses and sufferings to innocent parties), too long abetted in its own undoing," and, therefore, we should compel arbitration or legal settlement of all such disputes.

"The Filipinos, thanks to the influence of the Spaniards during several centuries, are the best bred people in the world. Several of them assisted at the celebration of the Fourth of July in Manila, and listened, without a smile, to the reading

of the Declaration of Independence. Whatever may be said of their capacity for self-government, their capacity for self-restraint is enormous."

Thus *The Ave Maria!* A neat piece of work! Our compliments to the Editor.

Considerable interest has been awakened by the announcement that *The Century Magazine* for August will contain the initial chapters of a story entitled "The Biography of a Prairie Girl." The author, Eleanor Gates, writes from her experimental knowledge of prairie life, having spent her childhood in Dakota.

The varied phases of prairie hardship and prosperity will be impressively presented. The illustrations of local scenes will admirably enhance appreciation.

The Atlantic Monthly for July publishes a temperate, judicious, well-balanced article on "Race Prejudice in the Philippines," written by a gentleman who lived in the Islands. We congratulate Mr. Le Roy, and we thank *The Atlantic Monthly* for this wholesome contribution to the nation's rapidly growing store of knowledge and, we trust, repentance and reparation.

Hildegard Hawthorne, in the same issue of the *Atlantic*, has the following expressive sentiment, entitled "Loss."

Who that hath lost some dear-beloved friend,
But knoweth how—when the wild grief is spent

That tore his soul with agony, and did lend

E'en to the splendor-beaming firmament
The blighting darkness of his shadowed heart—

There surely follows peace and quiet sorrow

That lead his spirit, by divinest art,
Past the dear present to that glorious morrow

Where parting is not, neither grief nor fear!

But how shall he find comfort, who sees die,

Not the one presence that he held most dear;

But from his heart a hope as Heaven high,

And from his life a wish as Truth sublime,

And from his soul a love that mocked at Time?

In *The Literary Era* for July, Joseph Dana Miller writes of "The Growth of Christian Science." Elaborate illustrations of imposing edifices attest the spread of the delusion which is becoming generally known as "Eddyism." In the light of recent disclosures of "un-Christian non-science," by Gordon Clark, in his "Church of S. Bunco," we have an antidote for the moral poison that is being diffused by Mrs. Eddy and her followers. The massive structures erected in the name of Christian Science are veritable "whited sepulchres, filled with dead men's bones."

"It is nothing short of an outrage that the money that is contributed in taxes by the people of the United States—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—should be used to rob the people in the Philippines of what is dearer to them than their life—their faith. A most emphatic protest against the iniquity should go up from every citizen, no matter what be his religious belief, against the perpetuation of these civil crimes."

While we quote these stirring words from *The Catholic World*, for July, we are very pleased because of the stand taken by this magazine in the Editor's spirited and truly American remarks on "The School Question in the Philippines." A good paper, it deserves applause. It is a contribution to the light, and light the people sorely need.

The Churchman, June 21st, devotes its leading editorial to the West Point Centennial celebration, and illustrates the value of the discipline maintained at our national military academy by appealing to the Episcopalians to adopt the principles and methods so long recognized by the Army in the training of their clerical candidates. *The Churchman* then makes this graceful admission: "The only Church in America that, from first to last, has consistently and persistently recognized the supreme value of training and discipline is the Roman Catholic."

The Lippincott Magazine for July contains, among other excellent features, the

following beautiful poem, from the pen of Aloysius Coll, entitled, "To a Dying Bee":

We are twin spirits, fit to understand
Each other's sorrow—you a dying bee,
Drowsy and numb upon the grass, and I
The ashes of a dream that burned in me.

When summer sent you booming down
the dune,
Thirsting you came unto a flower new
And seeming sweet. You sipped your desire—
And the nectar was a poison-dew!

When summer sent me singing down the
moor,
I found a wilding lily, and her breath
Was woman's witchery. I thought it
sweet—
Aye, sweetened wormwood, and the
dregs were death.

We are twin spirits, cheated by a sign
Of venom gilded with a shallow gleam—
You drowsy from the poisoned honey, I
Awake to the deception of a dream.

We believe that we are serving the cause of truth and the best interests of our country, in recommending to our readers *The Pilot*, July 5, the first page of which is devoted to affairs Philippine, to the school question there, and to an exposé of the renegade Filipino Buen-camino, whose unsavory record is now fairly well known.

In the same spirit and for the same object we mention, with cordial approval, the work of *The Freeman's Journal*, July 5. Catholics need to be enlightened.

The Churchman, July 5, gives an account of the laying of the corner-stone of an Episcopalian convent for Sisters at Peekskill, New York. No movement in the Episcopalian Church is more significant of Romeward tendencies than the recognition and encouragement afforded to devout women by the authorities of that church.

On this subject *The Catholic Witness*, published in San Francisco as the organ of the High Church party (to whom nothing is more palatable than the word Catholic, nothing more repugnant than

the title Protestant), recently spoke in a vein of great discouragement, bewailing the lack of "vocations," and chiding the "mother superiors" for their indifference, etc.

To us who have the real convent and the genuine nun, these imitations are pathetically suggestive. Assuredly they call for our prayers in the spirit of charity, in the hope of union, of incorporation with the one true Church of all honest souls.

From a recent issue of *The Freeman's Journal* we take the following extract from Senator Hoar's speech:

"But I have an anterior duty and an anterior right to talk about the action of the American Senate, both in the past and in the present, for which, as no man will deny, I have my full share of personal responsibility. The Senator from Ohio, in his very brilliant and forcible speech, which I have heard with delight and instruction, said that we were bound to restore order in the Philippine Islands, and we cannot leave them till that should be done. He said we were bound to keep the faith we pledged to Spain in the treaty, and that we were bound, before we left, to see that secured. He said we were bound, especially, to look out for the safety of the Filipinos who had been our friends, and that we could not, in honor, depart until that should be made secure.

All that, Mr. President, is true. So far as I know, no man has doubted it. But these things are not what we are fighting for; not one of them. There never was a time when, if we had declared that we only were there to keep faith with Spain, and that we only were there to restore order, that we were only there to see that no friend of ours should suffer at the hands of any enemy of ours, that the war would not have ended in that moment.

You are fighting for sovereignty. You are fighting for the principle of eternal dominion over that people, and that is the only question in issue in the conflict.

We said in the case of Cuba that she had a right to be free and independent. We affirmed in the Teller resolution, I think, without a negative voice, that we would not invade that right and would not meddle with her territory or anything that belonged to her. That declaration was a declaration of peace as well of righteousness; and we made the treaty, so far as concerned Cuba, and conducted the war and have conducted ourselves ever

since on that theory—that we had no right to interfere with her independence; that we had no right to her territory or to anything that was Cuba's. So we only demanded in the treaty that Spain should hereafter let her alone. If you had done to Cuba as you have done to the Philippine Islands, who had exactly the same right, you would be at this moment in Cuba just where Spain was when she excited the indignation of the civilized world, and we compelled her to let go. And if you had done in the Philippines as you did in Cuba, you would be to-day or would soon be in those islands as you are in Cuba.

But you made a totally different declaration about the Philippine Islands. You undertook in the treaty to acquire sovereignty over her for yourself, which that people denied.

You declared not only in the treaty, but in many public utterances in this Chamber and elsewhere, that you had a right to buy sovereignty with money, or to treat it as the spoils of war on the booty of battle. The moment you made that declaration the Filipino people gave you notice that they treated it as a declaration of war. * * * We cannot get rid of this one fact, and we cannot escape it, and we cannot flinch from it. You chose war instead of peace. You chose force instead of conciliation, with full notice that everything that has happened since would happen as a consequence of your decision. * * * In Cuba, of right, just government, according to you, must rest on the consent of the governed. Her people are to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." In the Philippine Islands a government is to be instituted by a Power 10,000 miles away, to be in the beginning a despotism, established by military power, and to be such, to use the language of the McEnery resolution, such as shall seem "for the interest of the United States."

You have given both doctrines a three years' trial. Three years is sometimes a very long time and sometimes a very short time in human affairs. I believe the whole life of the Saviour, after he first made his divine mission known, lasted but three years. Three years has wrought a mighty change in Cuba, and it has wrought a mighty change in the Philippine Islands. We have had plenty of time to try both experiments. Now, what has each cost you, and what has each profited you? * * * If you try to keep order

by military despotism, you suffer from it by revolution, and by barbarity in war. If a strong people try to govern a weak one against its will, the home Government will get despotic, too.

You cannot maintain despotism in Asia and a republic in America. If you try to deprive even a savage or a barbarian of his just rights, you can never do it without becoming a savage or barbarian yourself.

Has there been any practical statesmanship in our dealing with Cuba? You had precisely the same problem in the East and in the West. You knew all about conditions in Cuba. There has been no lack of counsellors to whisper in the ear of the President and Senate and House the dishonorable counsel that we should hold on to Cuba, without regard to our pledges or our principles, and that the resolution of the Senator from Colorado (Mr. Teller) was a great mistake. I do not know how other men may feel, but I think that the statesmen who have had something to do with bringing Cuba into the family of nations, when they look back upon a career, that my friends who sit around me, when each comes to look back upon a career of honorable and brilliant public service, will count the share they had in that as among the brightest, the greenest and the freshest laurels in their crown. . . .

You may also, my Imperialistic friends, have had your ideals and your sentimentalities. One is that the flag shall never be hauled down where it has once floated. Another is that you will not talk or reason with a people with arms in their hands. Another is that sovereignty over an unwilling people may be bought with gold. And another is that sovereignty may be got by force of arms, as the booty or the spoils of victory.

What has been the practical statesmanship which comes from your ideals and your sentimentalities?

You have wasted six hundred millions of treasure. You have sacrificed nearly 10,000 American lives—the flower of our youth. You have devastated provinces. You have slain uncounted thousands of the people you desire to benefit. You have established reconcentration camps. Your generals are coming home from their harvest, bringing their sheaves with them, in the shape of other thousands of sick and wounded and insane to drag out miserable lives, wrecked in body and mind. You make the American flag, in the eyes of a numerous people, the emblem of sacrilege in Christian churches, and of the burning of human dwellings, and of the horror of the water torture."

Despite the passage of the Philippine bill in the recent session of Congress, these sentiments of the venerable Senator speak for principles, and are, therefore, ever timely.

BOOKS.

There was no special need for a new life of S. Dominic, but the biography issued by Benziger Brothers, New York, translated from the French of Jean Guirand by Katherine de Mattos, is not without excellent features. Perhaps it will reach those to whom Mother Drane's masterpiece may not be accessible.

M. Guirand wrote with a purpose which was doomed to failure—a seeming determination to discredit the Rosary Tradition. The Rosary Tradition and S. Dominic have witnesses and proofs, pontifical and historical, that are unassailable, though other recent efforts have disedifyingly and unsuccessfully been made against them. In his efforts to be scientific, the author is un-historic and inaccurate. He is misleading; we do not say dishonest, because we judge not harshly. We feel constrained to note this serious flaw in a good book, from which we make the following extract giving the author's estimate of S. Dominic:

"It is indeed impossible to imagine greater self-abnegation in a life more entirely devoted to God's service. From the day, when as a student at Palencia, he sold his books to help the needy, till the day when, as he lay dying, he addressed his last exhortation to his religious, S. Dominic had but one object—God's glory—and it is this which gives his life its wonderful unity. In this he resembles many other saints, but his character grows clearer and more individual when we consider the methods he employed. There are, amongst the select, those who the better to practice asceticism, plunge into solitude and shut themselves up in cloisters lest any noise from without should disturb their ecstasy. Others fling themselves into action; it may be to work miracles of charity, or to spread further the reign of the Gospel. Some arrive at saintship by means repug-

nant to delicacy of feeling and astonishing to intelligent minds. Those are rare who harmoniously unite mysticism and action, pushing both to the verge of the sublime.

"S. Dominic was of these. If one considers the austerity of his life, and remembers the hair-cloth worn next his skin, the bloody discipline, the iron chain about his loins, the abstinence he all his life practiced, the whole nights passed in prayer; if one calls to mind the Order of Cloistered Nuns founded by him, who behind their grating were vowed to penance and contemplation, he appears as a mystic fit to figure on the altar beside S. Bruno, S. Teresa and S. Paul of the Cross. But it was this same saint who wandered afoot through western Europe preaching the Word, whose voice was heard in thousands of towns and hamlets, who founded an Order where everything tends to apostolic action, who himself organized most of his convents and directed the deliberations of the friars in Chapter. Wise in heavenly things, but with a wonderful comprehension of earthly affairs, he excelled in conducting a negotiation or a controversy, in looking after material concerns, in buying, exchanging and attending to agricultural returns to provide for the existence of his beloved daughters of Prouille. The friend of Simon de Montfort, the adviser of the Popes, he took part in the most important political questions of the time; he judged the heretics; crucifix in hand he appeared on the battle-field; and, at scarcely fifty-one years of age he died, worn out by his ceaseless activity as much as by his asceticism."

Students of the history of music from primitive times down to its latest artistic developments will peruse with delight Professor Edward Dickinson's commendable work, entitled *MUSIC IN THE HISTORY OF THE WESTERN CHURCH*. Professor Dickinson pays a just tribute to the Catholic Church in her recognition and development of the highest form of music — "absolute vocal melody" — by which the Church established "a new art principle of which all the worship music

of modern Christendom is the natural fruit." This vital principle proclaimed by the Fathers of the Church and demonstrated in the vocalization of the liturgy, distinctively separates the church style from the secular style.

Sacred melody expresses the "universal mood of prayer, rather than the expression of individual, fluctuating, passionate emotion with which secular music deals—that rapt, pervasive, exalted tone which makes no attempt at detailed painting of events or superficial mental states, but seems rather to symbolize the fundamental sentiments of humility, awe, hope and love which mingle all particular experience in the common offering that surges upward from the heart of the Church to its Lord and Master."

Aside from the intrinsic value of the musical data contained in the book, Professor Dickinson's work bears the impress of rare literary ability and will be especially valued as a lofty expression of noble thought.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have brought out the book in an appropriately elegant style of printing and binding.

THE CHURCH OF SAINT BUNCO, by Gordon Clark, is handsomely printed by the Abbey Press, New York.

In his characteristic, spirited and peripatetic style Mr. Clark addresses the general public, calling attention to the evils evident in the practices of the "malefaction" termed "Christian Science." Mr. Clark very justly remarks that "Christian Science is a leech fastened upon great truths mostly, if not wholly, to batten on them."

While deploring that the "hypnotic servitude" of Christian Scientists has placed its victims almost beyond the hope of redemption, the writer energetically sets out to disclose, for the benefit of un-Eddyfied Christians the inner workings of the religious mill that coins rational beings into scientific lunatics.

Saint Bunco is a fitting name for the institution founded by and flourishing

under the fraudulent methods of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy. "Mother" Eddy's personal history is as unsavory as her teachings are vile and infamous. Mr. Clark proves that the entire system of "Christian Science" is false in its claims and diabolical in its results.

The book should be distributed widely by all Christian philanthropists and guardians of public decency. Mr. Clark has earned by his able work the lasting gratitude of all lovers of truth.

From the author, who acts in this case as his own publisher, we have received the first volume of *UNIVERSAL HISTORY*, by the Reverend Reuben Parsons, D. D., a handsome book of six hundred pages, octavo.

Distinguished for his many valuable contributions to the cause of Truth and the Church, notably his *STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY* and *SOME LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY*, Doctor Parsons makes a new departure into the domain of profane history, his present work dealing with ancient times. Nevertheless he is always mindful of the great truth that theology runs through all history, that we cannot avoid morality and religion in treating of secular affairs, unless we should choose the foolish method of agnostic or materialist in a blasphemous effort to exclude God from His own creation.

To quote Doctor Parsons: "This work is not professedly and almost exclusively controversial (as is his *STUDIES*), but argument is not shunned when the interests of historical truth call for its use."

Knowing how painfully true is De Maistre's famous dictum that history as generally written has been for several centuries a conspiracy against Truth, we recognize the indebtedness of Catholics, of all fair-minded men, to Doctor Parsons, and, while we congratulate the learned author and wish him length of years to complete his noble undertaking, we are happy for the opportunity of advising our friends to be readers of his *UNIVERSAL HISTORY*.

Doctor Parsons may be addressed at Yonkers, New York.

Kate Douglass Wiggins' *GOOSE GIRL* is a most charming philosopher. Almost against our will we set out with her to chase the tantalizing geese; but we become so interested in their erratic wanderings that we forget our own real or fancied sorrows. The serene contentment manifested in the actions of our domestic hens and chickens excites wonder in the student of their habits and forces upon him the reflection that he is culpably wanting in the essentials of virtue that alone can insure a perfect peace.

THE *DIARY OF A GOOSE GIRL* is a delightful record descriptive of nature's lovely scenes, enlivened by the presence of one of nature's loveliest daughters.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have published the book in excellent style with appropriate illustrations.

The opening lines of *THE ODE ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.*, by William Watson, are singularly pathetic, in their application to the uncertainty that overshadows the deferred coronation ceremonies.

"Sire, we have looked on many and mighty things

In these eight hundred summers of renown,
Since the Gold Dragon of the Wessex Kings

On Hastings field went down;
And slowly in the ambience of this crown

Have many crowns been gathered till to-day,
How many peoples crown thee, who shall say?"

Responsive to the voice of suffering, "many peoples" are offering sympathetic prayer for the well-being of the stricken King.

THE *CORONATION ODE* is beautifully printed and bound by John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York.

MARGARET VINCENT, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is published by Harper &

Brothers, New York, in their usual excellent style.

The heroine of the story, accustomed to English country life, seeks her fortune in London. The authoress has sketched a series of love romances without giving any hint either of comedy or tragedy.

William Jasper Nicolls writes an agreeable romance entitled *GRAYSTONE*. Bright bits of scenery in England and in America are strikingly presented in the author's original and charming style. Coal strikes in Pennsylvania furnish dramatic incidents in which the plot of the story culminates.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, have brought out the book in excellent style, with a half-tone portrait of Ruth, the heroine. A beautiful cover design in green and gold, representing the old sun dial at Graystone, is a unique production.

STEPHEN HOLTON is published in a superior style of printing and binding by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The hero of the story bears the impress of Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin's earnestness in eradicating evil and promoting good. The evils of intemperance are not imaginary, they are stamped upon too many a family hearth to be lightly overlooked. The scenes which Mr. Pidgin describes typify a condition of society which is spreading rapidly. Individual activity will do much towards lessening this awful vice which debases man below the level of the brute.

THE LIFE OF BARTOLOMÉ LAS CASAS, by the Reverend L. A. Dutto, is published by B. Herder, S. Louis. This life contains some interesting developments of that period of American history made sanguinary by the cruel greed of the white invader upon the domain of the red man. Las Casas enjoys the singular honor of being the first priest ordained in America. He, among other Spanish gentlemen, came to the New World to better his fortunes; but, his sympathies being enlisted in favor of the down-trodden Indians, he resolved

to devote his life to their emancipation from slavery. Although he had at one time been a slave owner in Cuba, he could not tolerate inhuman treatment of slaves.

Many times did he cross the Atlantic, to plead the cause of his beloved children at the court of the Kings of Spain. He suffered much from the opposition of those whose only aim was to amass a fortune, and to whom the Indian was a horn slave. Through his efforts millions were freed from slavery, and the Indian instructed in the principles of the Christian religion.

If we glance at the map of the world at the present day, and read the history of the past four centuries, we find that scarcely a tribe has been brought within the pale of Christian civilization through any other effort than that of Spain. Surveying the vast possessions of England, France, and Holland, it will be seen that the native races have either disappeared or remained strangers to Christianity, sacrificing their life-blood for the enrichment of their white masters.

Las Casas entered the Dominican Order in 1521; for the next five years we hear very little about him, he being engaged in the study of sacred science; later we hear of him as Prior of the Monastery de Puerto de Plata. In 1544 he was consecrated Bishop of Chiapa in the Cathedral of Seville. Las Casas lived to be ninety years of age, laboring to the last in behalf of his beloved Indians.

Margaret Maitland's translation of Jules Roy's masterful work, *S. NICHOLAS I.*, appears in a series entitled "The Saints," published by Duckworth & Co., London, whose American agents are Benziger Brothers, New York.

Laborious research on the part of the author is evident throughout. A mass of historic material must, of necessity, have been gone over for the presentation of the phases of society that preceded and followed the reign of this glorious pontiff.

Pope Nicholas I. established his claims of temporal and spiritual jurisdiction in the face of bitter contest.

"Nicholas' Conception of the Papacy" and the "Mutual Relation of the Spiritual

"temporal Powers" are scholarly illustrating the legislative, judicial executive ability of this great Pope. Interesting information upon controverted of the history of the pontificate of Pius IX. may be obtained from this

simple and clear exposition of the articles of faith as taught by the Catholic Church. A vocabulary, with definitions and explanations of theological terms, added to this work, gives it a special value for home studies.

DAILY THOUGHT, from the writings of Reverend Fr. Digman, S. J., is published by Burns & Bates, London.

A beautiful collection of pious thoughts for every day in the year is an able and certain stimulus to the practice of all the Christian virtues. Pocket-size, printed in clear type and bound in red morocco, the little book is an attractive and agreeable companion, and as a faithful friend.

From the same publishing house we have received also **THE SACRISTAN'S MANUAL, OR HAND-BOOK OF CHURCH FURNITURE ORNAMENT**, etc. This little volume has been harmonized with the most approved ceremonies of the Roman ceremonial by the Rev. J. D. Hilarius Dale.

This Manual has been enlarged and is now its fifth edition. It contains instructions for the preparations to be made for the functions of the various seasons of the year.

The appendix includes practical hints on cultivation of flowers for the Altar, as well as detailed directions for the cleaning and preservation of church furniture.

Reverend Father Kinkead has just published a set of catechisms arranged on the cumulative plan. The series consists of numbers designated, respectively, as 00, 0, 1, 2, 3 and 4. Commencing with Number 00, the series gradually increases in size until the last is reached, and is also entitled: "An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism."

These are published by the Meany Book Co., New York.

CATECHISM ON THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE prepared by a Jesuit missionary and published by B. Herder, S. Louis, Mo., has been received. It forms a

FIRST STEPS IN CATECHISM FOR THE USE OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS is published by Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, New York. This little pamphlet is intended to instill into young hearts the primary principles of Christian dogma. The short, easy and comprehensive method employed commends itself for general use in Christian homes and Sunday schools.

A new edition of Deharbe's **CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE** is published by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

Devotions for Confession, The Manner of Serving at Mass, Explanations of Prayer, Processions, Pilgrimages, and Confraternities, are commendable features of the present edition.

Faith, The Commandments, and Means of Grace are amply treated by the widely appreciated author.

The book is excellently printed and substantially bound.

OFFICIUM PARVUM BEATAE MARIAE VIRGINIS, The Hours of our Lady in Latin and English, is published in a convenient pocket-size edition by The Art and Book Company, London.

The Latin text of the present edition of the Little Office is that of Propaganda Press edition (Rome, 1898). The English translation of the Psalms is based upon that of the Douay Bible, as printed in the Stanbrook edition of the Psalter.

Arranged in double columns (Latin and English), in clear type, this little volume has the additional advantage of accentuation throughout.

The Harkness and Forbes edition of **CAESAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR**, published by the American Book Company, New York, and San Francisco, is a veritable boom to the student.

In clear type, paragraphing and descriptive headings of chapters, the book recom-

mends itself at the first glance. The text is chiefly that of the critical edition of H. Mensel, Berlin to which copious notes are appended.

The Introduction contains an outline of the life of Caesar, descriptions of scenes of military operations of his campaigns and a treatise on the military system of the Romans. Colored plates, seven campaign maps, and eleven plans of battle enhance interest in ancient methods of warfare. The vocabulary has been arranged with special regard to the force of idiomatic expressions and the derivation of words.

In connection with the reading of Caesar, the same house has published a *LATIN COMPOSITION*, by Anna Cole Mellick, A. B., intended to fix the attention of the student upon the construction of nouns and verbs—emphasis being given to those of most frequent recurrence.

CORPUS CHRISTI, and *OUR LADY AND THE EUCHARIST*, selections made from Father Faber's works. R. & T. Washbourne of London introduce to the American reader through Benziger Brothers of New York. These attractive booklets we warmly commend.

COMMUNION DAY, by Father Matthew Russell, S. J., is a beautiful compilation, consisting of prayers, reflections and meditations on the Blessed Sacrament. It is issued by the Art and Book Company of London, whose American agents are Benziger Brothers, New York.

Every effort to increase love for our Lord in the Holy Eucharist deserves the welcome and praise which we give this worthy book.

The Catholic Truth Society, London, has published in pamphlet form interesting treatises on the following subjects: "The Last Sacraments," "Entertainment of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament," "Devotional Essays," "The Book of Wisdom," "Some Prerogatives of Peter," "The Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy,"

"The Working Man's Apostolate," and "The Priest Hunters." In addition to the above there are biographical sketches of Daniel O'Connell, S. Colette, S. Philip Benizi, S. Loba and the hymn entitled "*Lutrech Phadruig*," or "S. Patrick's Breastplate," all from the pens of eminent writers, at a figure sufficiently low to enable the poorest to avail themselves of useful information.

ORACIONES COTIDIANAS, an excellent compilation of Catholic prayers, has been published in Spanish by The Catholic Book Exchange, New York.

This little pocket manual of daily prayer is also published with the English translation opposite to the Spanish prayers. Either or both forms will meet a long-felt need of such works.

THE MARROW OF TRADITION, a novel similar in its treatment of Southern slave life to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," comes from the pen of Charles W. Chestnutt. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Characteristic sketches contrasting the condition of the willing servant of a humane master with the emancipated slave as a despised citizen are forcibly delineated. The negro problem is yet to be solved.

A BLIGHTED ROSE, by Joseph F. Wynne, comes from the press of the Angelus Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan, clothed in a dress that is peculiarly pleasing to the aesthetic sense of the reader.

The worldly-minded mother is here strongly characterized. The carrying out of her ambitious schemes for the social distinction of an only daughter, plunges the family into almost interminable complications. The heroine of the story, Rosamond, is of that type of docile womanhood that is rarely seen in the flesh in these days of feminine aggressiveness.

The portrayal of the realistic incidents that hastened the fate of "the blighted rose" furnishes food for reflection alike for matron and maid.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

1—S. Peter in chains. (Patience in suffering.) (Benediction.)

2—B. Jane of Aza, mother of our Holy Father S. Dominic. (Simplicity and modesty.) Sixth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

3—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Enrolling of new members in the Confraternity of the Rosary.

4—Our Holy Father S. Dominic, Founder of the Order of Preachers and Institutor of the Most Holy Rosary; celebrated for learning, piety and zeal in the extirpation of heresy. Plenary indulgences for Rosarians and members of the Third Order: C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers. Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

5—Our Lady of the Snow. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

6—Transfiguration of our Lord. Novena in honor of the Feast of the Assumption commences.

7—S. Cajetan, Priest and Founder of the Theatines. (Spirit of disinterestedness.) Monthly Mass of Requiem for deceased members of the Church Building Association at 9 A. M. Novena in honor of S. Hyacinth commences.

8—B. Augustine Lucera, O. P. Bishop. (Contemplation.) (Benediction.)

9—B. John of Salerno, O. P., Priest. (Love of Neighbor.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Seventh Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

10—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Laurence, Deacon and Martyr. Plenary indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of the Most Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

11—Octave of our Holy Father S. Dominic. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

12—S. Clare, Virgin. First Abbess of the Poor Clares. (Love of Poverty.)

13—S. Hippolytus and Companions,

Priests and Martyrs. (Penance.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

14—Fast-day, S. Amygdus, Bishop and Martyr. The principal mass of this feast is offered that through the intercession of the saint, God may be pleased to avert the calamity of earthquakes.

15—The Assumption of our Blessed Lady. (Holy-day of obligation.) Plenary indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.)

16—S. Hyacinth, O. P., Priest. (Missionary zeal.) Plenary indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers. (Benediction.) Eighth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

17—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

18—S. Rochus, Priest. (Mortification.)

19—S. Maria Alphonsus de Liguori, Bishop, Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Conspicuous by his sanctity and learning.

20—S. Bernard, Abbot, Doctor of the Church, and Founder of the Order of the Cistercians. (Purity.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

21—S. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow, Abbess and Foundress of the Congregation of the Visitation. (Purity of Intention.)

22—Octave of the Assumption. (Benediction.)

23—B. James Mevania, O. P., Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Ninth Saturday in honor of the Rosary.

24—FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Bartholomew, Apostle. (Forgiveness of injuries.)

25—S. Louis, Confessor and King of France. (Resignation to the will of God.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

26—S. Philip Benitti, Priest, Servite. (Charity toward the sick.)

27—S. Joseph Calasanctius, Priest and Founder of Regular Clerks of the Mother of God for the education of children.

28—S. Augustine, Bishop, Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Augustinians. (True Repentance.)

29—The Martyrdom of S. John the Baptist. (Benediction.)

30—S. Rose of Lima, O. P., first Saint of the New World. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit Dominican church; prayers. (Benediction.) Tenth Saturday in honor of the Rosary.

31—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Raymond Nonnatus, Priest of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives. (Seraphic Devotion.)

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Myste-

ries—S. Louis, King; S. Isabel, Princess; S. Clare, Virgin; S. Susanna, Virgin; S. Bernard, Abbot. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Rose of Lima, Virgin; S. Sabina, Widow Martyr; S. Laurence, Martyr; S. Augustine, Bishop, Doctor. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Bartholomew, Apostle; S. Helena, Empress; S. Dominic, Confessor; S. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow; S. Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop and Doctor.

MUSIC FOR AUGUST.

August 3—Preludes: March in G; andante in E minor, Smart; Mass, Le Prevost, in F sharp minor; Offertory, "Ave Maria," Howe; Postlude, Triumphant March, Marks. Evening Organ Music—Andante and variations from "Septuor," Beethoven; Offertory, Communion, Grison; Postlude, March Solennelle, Ketterer.

August 4—Preludes: "At Last the Divine Cecilia Came," Handel; Poco Adagio Haydn; Mass, Lejeal's Fourth; Postlude, "Thanks Be to God," Mendelssohn. Evening Organ Music—"Stradella," Flotow; Cantilene, Deshayes; Offertory, Improvisation, Howe; Postlude, West.

August 10—Allegro, Southard; Trio in F, Merkel; Mass, Mercadante; Offertory, "Sancta Maria" (male voices), Schweitzer; Postlude, Hallelujah Chorus from "Mount of Olives," Beethoven. Evening

Organ Music—Overture to "Oratorio of Samson," Handel; "In Paradisum," Dubois; Offertory, Finale, Guilmont; Postlude, Toccata in F, Widor.

August 17—Offertoire in F, Wely; Andante in D, Smart; Mass, St. Louis, La Hache; Offertory, "Salve Regina," Smith; Postlude in D, Tours. Evening Organ Music—Toccata and Fugue, D Minor, Bach; Prelude in G, Petrali. Music Service—Hymn of Praise, Mendelssohn; Offertory, Offertoire in C, Thayer; Postlude, Procession, Wagner.

August 24—"Marche Religieuse," Guilmont; Cantilene, Lemmens; Mass, Silas; Offertory, "Sub Tuum," Dubois; March in E Flat, Petrali. Evening Organ Music—Fantasie and Fugue in G Minor, Bach; Andante, Smart; Offertory, Prize Song, Wagner; March, Verdi.

Mary is my goodly treasure,
After Jesus all my wealth,
All my joy and all my sweetness,
All my soul's sustaining health.

Mary is my ark of mercy
In God's covenant with man;
Her's the only spotless vesture
Ever since man's sin began.

Mary is the shrine of Jesus,
For my Lord is ever there;
There my prayer is heard in glory,
Never need I there despair.

Mary is my refuge-city,
Where nor harm nor wrong comes nigh;
When the water-flood sweeps o'er me,
She the rainbow in the sky.

Yes, I lean upon her wholly,
On my Lord to lean the more,
Leaving all to His kind forethought,
Body, soul and earthly store.

When I cry to God, my Father,
From my depth of sinful woe,
Safe beneath my Mother's shelter
To his goodness can I go.

When I dread the wrath of Jesus,
Who with her is never wroth,
Then I whisper: See, Thy Mother
Is the Mother of us both!

She, my Mother and my Mistress,
Succor in adversity,
When I fall from very weakness,
In a moment raises me.

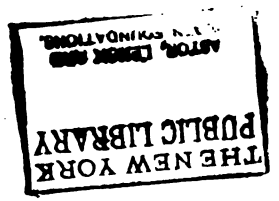
When my soul is sore and troubled
By my sins both night and day,
Comes a peace all thought surpassing,
As for Mary's help I pray.

In the midst of all my combats
She it is who says to me:
"Courage, child, and fear no longer,
I can ne'er abandon thee."

Who is he that will believe it?
Mary lives within my heart,
Graven there in rays of glory
Though my faith but knows in part

She, though fruitful, ever Virgin,
Pure and fruitful renders me;
I, through her, am strong and gentle,
By her deep humility.

—A. P. J. C.





Franz List.

DOMINICANA

.. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 9

A MASTER-MUSICIAN.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER, M. D.

I.

sic resembles poetry; in each nameless graces, which no methods teach which a master's hand alone can reach."—*Pope*.

the whole history of music it is difficult to find a more striking personality

Franz Liszt—virtuoso, teacher, or and composer. In him the great and the great man were happily ad. The adulation of an admiring d was extended to him when only a child; and, as he became a mature t, all the honors that appreciation d bestow were showered upon him. became the idol of the nation. Yet all this adulation he came forth out a stain or blemish on his name character. And verily he was blessed,

purest treasure mortal times afford priceless reputation."

rounded by green fields and guarded majestic tree-clad mountains, lies the eful yet quaint town of Oedenburg, gary, and, on the outskirts of the old i, hedged in by thick, spreading es of foliage, stands the humble yet ntious dwelling in which Franz t first beheld the light of day. This on October 2, 1811. His parents were fervent and conscientious Catholics. father, who held an office under ce Nicolas Esterhazy, had the good ine to become acquainted with such

great men as Haydn and Hummel, who were the then conductors of the royal orchestra. The elder Liszt himself was a skillful performer on the piano and he also enjoyed some distinction as a composer.

In earliest childhood, little Franz's taste for music manifested itself remarkably. Often in the dull twilight moments he would steal away on his tiptoes and remain himself at his father's piano for hours, in childish delights, running his baby fingers over the ivory keys. Ah! those were joyous moments for both parents and child. By and by he was placed under his father's tuition, and when only nine years old he made his first public appearance. The audience went wild in a storm of applause, and the young prodigy was, later on, offered the means to continue his musical study by admiring friends. Accordingly, he was sent to Vienna, where he made rapid progress under the watchful eye of Carl Czerny. The year following he gave his first piano recital in the Hungarian capital. The immortal Beethoven was present and listened in rapture to the child's playing. Beethoven wept bitterly, and, at the close of the performance, rushed forward to the stage, embraced the young artist passionately and showered many kisses upon him. From that moment the success of the young virtuoso was assured.

We next find Liszt pursuing his studies at the Conservatory in Paris, under Cherubini. As in Vienna, so in Paris, the child-artist created a sensation. At that time a Parisian journal said of him: "A year went by during which Liszt was, so to speak, the idol of all the ladies at Paris. Everywhere he was petted and caressed. His tricks and pranks, his moods and whims were all noted and discussed everywhere; everything he did was pronounced enchanting. He was now barely thirteen years of age, but he was the central figure of interest in every circle of society."

While he was thus advancing in fame and honor, his childish heart experienced its first deep sorrow. His father died and he was left alone in a great city seething in crime and dissipation. His mother, however, soon joined him and it was owing to her maternal influence that he was saved; his character was moulded by her into one of docility and piety. He would likely have gone astray and perished had not his fine artistic temperament and his deep piety enabled him to discern and avoid the byways of evil. Liszt subsequently withdrew gradually from the social world and its honors to devote himself earnestly to the pursuit of scientific studies, principally philosophy and theology. Thus in the year 1828 we find him living in strict seclusion.

Two years later, led by circumstances of a peculiar nature, he again appeared as a champion in the field of music. He traveled throughout Europe, his tour being characterized by singular successes everywhere. In Leipsic, especially, an enthusiastic reception was tendered to him, and it was there that Mendelssohn and Schumann first shook hands with the illustrious maestro. It was in these few handshakes that each understood the other's heart-throbs. The tender friendship thus awakened was interrupted only by death. In a letter written to his betrothed, Mendelssohn says: "I spend all my time with Liszt. How marvelous is his playing—now daring and wild, and again so delicate and ethereal that it

surpasses anything I ever heard. Every day he appears greater to me. To-day he played again in such a way that we all trembled with emotion and delight. In fact, I never before saw a musician so thoroughly imbued with music. It seems fairly to flow from his fingers' ends." "About Liszt's technique in general," writes Dannreuther, "it may be said that it derives its efficiency from Czerny, who brought up his pupil on Mozart, a little Bach and a good deal of Hummel—sound classicisms, in fact, on the one hand, and Carl Czerny, a trifle flippant, perhaps, and inclined to appeal to the gallery, on the other—these are the musical parents of young Liszt. Then appears Parisian Incroyable and Grand Seigneur Liszt. Later on we find him imitating Paganini and Chopin. And at the same time we see him making a really passionate and deep study of Beethoven, Weber, Schubert and Berlioz. Thus gradually we get a mature master, a curious conglomerate, who, both as a player and composer, chose to wear motley garments to the end of his days."

Berlin's reception to Liszt was a hearty ovation. When the great piano-king was leaving the city, enthusiasm ran high. He had given several recitals for the benefit of imperial Berlin; upon his departure multitudes dropped into procession to escort the famous pianist to the station. Dense, eager masses of humanity had filled the streets, anxious to wave a parting farewell to their illustrious guest; and, as the procession faded in the distance, the air was filled with one long, last, vigorous cry of "Long live Liszt!" Yes, it was a memorable day for dear old Berlin.

Liszt was ever kind and willing to help the needy. Charity was his cardinal virtue. His generous hand was always extended to a fellow-artist in distress even though he chanced to be his greatest rival. His unbounded goodness brought bright rays of sunshine into many lonely hearts. Later we find him active in alleviating suffering among his countrymen. Fifteen years had passed since last he had beheld the skies of his native land, when

one day, in Venice, he received news that terrible floods had brought distress to the Hungarian capital. The people were dying in misery and despair. What could he do to relieve them in their awful condition? Just then the love for his fatherland glowed ardently in his bosom, and, in a letter to Massart, he wrote: "In spirit I went back over the past. I looked into my inner self and discovered with inexpressible delight the whole treasure of childhood's memories, pure and unspotted." The next day he hastened to Pesth, gave a series of recitals for the benefit of the suffering. He had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts were the means of preserving the lives and securing happiness to multitudes of wretched people.

Hungary became the home of the artist and composer for a number of years, his sojourn there being of great benefit to himself. He was thrown in contact with the gypsies and thus the national music of Hungary—the songs of the gypsies—was brought home to him. In his earliest years, the simple music of this nomadic people had charmed and impressed Liszt deeply; his one desire had been to become more familiar with it, and now the artist took advantage of the occasion that presented itself. Consequently, these quaint old songs became for Liszt objects of the deepest study; he at once recognized the rare beauty and richness of their melodies, now flowing with the fresh clear notes of joy and happiness, then softening into sad and plaintive minor strains of regret or sorrow; again rushing along with playful impetuosity and gradually dying away in the distance like the sound of angel voices. He did not content himself by listening to these airs, as played by the Hungarian orchestras, but he even sought the gypsies in their native woods and lived among them for weeks and months.

"Down by yon hazel copse at evening
blazed
The gypsies' faggot; there he stood and
gazed—
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent
awe,
Her tatter'd mantle and her hood of
straw."

"He visited these sons of nature," we are told. "In their out-door kingdom, slept with them under the open heavens, played with their children, gossiped with their rulers and chiefs, and spent hours listening to one of the best gypsy orchestras, whose playing was animated by the beauty of the summer day and the abundance of its favorite drink, and accompanied with indescribable ardor the dance of the women, who shook their tambourine with gentle cries and fascinating gestures." "During the intervals of rest," so he says, "he would hear the creaking of the poorly greased axles of their wagons, which had been removed one side to make more room for the dancers, the huzzas of the boys, noisy cracking of nuts by white toothed children, bright laughter, mad leaps, somersaults, and a wild whirl and bustle—a genuine lyric of untamed nature and caprice."

It was thus he became imbued with the simplicity of their lives and thoroughly acquainted with the rich, inspiring gypsy song

—"that steals along
Like distant bells, upon the lakes at eve
When all is still;"

And all the impressions received during those days of study and intercourse, Liszt imparted to the world of music in his immortal "Hungarian Rhapsodies," those masterly productions, in which he lets the gypsies sing their quaint and and tuneful songs. "He has given," writes one, "the wild, throbbing life of a whole race upon the piano in his Hungarian rhapsodies." Schubert and Haydn both used these very Hungarian themes, but never were their efforts crowned with the same genuine results as were those of the master-mind—Liszt.

In his great work, "The Music of the Gypsies," Liszt says, in regard to this music-loving people: "They have one thing that vies with our culture and art—their music. In their improvisations they express the God-given freedom of the inner sensibility in all its emotions, from the proudest human consciousness to the inmost longing of the soul for sympathetic communion. This music is to them, as

it were, their world and God, life and happiness, the sun and all the world-movement with which we feel ourselves closely associated."

Franz Liszt, having traveled throughout Europe for ten years, while the laurel of triumph, serene and unspotted, crowned his noble brow, received in 1846 the appointment of Court Cappellemeister, in Weimar. In the following year he abandoned the piano for the conductor's baton, making the Thuringian capital his home. As conductor, he raised Weimar to a high position in the musical arena; throughout Germany it became recognized as the center of musical art. While there, he presented and conducted all the operas of his exiled bosom friend, Richard Wagner. In a performance of "Lohengrin" Liszt proved himself so able a conductor that the whole of Europe fairly thundered in praise of the great maestro. "One day, towards the close of my last visit to Paris," writes the exiled Wagner, "I sat brooding over my misfortune—for I was ill, miserable, and almost in despair—when I happened to glance at the score of my almost forgotten 'Lohengrin.' I was grieved to think that these tones would never be heard. I wrote two words to Liszt"—and it became a reality. And truly the stirring music of "Lohengrin" burst forth as it never will again. Wagner spoke again to the assembled audience, wild with applause, and success crowned the efforts of the noble conductor.

We next behold Liszt in the new role of author. His literary talent had been thoroughly developed by his earnest application, in the years gone by, to the study of the sciences. He wrote in a clear, forcible

and sparkling style that corresponded to his great powers of imagination. In Weimar fresh impetus was given to his mental as well as to his musical activity. The two works which made him especially famous were "The Music of the Gypsies" and "Frederick Chopin." Besides these, he wrote countless other volumes, together with many essays, all of which are valuable additions to modern musical literature.

Besides being an author, Liszt was also an amiable and earnest teacher. Younger artists gathered about him, until his pupils were numbered by hundreds. In illustration of the wonderful success he achieved in the art of teaching, we have only to mention, from his long list of pupils, an Adele aus der Ohe, a Hans von Bülow, a Damrosch, a Tausig, a Sgambati and a Joseffy. A pupil, in a letter to a friend, gives the following glowing word-picture of the great artist as a teacher: "Nothing could exceed Liszt's amiability or his painstaking care, and instead of frightening me, he inspired me. Never was there such a delightful teacher! And he is the first sympathetic one I ever had. One feels so free with him, and he develops the very spirit of music in one. Now and then he will make a criticism or play a passage, and with a few words give you enough to think of all your life. No matter how beautifully we play any piece, the minute Liszt plays it you would scarcely recognize it. His touch and his peculiar use of the pedal are two secrets of his playing, and he seems to dive down into the most hidden thoughts of the composer and bring them to the surface, so that they gleam out at you, one by one, like stars."

FOREST LEAVES.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Was it hermit, was it thief
Pass'd me by?—a forest leaf.
Still another comes anear
And another, brown and sere.

By the crosses shining there,
Silver crosses, dimm'd by wear,
One can in these leaves behold
The garbs cast off by Monks of old.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCETTE.

A L'ESTRANGE.

III.

Strange these two lives, so various, so
 apart,
 Should somehow wake an echo in my
 heart,
 Each stir a fibre, and each smite a chord—
 Hard to account for, to define more hard.
 Yet this is true; so true I scarce can say
 Which, saint or sinner, bears the palm
 to-day.
 Our wayward fancies curious riddles
 prove;
 What wide-opposing claims our interest
 move!

S. M. S.

Over ravines, through desert passes, on
 where rocky masses change to heaps of
 sand, past the laboring caravans, two
 travelers urged their tired steeds. The
 last mountain was climbed, and Damas-
 cus, the city of magnificence, met their
 charmed gaze.

A wondrous panorama, clothed in sunny
 brilliance! Luxuriant gardens and trees
 innumerable surrounded houses that were
 so many palaces of marble. Fountains in
 every court and garden sent up spray
 tinted in the sunshine with rainbow hues.
 Streams, spanned by marble bridges,
 meandered here and there, sparkling lines
 of silver in the sunlight.

Cyprian and Agladius tarried not to ad-
 mire a beauty to them familiar. They
 hastened forward to their destination, the
 house of their old friend Censitanus.

A horse-shoe archway admitted them to
 a court-yard very similar to that adjoining
 Cyprian's house. The fountain was
 particularly beautiful. It was a column
 of delicate white marble, ornamented with
 arabesques, and supporting a figure of the
 muse Euterpe in the act of striking her
 lyre. High into the air the jet sent its
 waters, which fell in beautiful curves into
 a lake-like basin with its margin of roses
 in full bloom.

As the travelers approached the house
 "a concord of sweet sounds" struck on
 their ear. Music floated in the air. 'Twas
 from a harp, struck by the most skilful
 fingers. The melody—first tender, soft,
 then bursting into joy, then plaintive and
 wailing—ended with a strain of triumph
 that carried away the listeners. Then a
 voice broke into ripples of song, a voice so
 full, so clear, so silvery sweet, that they
 stood entranced.

"'Tis Justina," whispered Agladius, as
 the last tones died away and the chords
 of the symphony were stilled. "She is an
 improvisatrice."

"Her gift is not rare in these parts," ob-
 served Cyprian, with constraint.

Censitanus now appeared, and tendered
 the newcomers a hearty greeting after the
 manner of the East. He was a tall, portly
 man, with a piercing dark eye and a brow
 of intellect. His long silver beard touched
 the girdle that confined his loose, flowing
 robes. The countenance told a brave na-
 ture and a kindly one.

"A right royal welcome, Cyprian, most
 learned of men! And your friend, how
 shall I name him?"

"Do you not remember Agladius, the
 Prefect's son, who as a boy lived in Da-
 mascus and went to Rome to complete his
 studies? He is now commander of a le-
 gion, and comes to the East on Imperial
 business."

Censitanus looked at the young patri-
 cian with an air of fatherly pride.
 "Thrice welcome, sir. I trace in your face
 the noble lineaments of your father, and
 I recall to mind the son of Corypius, a
 noble officer of the Empire. Rest, re-
 fresh!"

The customary ablutions were con-
 cluded, and Censitanus with his own
 hands spread on their knees the silken
 cloth. They were seated to the repast on

one of the luxurious divans that lined the wall. Cyprian's critical eye rapidly surveyed the ornamental mirrors, the painted and sculptured arabesques, the profuse gilding that decorated the wall of the apartment, and the beautiful pictures in mosaic that formed the floor. The charm of Oriental gorgeousness put him into good tone.

He turned to Agladius: "The West has nothing like this. Rome and Greece learn from us what art can produce when the intellect of the East creates."

Agladius smiled.

Meanwhile, Censitanus was giving orders, and all the house was astir with attentions to the guests. After the manner of the East, costly wines, sherbet, luscious fruits, and snowy bread were served up in vessels of gold and silver. The repast being concluded, the friends fell into chat.

"You have been a long time absent from Damascus, my dear Cyprian," said the host. "On study bent?"

"Yes; travel perfects studies, and endows with experience. An alarming rumor reached me in the far West."

"And what was that?"

"About you, my dear friend. Some had the temerity to say that you had become a Christian. In the spirit of sincere friendship, I joined Agladius in his journey eastwards, partly to reassure myself on the point."

"It is quite true," answered Censitanus, "that I am a Christian, and so is my daughter. My wife, not long deceased, was repaid by the happiness of her last hour for all the pain the change had cost her."

"It is remarkable," said Agladius, "how very numerous the Christians are becoming. For my part"—he glanced defiantly at Cyprian—"I think persecution is injudicious, inconsistent, unjust. Of course, as a Roman officer, I would always do my duty, no matter what my opinions, and when called upon would execute the edicts of the emperor, and do all in my power to uphold the national worship. But why should we deny to others the liberty we claim ourselves? And, after all, what

matters it what way one arrives at the truth? It is, indeed, so mysterious an affair, that there should be many ways leading to it." He thought of Justina, and of his recent promise to Apollo, and he was angry with himself.

"The Philosopher," pompously observed Cyprian, "should not be confined to any form of religion, or national worship, but should be superior to all religions, and, as it were, the great high priest of the universe."

"These are specious and insidious arguments," replied Censitanus, as he looked compassionately at his two guests. "Once they dazzled me; my eyes have been opened, and now I see. Reason tells me there is one true God. I believe that Jesus Christ, whom Pilate and the Jews crucified, was the Son of God. He was more than a philosopher; he was a physician; and with redemption He brought us a Divine remedy for our mental sufferings."

"And what was that remedy," asked Agladius.

"Peace! Is it not the remedy we need? He brought peace on earth to men of good will."

"'Tis indeed a desirable boon, but how attainable?" inquired Agladius.

"He appointed the guardians of His treasure, and arranged for its authoritative transmission to posterity, without which precaution His mission would have been in vain."

Cyprian grew irritated: he did not like to see that Censitanus was impressing Agladius's mind with his views.

"And when," he scornfully inquired, "when did Censitanus, who used to breathe fire and fury against the Crucified, lose his zeal for the safety and integrity of the Empire and its established religion?"

Censitanus appeared not to notice his tone, and replied: "Cyprian, my old and valued friend, have patience with me. I will introduce you to my daughter. Virtue led me to Truth. By quiet observation of her manner of life I first conceived the idea of exalted goodness." He turned to an attendant: "Tell Justina, her father

bids her presence here to welcome his guests."

Agladius dissembled the joy he felt at this unexpected turn in the conversation. Cyprian relapsed into his usual expression of philosophic indifference.

"Is it she who was singing as we entered?"

"Yes," replied Censitanus, "she is my sweet bird."

Justina appeared. With quiet grace and simplicity she entered the room—a vision of rare loveliness. Rather above the medium height, a figure symmetrically rounded, an oval face, with delicate chiselled features; a complexion of alabaster clearness, heightening the rose-tint on cheeks and lips; dark eyes shining out of liquid depths with star-like brilliancy, shaded by long, dark eyelashes—wondrous eyes, out of which a great soul shone.

"A peerless creature," thought Cyprian. "Such noble candor! She is spiritualized. She communes with spirits. Those eyes are two wells of love and intelligence. But the spirits, her familiars, cannot be those with whom I communicate. However, she is for me, not for the youth."

Such were the thoughts that passed rapidly through his mind as salutations were exchanged.

She greeted Agladius as an old friend whom she had met in her recent visit to Rome in the suite of the Empress. Cyprian was a stranger to her.

"Fair lady," he observed, "we were about to enter into controversy when your father invoked your aid."

"Controversy is useless," she replied, and the tones of her voice were sweet and low. "The Spirit of God must enlighten the heart. Faith is a gift."

"Ah!" said Cyprian, "you believe in a spirit world?"

"Certainly, 'tis a Christian belief that a cloud of witnesses is around us to succor and console."

"Indeed! I have had some experiences in spiritism, but my familiars are the immortal gods—veritable storm-fiends; not much succor and no consolation from

them; but,"—and he looked threateningly at her, "great power to accomplish my behests."

She shuddered, and clasped the jeweled cross she wore suspended on her bosom. For an instant, her lips moved as if in prayer.

Cyprian grew uneasy, restless, sad. Suddenly starting up: "To-morrow, Censitanus, we will meet at the Baths. Then, mayhap, you will arrange for me another clinching argument in favor of Christianity. Farewell."

Agladius now turned to Justina. "Lady, at the conclusion of my embassy to the Emperor, who is, as you know, traveling in these parts, I shall have a little leisure. If I receive no contrary orders, I will return to Damascus, when I hope to meet you again."

"Times are very uncertain, Agladius," she replied; "very troubled for us Christians. You and I may never meet again. But I pray that should aught untoward betide me, you may reach in the end the haven of peace. Farewell!"

Cyprian parted with Agladius immediately after they left the house. "Your way," he said, "is to the Emperor at Palmyra; I intend to visit Antioch ere I return West. But my first business is at Heliopolis. When do you set out?"

"Now," replied Agladius. "I may not tarry. Time presses. Our pleasant voyage on the charming Egean and Mare Internum has more or less unfitted me for land travel. However, to see Palmyra is a goal in view. If I am not obliged to return with Galerius, I hope to see Damascus again."

"The gods defend thee!" and Cyprian saluted him, Eastern fashion. "Farewell!"

Unmindful that the future was not his to plan, Cyprian henceforth had one purpose in life—to supplant Agladius, and win Justina. He discerned her intellectual power, and her exalted spiritual instincts, and was more attracted by her mental endowments than by her uncommon beauty.

But how was he to effect his end?

IV.

O Truth! O Certainty! O Peace! O Love!
When shall I grasp you, when shall you
be mine?

Earth bears me bitter fruits; but if above
I yet may taste you, I shall not repine.

'Twere mad to doubt, yet doubts my spirit
rend—

Ah! that the sun would rise, the "shades"
descend! S. M. S.

In a few days' time Cyprian set out for Heliopolis. His road lay over barren heights and across pleasant valleys into the beautiful vale shut in by the high snow-crowned peaks of Libanus and Anti-Libanus. An easy journey of a day and a half brought him to the Temple of the Sun.

'Twas a huge pile of magnificent architecture, with its roofs resting on arches rising boldly into the air, supported by lofty pillars of classic beauty. He passed through the marble-paved patios, with their fountains and flowers, and reached the interior of the temple. For the hundredth time Cyprian beheld with delight that forest of colossal Corinthian pillars and the lace-like tracery of their arches. His business, however, was in the inner temple, to which a covered hall led. He looked to the right and to the left at those niches in the walls, cut in the marble, profusely ornamented with bas-relief and arabesques containing statues of the Olympian divinities. Through a portal, overshadowed by a colossal eagle with outspread wings, Cyprian pursued his way. His cultured eye, enjoying every detail, flashed with pride. 'Twas with the air of a prince he received the profound salaams of the subordinate priests and servers who came in his way. He was a master here—well known. He could command in every temple where Apollo was worshipped.

In the inner sanctuary the high priest received him, and they retired together to their secret and impious rites.

Hours passed on, and Cyprian did not appear. Towards sunrise next morning he came forth—a changed man!

The high priest, looking wild and dishevelled, followed him.

"Forbear, Cyprian! Be not rash! For-sake not the immortal gods!"

"Folly!" cried Cyprian. "I have tested their power! They are defeated. The spirits rage and tremble in the presence of Justina's talisman. 'Tis a power they fear. They cannot harm Agladius; he is shielded by her prayers to her God. The oracle has acknowledged the defeat of the gods of Olympus. They have declared that the man is now at hand who will convert the Temple of the Sun into a Christian Church. And shall I serve the slaves or the master? Begone!—leave me! I renounce the gods. They have deceived me. I am a Christian. I believe in the God of the Christians."

Hastening from the temple, Cyprian remounted his horse and galloped with full speed to Damascus.

"Eusebius," he thought, "Eusebius, my schoolfellow, is a Christian priest. He will instruct me in the Christian's remedy for the melancholy that consumes me—the remorse and despair that gnaw my heart at the remembrance of my past crimes. Justina! your purity, your constancy, your faith, have led me into the light!"

V.

"And shall I obey the slave, and not the master?"

Cyprian did not appear again at the house of Censitanus. Some six months elapsed. One summer afternoon, Justina was quietly seated at a tambour frame embroidering in gold, when her father burst into the apartment.

"What has happened?" was her startled inquiry.

"I have great news for you, my daughter. Agladius performed his mission to Galerius, which, it appears, was intended to put the Emperor off the scent. He received orders to return at once to Nicomedia and have Constantine secretly despatched. Agladius loves Constantine. He trembled at the imminent danger of his friend. He returned to Nicomedia at full speed to rescue the son of Chlorus.

They both started off at night westwards, travelling with the utmost speed. They killed or disabled all the post-horses on the road to prevent the possibility of their being overtaken. Vain was the rage of the Emperor when he heard the news; abortive were all his attempts to recapture his intended victim. Constantine was out of reach of danger ere the Emperor heard of his departure."

"Brave Agladius!" exclaimed Justina, clasping her hands, "he hath done well. What has become of Cyprian, his companion? He appeared to me to be a very intellectual man, by no means at peace with himself. I felt a great repulsion from him—an aversion, a mistrust. Is he with Agladius and Constantine?"

"My dear child, Cyprian has become a Christian; he has renounced his magic arts, his judicial astrology, and his demonology—or idolatry, I should say. He is no longer a spiritist, or a diviner, or a seeker into the future, or into things hidden. He has given his vast wealth to the poor, and I am told that his humility now surpasses his former pride, and lends to his noble presence indefinable charm. Eusebius has told me that his love of God, his assiduous application to heavenly things, are just what one would expect when a great soul like his finds full and free expansion on the paths of Truth."

"'Tis startling intelligence, indeed, you bring me, my father. Cyprian will have to stand many tests as a Christian. Momentous events are at hand. I have premonitions of a struggle and a victory."

"True. Dioclesian is urged on against us by his mother, and by Galerius. There are dark threatenings in the air. My soul is oppressed with anxiety about you, my beloved child!"

"Father, life at best is short and troubled; to sacrifice it in a great cause is a high privilege."

"Hush, my child, do not talk that way. You are young; live to do good."

"Or die to do better. Is it not so, my father? Courage! He who guides events rules all things in love."

VI

Strike quick! why dost thou tarry?
Of time why such a loss?
Dost fear the sign I carry?
'Tis but a simple cross.

My heart shall never fear thee,
Nor flinch before thy power.
I'll meet thee—time's dread licitor—
And my wasted lips shall sing:
Dread death! I am the victor!
Strong death! where is thy sting?

A. R.

A few years had passed rapidly. Agladius, faithful to Constantine, had become a veteran warrior, skilled in all military arts. He had not heard from Cyprian or Censitanus since his quick departure. He was sitting in his tent, planning a journey to the East at the close of the present campaign, when a courier craved admittance. He handed him a sealed packet and a roll of parchment. A minute more, he was alone. He tore open the packet. Very carefully wrapped up, he discovered Justina's jewelled cross. With intense excitement, he unrolled the parchment and read. One wild, agonizing cry, and he threw himself on the ground: he groaned, and sobbed, and wept like a child. Terrible is the grief that draws tears from the strong man!

"Agladius, my brother, my friend!" said Crispus, entering at that moment, "what is wrong?"

Agladius started to his feet.

"Crispus, read!"

My Friend,—

Justina and Cyprian have suffered martyrdom. Justina was apprehended here in her native city, snatched from my arms, and inhumanly scourged. Cyprian's flesh was torn with iron hooks. They were then sent on in chains to Nicomedia, and beheaded on the banks of the Gallus. The faithful Theoctistus suffered death with his master, from whom he had received instructions in the Christian faith, and baptism. Justina, ere leaving Damascus a captive, bade me send her cross to Agladius. As a Christian I rejoice in her heroic death; as a father, my heart, like my home, is desolate.

CENSITANUS.

"Gentle Agladius," said Crispus, deeply affected, "great must be your sorrow,

Such a blow to your hopes! Those Christians are very much in earnest. They think nothing of their lives; nay, they glory in torments for the sake of their faith. What magic power changed Cyprian into a Christian? He to perish rather than sacrifice to the gods! 'Tis mysterious! Cheer up, dear comrade! Be strong and brave, as becometh a Roman warrior. Hot work is before us. If we win, honor and empire are ours.—Who comes?"

A soldier appeared. "Constantine bids Crispus, his son, and Agladius, the general, to his presence."

"We obey."

They both started up immediately, and prepared to appear before the Emperor, Agladius schooling himself into an expression of stoic serenity.

Constantine was in his tent busily reading and writing despatches—a man of distinguished appearance, a true Cæsar. His firm, classic features reflected his high genius and his indomitable courage, whilst the dark eyes flashed with command, or spoke out eloquently the generous heart. A man to follow, and to esteem in obeying.

"Ho, Agladius! We will soon be busy. Crispus, more honor to you, my son! Maxentius has declared war against us. He has at his command one hundred and eighty thousand men. Our army is not half that number. A good part of it will have to remain here in Gaul to defend the frontiers. The odds are against us.

"We will conquer, or die!" exclaimed Agladius.

"Nay, to conquer and live, must be our motto," replied the Emperor. "The gods are divided now; Maxentius will offer sacrifices, and probably gain as much help as the gods usually give. Those Christians, I have observed, seem endowed with some mighty charm. There is no luck in going against them. Their God is certainly a powerful God. I will invoke his aid."

A deep melancholy appeared in the face of Agladius. "Some mysterious power," said he, "works for the Christians, and they prefer death for their God to life, or

riches, or honor and happiness, all which the simple act of sacrificing to our gods would bring them."

"There is something in it," said Constantine. "Command the troops to be in readiness to march on into Italy. This night I will invoke the aid of the God of the Christians. If He is the true God, He will aid me, and I will believe in Him.

VII.

"'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange; Stranger than fiction."

A rapid march followed along the border of the Rhine, through Gaul, and through Italy till Verona was reached. It was the afternoon. Constantine felt that the decisive hour was at hand. A great anxiety took possession of him. His numbers were small; his soldiers would be weary after a forced march: Would they all be faithful and brave? Maxentius had many advantages over him.

"O God, whom the Christians invoke, help me!" cried Constantine.

At that moment a great shout arose from the army; the Emperor followed their glance heavenward. In the sky appeared a wondrous phenomenon. A resplendent cross of light, large, clearly defined, unmistakable. The glory of its effulgence filled the beholders with astonishment and awe. In letters of living light surrounding the cross, all read distinctly:

"In this Sign shalt thou conquer."

VIII.

I had but one regret—
That I was doomed to live and linger yet
In this dark valley, where the stream of
tears
Flows, and, in flowing, deepens through
the years.
My lips spake not—my eyes were dull
and dim,
But through my heart there moved a
soundless hymn—
A triumph-song of many chords and keys,
Transcending language, as the summer
breeze,

through the forest mystically
oats.
ands the reach of mortal music's
notes—
of victory, a chant of bliss.

—A. R.

r the standard of the Cross, Con-
e now marched his army forward
unter the foe. A certainty of vic-
red the soldiers as they gazed on
harum, the new standard of the
Empire. It was a golden cross,
inted by a crown of the same
is metal, studded with jewels. In
ster of the crown was the mono-
of Christ. From the horizontal
of the cross hung a purple veil em-
bed with gems of sparkling bril-
and priceless worth.

all who had witnessed the phe-
on none had been so struck as
us. There and then he had de-
himself a Christian, and now, as
robed to battle, he wore round his
conspicuously shining on his
over his armor, Justina's jeweled

two armies engaged in what proved
diver battle at the Red Rocks, about
miles from Rome. Maxentius ar-
his legions along the Tiber. Con-
e gave the signal for battle, and,
al, threw himself into the thickest
fight. With a great shout the sol-
ushed forward. The ranks of the
re broken at the first onset. Re-

sistance was in vain. The forces of Max-
entius were cut to pieces.

The retreat began. The bridge of boats
which Maxentius had constructed broke
under the weight of the multitude of fugi-
tives. Maxentius endeavored to rally his
soldiers, but they rushed across the
bridge, and fell from the crazy support in
thousands into the river, a drowning
multitude! Maxentius himself, rushing
ahead, fell into the river and sank never
to rise again.

In hot pursuit, Agladius, before the ac-
cident to the bridge, had reached the op-
posite bank of the Tiber. The retreating
foes, an entire cohort, turned suddenly
and faced their pursuers. Their leader,
noticing the flash of the jewelled cross on
the breast of Agladius, made for him
straight.

"Die, Christian! die!" he cried, and he
plunged his dagger to the hilt in the
breast of Agladius, who fell to the
ground.

As the life-blood ebbed through the
gaping wound, Agladius lifted his eyes to
the heavens, and with his expiring breath
murmured: "Certainty! . . . Peace!
. . . . Love! The Sign!
. . . . I see it there Its
glory descends. . . . Its light en-
compasses me. . . . I sink into its
radiance. . . . I conquer

IN THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

SACRATISSIMO CORDI JESU!

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

Cor Jesu! Apertum cuspide!
O Fons perennis, limpidè!
Scaturiensque perpetim
In sempiternum gaudium!

Tuis ut undam lucidam
Exhauriam de fontibus
Stimque possim pellere
Ut carvus ad te convolo!

Jesu tibi sit gloria
Qui vulnerato ex pectore
Ut pellicanus sanguinem
Undamque præbes prodigum!

BLESSED IMELDA LAMBERTINI.

In the quaint old city of Bologna, in the north of Italy, there is still standing an ancient palace, decorated with paintings of early masters. It is now known as the Palazzo Ranuzzi; but, five hundred years ago, it bore another name, and was called the Palazzo Lambertini, after the noble family to whom it belonged. In that city, and very probably in that palace, little Imelda, the future patroness of First Communicants, was born, about A. D. 1322. Some authors say that she received in holy baptism the name of Magdalen, which was afterwards exchanged for that of Imelda, on account of the singular sweetness of her disposition, for Imelda means in Latin, "Go, give honey." But, as the name Imelda was not at all an unusual one in Bologna, and had already been borne by other members of the Lambertini family, it is more likely that this sweet name, under which she has been raised to the altars of the Church, was the one actually bestowed upon her at the font.

Her father, Egano Lambertini, was a rich, brave and powerful nobleman, who filled several important posts. But, over and above his earthly grandeur, he was a devout Christian and a tender lover of the poor. He specially delighted in bestowing his alms on those who had made themselves poor for Christ's sake; and so we find that, out of gratitude for his charity, the Dominicans, Franciscans and Carmelites had admitted him and his family during life and after death to a share in their prayers, penances and good works.

His wife, Castora, was worthy of him. She belonged to the noble family of the Galluzzi, who were noted for their open-handed generosity in the cause of religion, and who were, moreover the founders of several churches in the Diocese of Bologna. Castora's great devotion was to pray for the souls in Purgatory, and in particular for the deceased members of her own family. For this intention she multiplied

her charitable donations to monasteries and her gifts for the adornment of altars. Two of Castora's near kinsfolk, probably her brothers, were members of the Dominican Order, and a female relation founded a convent of Franciscan nuns, of which she became the Abbess.

On her father's side also the child had at least one near relative who had consecrated herself to God in the religious state. This was Donna Massima di Ramiero Caccianemici, Count Egano's sister, who during her married life had been among the gayest of the gay ladies of Bologna. But, after her husband's death, she was converted from her worldly ways, and on Sunday, October 21, A. D. 1324, the clergy and magistrates of the city were seen wending their way in solemn procession through the streets, conducting Donna Massima, together with forty-nine of the noble ladies of the place, to the convent which was henceforth to be her abode. These ladies had, at her persuasion, given up their riches and their comfortable homes, and now depended on alms for their subsistence. They embraced the rule of the Servite Order, which was specially founded to honor the Seven Dolours of our Lady, and Donna Massima continued to govern them in great holiness during the remaining twenty years of her life. The annals of her order bestow on her the title of Blessed.

An old Spanish historian tells us that the Countess Castora, regarding her little Imelda as a special gift from our Lady, would often take her in her arms and offer her anew to the Divine Mother, saying: "O my Queen, what a beautiful child thou hast given me! She is thine; accept the offering I make of her to thee."

Like the Child Jesus, Imelda "grew in wisdom, age and grace with God and men." From her earliest years she took little interest in the ordinary amusements of her age, but listened eagerly to holy

stories and religious instruction, and gave herself entirely to a life of devotion. She made a little oratory for herself, wherein she delighted in reciting the Psalms and other prayers.

When Imelda had entered on her tenth year, she was placed in the Dominican Convent of Saint Mary Magdalen, situated at Val di Pietra, at the foot of the hills which lie to the south of Bologna. The laws of the Church which now regulate the age of admission to the novitiate had not then been enacted; it may well have been, therefore, that little Imelda actually embraced the religious life at this early age; and this is the view of the case usually taken by the writers of her story. It is possible, however, that her pious parents, as is still sometimes done in Catholic countries, had only vowed her to God and S. Dominic to wear the habit for a certain number of years.

The Convent of S. Mary Magdalen was a very ancient one, and had at first belonged to the Benedictine and afterwards to the Augustinian Order; but, at the time of which we write, its inmates had for more than thirty years worn the white habit of S. Dominic, and they were noted for their great holiness of life. Imelda had, no doubt, often prayed at the tomb of that glorious Saint, who lies buried in Bologna, and she must have been familiar with the beautiful stories of his life. She knew how our Lord had once appeared to him in vision, in company with our Blessed Lady, and had said to him: "I have given thy Order to my Mother"; and how Mary had then opened wide her blue mantle and shown the Saint countless multitudes of his children sheltered beneath its folds. She knew, too, how the Immaculate Mother of God had herself brought from heaven the white scapular of the Order and given it to the Blessed Reginald, one of S. Dominic's early companions. Very joyfully, therefore, did she lay aside her worldly attire, to be clothed in that holy habit, which had already been worn by so many saintly servants of God. She was at that time, we are told, remarkably tall for her age, fragile, and

delicate, and fair as an angel to behold.

Imelda threw herself with her whole heart into the new life which had opened before her. The child of nine years old set herself to practice the austere rule with the most loving fidelity, devoting herself to the exercise of prayer and penance, and by her fervor rendering herself a model even to the oldest and most saintly of the community. She erected a little Calvary in a remote part of the garden, and thither she loved to retire in order to meditate undisturbed on the sufferings and death of her Divine Spouse.

Imelda's chief devotion was to Jesus hidden in the Sacrament of His love; and with all the ardor of her soul did she long for the happy day when she should be allowed to unite herself to her Lord in Holy Communion. "Tell me," she would often say to her sisters, "how is it possible to receive Jesus into one's heart and not to die?"

It appears that it was not at that time usual in northern Italy for children to make their First Communion before the age of fourteen. Vainly, therefore, did the little Imelda over and over again beseech her confessor to allow her to approach the Holy Table. He turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties. But He "who feedeth among the lilies," and who, when He was on earth, said, "Suffer little children to come to Me, and forbid them not," would not allow the loving young heart to be disappointed.

It was the last of the Rogation Days, May 12, A. D. 1333. The two years which she had now spent in the religious life and the approach of the great festival of the Ascension had caused the flames of divine love to burn more brightly than ever in the breast of Imelda. All the nuns approached the Holy Table; she alone knelt apart in a corner of the choir, pouring forth her acts of fervent desire, and weeping bitterly because she was not allowed to share in their happiness. The Mass was over; the priest had left the altar; the lights were extinguished; the community had for the most part dispersed to discharge their various domes-

tic duties; still Imelda knelt on, absorbed in prayer.

Suddenly a heavenly fragrance filled the sacred building and diffused itself even beyond its precincts. It drew the Sisters back to the choir, where a wondrous sight met their eyes. A radiant Host was hanging in the air above the head of the saintly child. Her heavenly Bridegroom had heard her prayer, and was indeed come to make her all His own.

The astonished nuns immediately summoned the chaplain back to the spot. He came in his sacred vestments, with the paten in his hand, and knelt in wondering adoration, awaiting some further manifestation of the Divine Will. Then the Host gently descended to the paten, and the priest communicated Imelda. The transport of joy and gratitude was too great for the weak bodily frame; the happy child closed her eyes and in the kiss of the Lord breathed forth her pure soul, to go and make endless thanksgiving in heaven.

The sacred remains, consecrated by their union with the God of all love and goodness, were laid to rest in a beautiful tomb of white marble, on which was carved a representation of the miraculous event we have just recorded; and every year the twelfth of May was celebrated at Val di Pietra with festive chants and special devotions in honor of this young and highly privileged Spouse of the Lamb. Her sisters had recourse to her in all their needs; frequent miracles were worked by her intercession; her tomb became a place of pilgrimage, and the voice of the people proclaimed her blessed.

More than two hundred years after the death of Imelda, the community of Saint Mary Magdalen's were obliged, on account of the continued petty warfare which was going on in Italy, to seek greater safety within the walls of Bologna. By order of the Pope, they exchanged convents with the Fathers of the Servite Order, who had in the city a house and church dedicated to S. Joseph. It was hard to tear themselves from their beloved cloister, wherein they had first con-

secrated themselves to their Heavenly Spouse, and to which they were bound by a thousand hallowed memories; hardest of all, perhaps, to have to leave behind them their greatest treasure, the body of their saintly little Sister.

Sixteen years later, in A. D. 1532, however, it was decided that the precious remains should be restored to them. The tomb was opened, the sacred relics were carefully examined and removed with great rejoicings to the choir of the new monastery on the twenty-fourth of February. Henceforth this day, as well as the twelfth of May, was looked upon by the community as a special festival. On both these anniversaries it was their custom to gather round the tomb and sing in honor of the young Saint an antiphon, versicle and prayer, which are said to be of wonderful efficacy.

Meanwhile the Lambertini family had not been behindhand in showing honor to one whom they justly regarded as the chief ornament of their race. Devotion to Imelda spread far and wide, especially in Belgium, where one of the family had been entrusted with an important post. At last a member of the Lambertini family became Archbishop of Bologna. He caused the Church of S. Mary Magdalen to be entirely rebuilt and richly decorated. The body of the young saint was laid in a beautiful chapel, under a magnificently carved altar, which was soon surrounded by votive offerings of gratitude for favors received through her intercession. By and by, this Prospero Lambertini was made a Cardinal, and at last he ascended the Chair of S. Peter, under the title of Benedict XIV.

The new Pope did not forget the holy child, to whom he bore so tender a devotion. He caused her image to be stamped on the "Agnus Dei," which he blessed, and he recorded her touching story in his great book on the Beatification of Saints, in which he gives her the title of Blessed. Many requests were made that he would proceed to her solemn Beatification; for, although she was invoked and venerated, it was not as yet lawful to celebrate Mass

and Office in her honor. The great Pope died before he was able to carry out his own desires in this matter, and the troubles and revolutions which disturbed Europe at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century still further retarded the happy event.

It was not until the twentieth of December, 1826, that Pope Leo XII. at length raised the youthful patroness of First Communicants to the altars of the Church, giving permission for Mass and Office to be celebrated in her honor in the Archdiocese of Bologna and throughout the Dominican Order, wherein her feast is celebrated on September 16th. Blessed Imelda is probably the youngest saint not a martyr who has ever received the honors of beatification.

On the occasion of the occupation of Italy by the French in the closing years of the last century, churches were profaned, the archives of monasteries pillaged, and monks and nuns driven from

their cloisters. The community of Saint Mary Magdalen's at Bologna was not spared; but the nuns carried away with them the relics of their beloved little Saint. Some of the Sisters received hospitality from the noble family of the Malvezzi and bestowed upon them in reward of their charity the greater part of the precious remains. When the storm had subsided, the Malvezzi deposited the treasure in the little Church of S. Sigismund, over which they had some right of patronage. One aisle of this quaint little building is, as it were, partitioned off to form a chapel, wherein, behind a grating, in a shrine of crystal and gold, and decked with flowers, repose the relics of the dear little Beata. Above lies a beautiful effigy, representing her clothed in the Dominican habit, her hands crossed upon her scapular. It is no unfrequent sight to see a priest in this chapel engaged in catechizing children in preparation for their first communion.

With one accord O Mother fair,
Thy children offer as a prayer
The scented bloom of roses rare.

The prayer is heard and answered; we
Receive from thy dear hand the free
Mercies thy Lord commits to thee!

We kneel before thy shrines to prove
A Mother's care: from Heaven above
Accept the pledges of our love.

No gems we bring to thee, no gold;
Our little baskets only hold
The wreathed flowers of field and wold:

The lowly violet's penury,
The snowy lily's chastity,
The purple rose's agony!

And while our loving hands would frame
A worthy chaplet we proclaim
Again and yet again thy Name.

Yes, trust in her who shall unfold
In Heaven her great reward—behold,
For wreathing roses, crowns of gold!

Be thou our favoring Patron here;
Be thou our Guide in deserts drear;
Be thou our Help when death is near!

How well thy client Gusman wrought
Thy will in every deed and thought—
The weaving of thy Rosary taught!

On earth a grateful task and sweet!
But oh, more grateful, should our feet
But gain at last the heavenly seat!

Then sweeter far 't will be to raise
To thee a wreathed song of praise,
O Virgin blest, through endless days.

Take to your heart the roses rare
Your Mother giveth to your care,
And joyous weave the chaplet fair.

Lo! we obey the high command:
What then shall be the guerdon grand?
O trust the issue to her hand!

—Leo XIII.

THE GAELIC TONGUE AND THE PEOPLE WHO USED IT.

JAMES O'LEARY.

In the olden days, antedating the rise of the Roman power, the Celts were the masters of Europe; the same to that continent, in a measure, that the Romans afterwards became; the same to it that the United States is to the continent of America to-day. Besides these, there were the Iberian peoples of Spain, the Etruscans and the native tribes of the Italic peninsula, the Hellenes of Greece and the isles of the Mediterranean, the Teutonic nations south of the Baltic, and the Slavs, clinging to the Carpathians on both sides and extending in a thin line to the Baltic. The heart of the Celtic power was in Gaul, from the Rhine and Alps to the Atlantic, in Switzerland, northern Italy, Ireland and Great Britain. Thence they spread south into Spain and east into Germany and Bohemia—the latter the home of the Boii and Baiern—the land of the Boii bearing indelible traces of their fame. Under Brennus (Bran) they conquered Italy and laid Rome under tribute, swept like a torrent through Greece and Asia Minor, and made a settlement in that country, called after them Galatia. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that the Cimmerici of southern Russia and of Denmark, the Cimbric Chersonnesus, driven out of Europe by the Scythians (Tartars and Mongols), were the Cymric branch of the same people—the same terrible Cimbri that threatened to annihilate, in conjunction with the Teutones (Germans), the Roman Republic, just previous to the days of Caesar.

We do not know for certain what was the language spoken by this people, but it was either the Gaelic or the Cymric speech. There is reason to believe that the Gaelic was the speech of the people of northern Gaul, from the Seine to the Rhine, and of the east and southeast of that country, of southern England, northern Spain and Ireland. The Cymric prob-

ably predominated in northern Britain, and it is a matter of doubt whether central and northwestern Gaul were Cymric or Gaelic, though more probably the latter. Northern Italy, too, doubtless spoke the Gaelic tongue; and it is altogether probable that the poet Virgil (Fearghall), the great light of Latin poetry, was of Gaulish extraction, as Caesar made citizens of the Cisalpine Gauls. As to the ancient language of northern Italy and of Provence, it may be stated that there has been published a *Pater Noster* in a Gaelic dialect, which is said to have been in use among the Albigenses. Many persons have classed the Basque, spoken on both sides of the Pyrenees, as a Celtic tongue, but it has no affinity whatever with any Indo-European language. It, no doubt, was the mother tongue of the Iberians of Spain. The Gaelic element in northern Spain is easily traced from the mouth of the Ebro, on the Mediterranean, to the Atlantic, and north to the bay of Biscay.

"There are," as says a recent traveler, "two distinct types of population—one of which I shall call the Irish type." The writer is acquainted with a gentleman from the Basque province, raised in this country, whom the least observant person would at once, as far as features, expression, manners and language go, at once single out as a native of the south of Ireland. Here, in Roman days, dwelt the Celtici and the Gallaeci. The Gallegos of the present (Gaodhalaige), and the Portuguese, too, are of Gaelic stock.

Of those that spoke that language there were hundreds of communities, as important in their day as kingly Rome or republican Greece, and, when united under a single leader, they were irresistible. The Gaelic was the language of poets, orators, statesmen and judges from the days when the world was young, and so

remained till the later days, when it went down before the conquering Roman and the still later English conquerors. It was the ancestral language of seventy-five millions of people in Europe and in America. After the downfall of the Roman Empire it was the tongue of the sages who carried Christianity and civilization to the peoples of Europe, and it was a cultivated language when most of those now spoken in the old world were regarded as but the uncouth dialects of fierce barbarians. And, more than all, it was the language of our fathers, the language of all those of whom, with the exception of the men of the latter days, Ireland has any reason to be proud. The only wonder is that Irishmen should ever forget it, and ignorance alone can excuse their lack of interest in it. And not only Irishmen, but the sons of Scotland, should be interested in the Gaelic tongue, as the ancestors of the majority of the people of that land spoke that language; nor should we forget our Manx kinsmen in the Irish Sea.

Of the two great branches of the Celtic speech the Cymric is the more primitive the Gaelic the more cultivated. The differences between them are of comparatively recent growth, and result from the elision or softening of consonants in the Gaelic and the loss of some of its ancient vocabulary on the part of the Welsh. There has been loss of letters and syllables in the latter, too, and the substitution of *p* and *b* for the Gaelic *c* hard. As to the elision of consonants, we may note the dropping of the sound of *dh* or *d* aspirate in the Gaelic *bliadhan*, a year, retained in the Welsh *bleddyn*; where the Gaelic is pronounced *bli'a'an*, the *dh* being treated similarly to the letters *gh* in *sought*. In this respect the Welsh is the most ancient. As to a loss of vocabulary by the Welsh, we may instance *athair*, Gaelic, father, and *mathair*, mother; where the Welsh has *tad* and *mam*, also found in the Gaelic, but only used by children; *dad* and *mam*, familiarly *daddy* and *mammy*. As to the dropping of let-

ters and syllables, it may be sufficient to mention the very familiar one of *Mac*, son, the prefix to so many Irish and Scotch names. In modern Welsh this is *Ap*, as *Ap Evan*, or *Bevan*. In old Welsh *Ap* was *Mab*, in older Welsh *Macqui* or *Macvi*, the latter form being found on monumental inscriptions. This shows also the substitution of the labial for the guttural—*b* for *c*, *Mab* for *Mac*. We may state, also, that the Welsh has substituted Latin terms for Celtic, as, for instance, *Sancteider*, hallowed, for *Naomhtar*, in the Lord's Prayer. The Breton, while a true child of the Cymric, appears to be nearer the Gaelic than the Welsh in some instances. Thierry, in his history of "The Norman Conquest," gives *Mac Tiarn* as the title of the sons of nobles; Gaelic, *Mac Tihearna*, both pronounced similarly. And note one of the followers of William the Conqueror, Brian de Bois Guilbert, where we have the very name of Brian Boroimhe, the victor of Clontarf.

It is perhaps a little singular to find that in the southeast of Ireland—next, indeed, to the land of the Cymry—the tendency to substitute the labial for the guttural is found, as witness the names of Murphy and Dunphy, correctly in Gaelic Murrougha and Donoghoe or Morchadha and Donchadha, the *ch* being guttural and the *dh* silent.

The fact that Gaelic was once the speech of a considerable portion, if not the whole of south Britain, is evident not only from the occurrence of the word *dun*, a fortress, but from the names of rivers—Avon and Eske; *amhain*, a river, and *aisge*, water; and places such as Dunmow, Gaelic *dun m-bo*. The custom of gavelkinde in Kent is identically the same as the Gaelic *gabhail cinne* (gavelkinne). But there are a whole host of words in the Saxon contingent of the English speech, generally given in the dictionaries as of doubtful derivation, or as having far-fetched equivalents in some Teutonic or Scandinavian dialects. The preposition *do*, to, is almost exactly the same in Eng-

hish and Gaelic; so is the verb *bi*, be, and the infinitive *do bhi*, to be. This verb in nearly all its moods and tenses is indeed pronouncedly Gaelic. Take am—Gaelic, *thaim*—I am; are—Gaelic, *thair*—thou art; and is—Gaelic, *is*. Then we have he—Gaelic, *she*; she—Gaelic, *si*; she is—Gaelic, *is si*. In the forms *thaim*, *thair*, I have used the Leinster equivalents *haim*, *hair*, where the *i* is aspirated. Then take the past tense of the verb to be, was—Gaelic, *bhídeas*, *reéis* or *weeis*, I was. I have shown that the forms for he and she

are the same as the Gaelic *se* and *si*. In like manner we have me—Gaelic, *me*; thou—Gaelic, *tu*. The lexicographers have been wont to remark the paucity of Celtic words in English speech. They compared it with the Welsh, which is the most archaic form of the Celtic speech, though there the number is much greater than they were willing to allow. But they apparently never once thought of comparing it with the Gaelic, or, more likely, were altogether unacquainted with the latter.

There is a rapture that my soul desires,
There is a something that I cannot name;
I know not after what my soul aspires,
Nor guess from whence the restless longing came;

But ever from my childhood have I felt it,
In all things beautiful and all things gay,
And ever has its gentle unseen presence
Fallen, like a shadow-cloud, across my way.

It is the melody of all sweet music,
In all fair forms it is the hidden grace;
In all I love, a something that escapes me,
F'lies my pursuit, and ever veils its face.
I see it in the woodland's summer beauty,
I hear it in the breathing of the air;
I stretch my hands to feel for it, and grasp it,

But ah, too well I know, it is not there.

In sunset hours, when all the earth is golden,

And rosy clouds are hastening to the west,
I catch a waving gleam and then 'tis vanished,

And the old longing once more fills my breast.

It is not pain, although the fire consumes me,

Bound up with memories of my happiest years;

It steals into my deepest joys—O mystery!
It mingles too with all my saddest tears.

Once, only once, there rose the heavy curtain,

The clouds rolled back, and for too brief a space

I drank in joy as from a living fountain,
And seemed to gaze upon it, face to face;
But of that day and hour who shall venture

With lips untouched by seraph's fire to tell?

I saw Thee, O my Life! I heard, I touched Thee,—

There o'er my soul once more the darkness fell.

The darkness fell, and all the glory vanished;

I strove to call it back, but all in vain;
O rapture; to have seen it for a moment!
O anguish! that it never came again!

That lightning—flash of joy that seemed eternal,

Was it in deed but wandering fancy's dream?

Ah, surely no! that day the heavens opened,

And on my soul there fell a golden gleam.

—Mother Raphael Drane, O. P.

EDITORIAL.

The feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which the Church commemorates on the eighth of the present month, is celebrated with peculiarly joyful praise and grateful thanksgiving by all the faithful. For it was Mary's singular privilege to be preserved from the stain of sin that tarnished the soul of every other child of Adam. Transcending all other creatures in purity, holiness and every other heavenly virtue, Mary is the most perfect model for our imitation. While rejoicing with the universal Church in the glorious privileges conferred upon the Mother of God, let us also supplicate her compassionate goodness in our behalf at the throne of her Divine Son, who has redeemed the world by the shedding of His most precious blood.

Continuing our extracts from the Encyclical of the Holy Father on the Blessed Eucharist, as announced in our August number, we gladly quote:

To have entire knowledge of the Blessed Eucharist is the same as to know what the powerful mercy of God Incarnate has effected for the sake of the human race. For as it pertains to true faith to acknowledge and adore Christ as the supreme cause of our salvation since He restored all things by His wisdom, His laws, His teachings, His examples and the shedding of His blood; so it is likewise the part of true faith to acknowledge and adore the same Christ as really present in the Eucharist in such manner as to really abide for all time among men and to be ever imparting to them in perpetual stream the blessings of the redemption He gained, ever bearing the character of the teacher and the good shepherd and of the exceedingly acceptable petitioner of His Heavenly Father. Whosoever, besides, considers carefully and devoutly the blessings of the Eucharist will recognize as most conspicuous and the source of all others, the fact that therefrom life which is truly such flows unto man. "The bread which I shall give is my flesh for the life of the world" (John vi., 52). In more than one

way, as we are taught on another occasion, Christ is life. He declared the cause of His coming among men to have been that they might abound in supernatural life: "I have come that they may have life and have it more abundantly" (John x., 10). As soon as "the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour appeared" (Titus iii., 4) there burst forth, as every one knows, a force which created a new order of things and pervaded all the veins of civil and family life. New bonds of union were established between man and man; new public and private rights, and new duties; new direction to institutions, learning and the arts; above all, men's dispositions and aspirations were harmonized with religious truth and holiness; and thus was communicated to man a life which was truly heavenly and divine. To this are to be referred the frequent allusions in Sacred Scripture to the tree of life, the word of life, the book of life, the crown of life, and especially the bread of life.

Now, since this life of which we speak has a marked resemblance to man's natural life, as the one is sustained and grows by food, so must likewise the other be maintained and developed by its proper food. We may here aptly recall the time and manner in which Christ urged and led men to receive properly the living bread which He was to give them. When the knowledge became widespread of the miracle which He had wrought on the shores of Tiberias by multiplying the loaves for the multitude, a great many gathered about Him in the hope of obtaining a like benefit. Then, just as He had suggested to the Samaritan woman when drawing water at the well a thirst for the water "springing up to life everlasting" (John vi., 14), so now He raises up the minds of the multitude to the greater desire of the bread "that endureth unto life everlasting" (John vi., 27). Nor is this bread, Jesus insists, that heavenly manna given to your fathers in the desert, nor that which to your astonishment you have lately received from Me; I Myself am the bread of which I speak: "I am the bread of life" (John vi., 48). And this same He urgently presents to all by words which are an invitation and a command: "If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world"

(John vi. 52). The grave nature of this precept He Himself convincingly declares: "Amen, amen, I say to you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you" (John vi., 54).

Away, therefore, with the widespread error of those who think that the reception of the Eucharist is to be left entirely to those who with freedom from cares and with exclusive dispositions purpose to keep up a more religious life. We have something here than which there is nothing grander or more salutary, and which is the concern of all, whatsoever their position or eminence, who wish, as every one must wish, to foster in himself that life of grace of which the end is gaining a life of happiness with God."

The recent passage of an act by the Chilean Congress to effectually check the ravages of drunkenness so fatal in that country, seems likely to produce happy results, for it strikes at the very root of the evil—the manufacture of the liquor itself. The stringent measures adopted by the Congress of Chili are the results of mature deliberation of intelligent men on the various phases of intemperance in alcoholic liquors—the main features of which seem to be unscrupulousness on the part of the manufacturer and the utter inability of resistance to excess on the part of the consumer.

The strong hand of the law will fall, therefore, primarily upon the distiller of spirituous liquors, and secondarily upon retail dealers. The enforcement of the wise provisions of this law will undoubtedly reduce the revenues of the liquor merchant so materially that, had he not a more noble incentive to reform the inebriate, he must needs become a passive instrument in the obliteration of the "habitual drunkard."

Educational statistics in the Philippines are rapidly being placed before the public eye, revealing many important facts hitherto unknown in America. Incredible to some will appear the following statement:

A printing press was established at Manila in 1630, in which year at the Dominican College of S. Thomas, a Spanish-

Japanese dictionary, the work of Portuguese missionaries and scholars, now translated into Spanish, was printed by Thomas Pinpin, a native Tagal, and Jacinto Magauria. This dictionary (now extremely rare), even though not the first book printed in the islands, as stated by Retana, must yet be ranked among the earliest specimens of Philippine literature.

Retana also mentions that printing-presses were established on the island of Luzon, viz, at Bacolor in 1619; Macabebe in 1621; Tayabas in 1703. He likewise cites two works named by the Franciscan antiquary, Huerta, as having been printed in Manila earlier than the Bugarin dictionary—the "Devocion Tagalog" in 1610, and a "Diccionario" in 1613, both (according to Huerta) from the press of Tomás Pinpin, the Tagal printer. Retana gives the dates of several still older imprints than the Japanese dictionary of 1630, which in his *Biblioteca* has been accorded the honor of senior of the Philippine press. Thus we see that the introduction of printing into Malaysia by the Catholic missionaries antedates the introduction of this "art preservative of arts" into the American colonies by a full half century.

The specimens of workmanship from the orphanage printing establishments throughout the islands are remarkable for accuracy of mechanical detail and artistic finish. Prior to the siege of Manila in 1898 the establishment at Malabon under the direction of two Augustinian Fathers, assisted by four lay brothers, employed one hundred and one orphan boys in various trades; of these, thirteen were compositors, twelve pressmen and thirty bookbinders. But, alas, with many other local homes of industry and learning grim war has sent the orphans and their guardians as wanderers, without means to continue their noble work.

A ceremony of great interest, the news of which should be of special welcome to readers of DOMINICANA, was the recent erection, with all canonical rights, of the Confraternity of the Rosary, in the

of the venerable mission of Santa Barbara. The best preserved of all the missions, and the only one of the faithful Franciscans have held in possession, Santa Barbara is a spot. Its chronicles tell of Dominicans who labored in those parts, the territory was Franciscan, in 1763 when Spanish sovereignty ruled, specially becoming that in such a our Lady's queen devotion should be as the rose. And it does flourish, to Franciscan devotion and zeal.

veracious journals recently re-informed us that the corner-stone of the Carnegie Library building, Alameda, Cal., was laid on July 12, according to the Masonic ritual, under the auspices of various Masonic fraternities, and with a full display of their regalia.

The Carnegie gift was made to the citizens of Alameda. No church or society should have any control or power of direction in such matters. Masonic supervision, as described by the newspapers, was an intrusion unwarranted, offensive to many, and altogether impertinent. We protest against such demonstrations as an insolent invasion of a domain that should be absolutely independent of the influence of any particular organization. On a former occasion we entered a similar protest when a like offense was committed.

California Catholics would not diminish their claims to good citizenship if they manifested a greater readiness to resent actions conspicuously and flagrantly performed in disregard of Catholic rights and in defiance of the spirit of Americanism. This note was unintentionally omitted from our August number.

Teachers will find in the latest number of *The Catholic University Bulletin*, an interesting article on "St. Thomas' Theory of Education," by Dr. Edward A. Pace, "Middle English Poems on the Joys and on the Compassion of the Blessed Virgin Mary" and "The Literature of Chivalry" are other helpful contributions.

announcement by our energetic San Francisco publisher, Mr. A. M. Son, that he will soon bring out a

new volume of verse by our esteemed contributor, Harriet M. Skidmore, is one that will be welcomed by the many admirers of this gifted lady, East and West. DOMINICANA is very pleased to join its word of cheer, and we earnestly advise our readers to place advance orders with Mr. Robertson for copies of Miss Skidmore's poems. Our knowledge of the publisher's artistic skill justifies us in saying that the body of Miss Skidmore's book will be worthy of its soul.

MAGAZINES.

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The Messenger for August deserves the thanks of the Catholic public for its ad-

mirable article "The Friars Must Stay."

On this vexed question the Convention of the Federated Catholic Societies, held in Chicago, acted and spoke prudently. Would that some of our journals manifested like good sense.

In due time an adjustment will be effected by those representing the Holy See and our government. Meanwhile, the sentiments expressed by a recent correspondent of *The Sun*, New York, should be generally held:

"But when the Administration and the Vatican are seeking to settle such questions in a friendly way there is no reason why any citizen, Catholic or Protestant, should indulge in hostile criticism or do anything calculated to stir up religious agitation. Catholics may implicitly trust the authorities at Rome to safeguard all the interests of the Church. It is better that such questions should be settled by friendly conferences than by force or the exercise of arbitrary power, or even by the use of power that has no clear warrant in the Constitution. As the case now stands it is quite plain that the Government has no intention to invoke any such power to interfere either with the person or the property of the friars. The question is not one that can be settled by the exercise of governmental power. It can be settled by mutual agreement and mutual concessions, and no good citizen will seek by unwise agitation to embarrass either the Administration or the Church authorities in their efforts to accomplish such a desirable result."

In *The Arena* for August, Boyd Winchester has an able paper entitled, "The Citizen's Debt to His Country," from which we take the following extract:

"Indifference to civic responsibility can never be justified. Vigilance, activity, enthusiasm—these are the qualifications essential to a self-governing people intent upon working out government of, by, and for themselves. We can never be told too often that the best political system in the world is good for nothing and must fail if the men best fitted to direct it confine themselves to a fugitive and cloistered political virtue, refusing to go forth to meet the adversary. An exalted patriotism demands not only that we must love our country devotedly, but that we must serve it faithfully; that conscience should function in the field of political duties, stimulating us to higher concepts and ideals. Practical public

spirit is nearly synonymous with civic duty. Both are superior to mere party feeling, and represent a well-directed and uniform attachment to the political community of which we are members. It is a consistent, uniform, disinterested principle, inspiring and sustaining those heroic virtues which characterize the legislator, the statesman and the patriot."

Mr. Winchester dwells particularly on the apathy towards political obligations that exists among men known as "best citizens" and the consequent ascendancy of the vicious and incompetent politician.

In its issue for July 27, *The Times* of Los Angeles, published a screed of slanderous vituperation against the Spanish race, the friars being particularly singled out for broadside, wholesale calumny. The space-filler who contributed the insults to truth which manifested his hatred of Catholicism, is woefully ignorant of history. An ardent Anglo-Saxon, he foolishly refers to Spain's treatment of the Indians. That the South American republics and Mexico are to-day largely Indian in the blood of their population, that the Indians, despite the cruelties of early freebooters, have been preserved, as a race, whereas, under English colonial policy and under the rule of the United States the Red men have been almost exterminated, is an argument of fact that must silence bigotry, be it never so blatant, never so Anglo-Saxon.

Fifty years before Harvard was opened as a simple school, Spanish Dominicans had given to the Indians of Peru a college of university rights and privileges, similar to those enjoyed at the far-famed Salamanca. And the abused friars did equally good work for the Filipinos. And that the present Archbishop of Mexico is an Indian, of unmixed blood, bears eloquent testimony to the Church's truly Catholic spirit. Has Anglo-Saxonism ever made an Indian even a parson?

One need not lose his love for the stars and stripes, nor does he expose his patriotism to just criticism, by denouncing the horde of ignorant and dishonest scribblers who corrupt newspaper history (the

only history read by ninety-nine out of a hundred Americans) by their cowardly slanders of Spain in the name of a false Americanism. And pertinently, let us here refer to Mr. Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, whose American spirit no man can question. From his excellent *Out West* for August, we make the following excerpts, a happy antidote for the vicious utterances of *The Times*:

The patriarchal life had here its most perfect type in America, for it had more genial environment even than its peers in Mexico or Peru. As law-abiding (if with laws less onerous to abide) as an old-time New Hampshire village, but incomparably more "sociable" and content; generous beyond our synonyms, and simple beyond our returning back; hospitable as no people could be save in such a frontier Arcady, and as we shall never be anywhere—the Spanish California of "before the gringo" was perhaps as near Utopia as the race is ever likely to get. A hundred years ago, for that matter, a man might have taken horse in Santiago de Chile and ridden overland 6000 miles to San Francisco, without a dollar, without a letter. Up to the American invasion, the traveler in California found welcome in whatsoever house. Not food and bed and tolerance only, but warm hearts and home. Fresh clothing was laid out in his chamber. His jaded horse went to the fenceless pasture; a new and probably better steed was saddled at the door when the day came that he must go. And in the houses which had it, a casual fistful of silver lay upon his table, from which he was expected to help himself against his present needs. It was a society in which hotels could not survive (even long after they were attempted) because every home was open to the stranger; and orphan asylums were impossible. Not because fathers and mothers never died, but because no one was civilized enough to shirk the orphans. There should be remembrance for the historic case (a type of his day) of the paisano with fourteen children of his own and a wage of twenty-five cents, who came to the first American justice of the peace on the Pacific Coast for leave to adopt the six babies of a deceased acquaintance. "God heavens, man! But how can you?" demanded the civilized official. "Pues, Señor," said the Californian, "have you not seen that the hen scratches as hard for one chick as for twenty?" * * *

For that matter, the entitled will find the same spirit and welcome still in the retired Spanish ranches, none of its

pearls lost, though the habit has perforce grown up of not casting them before—such as trample pearls. A precise ledger, entering up in what coin this exquisite hospitality has too often been repaid by the superior race, would make as uncomfortable a balance as any American would care to read. * * *

Historically, there is no doubt that the old-time Spanish Californian came about as near to solving the vital equation as man has come. If "success in life" means making life good to yourself, your family, your servants, your neighbors, the poor outside your fences, and the stranger within your gates, then he was a success never surpassed, rarely if ever equaled. He was happier even than we are who have stepped into his geographic shoes, though no happier than we may be in them when we shall have learned something structural of his dignified simplicities. Like the two pilgrims of fable, we both must wear for penance in our shoes the pease of civilization—but he took the liberty to *boil* his pease! On the other hand, if "success" means accumulating so many elaborate tools for the happiness we mean to build that we never get time to build it, he must fall below our standard. He got what tools he could use. Though his "looseness" as a farmer and stock-raiser would be our despair, it is true that he "probably made more in solid coin on his investment than any other ranchman in the world." Incidentally he averaged longer life, more gayety, less friction. He was not hurried, nor worried, and decidedly not enervated. Men who live in the saddle, who are admittedly the ideal horsemen, who lasso grizzlies—they are not degenerates. He was not even shocked by the neighborliness of Juno. "There is a lady in Monterey," wrote Colton, who knew her, "with twenty-one living children, and in the department below one with twenty-eight, all living and in good health." And the average California family of the day was an admiration to many chroniclers. When it was not unheard-of to live a century, and to have towards the end more posterity than years, and 300 horned cattle and 50 horses for each child, grandchild, great-grandchild, and to every head of stock five acres—verily how remote of time and space seems that "life in the land of the afternoon!" So swift are the feet of Progress! For it was only fifty years ago, and upon the same continent where people are discovering already that parenthood is at the best indelicate, and, beyond the pardonable proof of potency, an open scandal; and where they expect to get an unabridged encyclopedia of home, bound in brick walls!

From the first number of the third volume of *The Catholic Witness*, published by members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States (this is the official title, despite the assumption of the word *Catholic*) we make the following extract:

The Roman Catholic magazine DOMINICANA, which is published by the Dominican Fathers of San Francisco, and which is one of our exchanges which we always delight to read, has recently been saying some things in connection with the English Mass with which we are unable to agree. In speaking of the coronation oath of Edward VI. of England, that paper says that after the oath had been taken in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, Archbishop Cranmer sang a Solemn High Mass, and that then, in less than two years, the "Mass was abolished and the altar stones cast to the ground." We confess that this is news to us. We think, moreover, that it is a subject concerning which we might be supposed to know something. We venture to assert—and it is a confidence of boasting that no man may take from us—we venture to assert that the Mass has never been abolished in the Church of England. When will the Roman Catholics learn that the Church of England is a living branch of the ancient apostolic Church of Jesus Christ? The Mass has never been abolished by our Holy Mother, the Church of England. Now may God indeed forbid!

Our first comment is one of grateful appreciation because of the courteous compliment paid to our work; and we may add that we read *The Witness* with interest. Our second word is that *The Witness*, in the issue named, speaks of the "emasculated Protestantism in vogue" in the Episcopalian churches of California. Its claims, therefore, to the title Catholic, are quite personal to the editor and to those amiable ladies and gentlemen who are associated with him. The authorities of their church reject it, as they do the Mass. And now to the point on which *The Catholic Witness* seems to seek light. The twenty-eighth article (of the famous thirty-nine) of the Church of England explicitly rejects transubstantiation and the Mass. In his "History of the Church of England," the Anglican Bishop Short (of S. Asaph), writes that "the Church of England first ceased to be a member of the Church of Rome during the reign of

Henry the Eighth, but it could hardly be called Protestant till that of Edward the Sixth. * * * During his short reign it became entirely Protestant, and in point of doctrine, assumed its present form."

And let the C. W. recall the thirty-first article: "The sacrifices of Masses, in which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain and guilt, are blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

We could cite numerous Anglican authorities to prove that the Church of England repudiates all the essentials of priesthood in her ministers.

Lest this may not satisfy the enquiring editor of the C. W. we add that shortly after her accession Elizabeth effectually repudiated the reconciliation of England with the Holy See secured by Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole. The "virgin queen," who had declared that she prayed God for the earth to swallow her up alive if she were not a true Roman Catholic, had passed the "Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer and Service in the Church and Administration of the Sacraments." By this act, the Mass was *once more* abolished, as it had been in young Edward's time, and the Communion service of the Book of Common Prayer substituted for it.

Does the C. W. forget the solemn declaration, under oath, made by the head of the Church of England, who may also be called the archbishop of the P. E. Church of the U. S., that Catholics, believing in the Blessed Sacrament and in the Mass, are Popish idolators? If the C. W. can successfully blind the eyes of its followers by throwing in them the chaff and dust of such appalling ignorance (shall we say dishonesty?) as we have quoted from its columns, we should almost despair of their final enlightenment.

As further evidence of Anglican consistency, not presenting a more serious phase, we should also like to remind the C. W. that during the coronation of Edward the Seventh, his Majesty swore to maintain the *Protestant* reformed religion, established by law (not by our Lord Jesus Christ) and the settlement of the Church

gland (not the Church in England) doctrine, worship, discipline, etc., *as established*; and that the Archbishop charged him to receive the royal as the ensign of the defence of the *lie* faith.

Great many people like to be humiliated, and none more thoroughly than imple-minded folk who talk unhis- torically, illogically, falsely, about the Church of England and its American off- shoot, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, as a part of the Cath- olic and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ. Holding that so devout a man as the Editor of the *C. W.* must be desirous only of light, we turn this page of English- ness for him, and we pray that he may be as fully as he is which even his own maga- zine recognizes (in another article) when it comments on the "Protestant outrage" of the Church-of-England men who in- itiated a ritualistic church, and acted vig- ilantly against those who would intro- duce the mockery of a "Popish Mass." Of course, we do not commend the de- cency or taste of those riotously dis- obedient citizens of Bristol, but we are com- pelled to recognize their doctrinal con- sciousness.

In the same number of *The Catholic* as a diatribe is published, during the course of which the writer, Parochus, states his views on taste, or rather the lack of it, as it appears to him to prevail in the Catholic churches of San Francisco. The reverend author of this ungentle- manly indulgence in words so inelegant, so un- becoming as "Romanist" and "Romish," we are at once enabled to judge of the length and breadth and height of his "taste." Several Religious Orders and several individual priests were singled out for an attack that must be regarded, at least on the score of taste, as irrelevant, indefensible. Appearing in *The Witness* we should deem it necessary to make answer to the insinuations and innuendoes that we would not if at all, mainly because they manifest the peculiar judgment of the writer, who, as an essayist on taste, is his own authority. He has our sympathy, and *The Witness* deserves even more.

We refer to this matter because *The Leader*, a weekly published in San Francisco, in the interests of the Irish race, and a supposedly Catholic organ, publishes, in its issue for August 16, the ill-mannered communication (which fair-minded readers of *The Witness* subsequently repudiated), with scarcely a word of dissent.

What object *The Leader* had in doing this needless service to the cause of scandal we know not. Certainly its work is unto disedification. Publication of such an attack on members of Religious Orders, and on individual priests, under the circumstances attending *The Leader's* proceedings, suggests endorsement of the sentiments expressed, and to the Catholic mind unwarped by prejudices, unmoved by animosities personal or otherwise, to whom the edification of the laity is an important matter, such endorsement betokens a spirit unworthy of the Irish people, as we consider them the heirs to the Faith preached by S. Patrick.

We are pleased, however, to add a word of commendation of *The Leader's* attitude in regard to the Friars in the Philippines. Under the heading "Personal Opinion," the issues for August 16 and 23 contain two contributions that bristle with points well made. Clear cut, logical, vigorous, these articles have the true American ring; they represent the true, Catholic spirit.

From the *Philadelphia Standard and Times* we receive an interesting bit of information illustrating the love that our Holy Father bears to the devotion of the Rosary: The Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary, newly established in Camden, N. J., have received from the Pope a little corner-stone for their new convent. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. in the beginning of his Pontificate, being deeply affected by the trials of the Church in many parts of the world, expressed the great desire that the Rosary should be recited day and night without interruption for the needs of the Church. "Recite the Rosary without ceasing, and never interrupt that holy exercise," he says in his encyclical letter.

The Dominican Order, which has received the Rosary from S. Dominic as a

precious heritage, understood that this great desire of the Pope was to be accomplished by his children. It was at that time that a new branch of the Dominican Sisters was founded in Belgium. The Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary recite the Rosary at every hour of the night as well as during the day. They have already four houses in the United States.

The Pope, seeing that the Sisters have fully accomplished his desire and recommendation, has, many times, manifested his benevolence by gifts and blessings to the different convents of the Perpetual Rosary. When the Sisters built their first convent in Louvain, Belgium, the Pope sent them a little piece of white marble from the Catacombs as a corner-stone. The Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary newly established in Camden have received a similar favor.

The little present was sent from Rome lately. It is a piece of white marble three inches long, two inches wide and one inch thick. It has been extracted from the tomb of a martyr in the Catacombs. Some friends have made a donation for the new convent. When Providence shall send the means sufficient to commence the new building the corner-stone will be blessed by the Bishop and the little piece of white marble will be inserted there as a relic and as a sign of benediction and protection.

As announced in a recent issue of *The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, a statistical summary of the work of the society, from 1822-1900, has been published at Baltimore, Maryland.

This important pamphlet is an amazing record of what Catholic zeal has done for the heathen tribes scattered over the known world. Despite the fact that the twentieth century opens with at least sixty-five thousand Catholic missionaries in the field, there is a vast disproportion between the workers and the millions of souls that are yet to be gathered into the fold of Christ.

In view of all that is yet to be done for the spiritual good of the infidel, an earnest appeal is made for the active co-operation of young and old in furthering the work of the society. It is in the power of all to extend a helping hand to those who are yet awaiting the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. Contributions, no matter

how small, are earnestly solicited from the faithful.

THE INDIAN SENTINEL, an annual published by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F street, Washington, D. C., has appeared for 1902-03. The subscription price, twenty-five cents yearly, entitles subscribers to membership in the "Society of the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children."

Attractive sketches profusely illustrated, letters from Catholic missionaries and extracts of reports on Indian affairs make interesting reading upon this important subject.

The following is a list of the institutions founded for the education of the Indian throughout the United States by the generosity of the faithful:

At the present time 25 Indian boarding schools are being supported by the Catholic Indian Bureau. Of these schools, 3 are located in California, 1 in Idaho, 2 in Michigan, 2 in Minnesota, 5 in Montana, 1 in New Mexico, 1 in North Dakota, 2 in Oklahoma, 1 in Oregon, 2 in South Dakota, 1 in Washington, 3 in Wisconsin and 1 in Wyoming. According to the reports for the quarter ended December 31, 1901, the capacity of these schools was 3,433, the enrollment 2,144, and the average attendance 1,998.

The American Ecclesiastical Review for August condenses into a page the most virulent attack that we have yet read on the Religious Orders in the Philippines. As it is a sheer abuse of words, as well as of men, we merely note it as a very unwholesome sign of the times, in so far as this *Review* exerts influence.

MUSIC.

The following selections for mandolin and piano are published by J. Fischer & Brother, New York: PATRIOTIC AMERICA TWO-STEP, by George Fischer; full of the characteristic American dash and go. OUR DARLING POLKA (Millöcker), arranged by H. Prendiville; sweet and melodious. THE MINSTREL BOY, Moore's world-known melody, prettily ar-

ranged by John Wiegand. First and second parts may be obtained. Any combination of instruments may be used together in any of the above-named pieces. **CHARITY**, Rossini's melody, which John Wiegand has taken and arranged most tastefully for violin. Easy and in first position, with a few simple double stops. **CHARGE OF THE HUSSARS** (Hussarenritt), Fritz Spindler, arranged as piano trio by Theo. Herbert; bright and cheery. **CAMELLIA**, melodie for pianoforte, by S. Constantino Son, a pensive, flowing melody. Some octave stretches occur.

We have received from the John Church Company, Cincinnati, a set of **SONGS FOR CHILDREN**, words by A. J. Waterhouse, music by Homer Tourjée. Each song is in separate sheet form. No. 1, **A DOLLY LULLABY**; pretty little song for little girls. No. 2, **WHAT THE WIND SAYS**; No. 3 **WHERE THE DARK COMES FROM**; No. 4, **WHERE THE BIRDS' NEST SWINGS**; No. 5, **A VERY SICK DOLLY**; No. 6, **IF SANTA CLAUS KNEW**; No. 7, **THE NIGHT VOICE**; No. 8, **BLUE EYES, TRUE EYES**; No. 9, **THE GROO-GROO MAN**; No. 10 **AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA**, a good song for boys. All good and entertaining for children.

Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, has sent us the following new piano music: **THE GAIETY TWO-STEP MARCH**, by Eleane B. MacGregor, Grade III., consisting of two pleasing themes in E flat and A flat. It is well named, for it is very bright and brim-full of gaiety and well-marked rhythm. Octaves are used, but there are no difficult hand problems. **NEWSBOYS' MARCH** (two-step with chorus ad lib.), Grade III., by L. Orth. Attractive and stirring, full of pleasing melody; the rhythm is decisive. The title page is unique, being made of scraps of the headlines of many of the leading American newspapers. **SWEET INNOCENCE WALTZES**, Grade III., by M. M. Dobb, will be welcomed because it is presented in a bright and tuneful way and is not difficult to perform. **ENCHANTMENT** (Valse Facile),

Grade III., an effectively brilliant piece; easy and serviceable to the teacher to illustrate many points and thoroughly enjoyable for the young pianist. **JACK TAR** (characteristic dance), Grade III., of lively, hornpipe flavor. It requires skillful playing of double notes, staccato, with the "skip" bass. The second subject is simple, full of "sea" color and of telling rhythm. Both pieces by W. F. Sudds. The following songs: **ANOTHER DAY**, Op. 48, No. 3, for medium voice in B minor. Two stanzas with refrain (in B major). The melody is fair, straightforward in character and comes to an effective climax. The accompaniment is in rich chord form and not difficult. **A ROSE SONG**, Op. 48, No. 1, for medium voice in D, an attractive *encore* song, rich in melody, which is simply sustained by a pleasing accompaniment. Both songs by E. R. Kroeger. **OLD JOURNEYMEN DAYS**, for bass in D flat, by Harry Hale Pike; a very breezy, rollicking song that a bass delights to sing—bass songs of good-fellowship are not numerous. The verses are gleeful and brisk with a ringing climax. The requirements for the singer are robust declamation and clear enunciation. Suitable for baritone voice as well. **WAKE UP, MAH HONIES**, by Grace Mayhew, a good coon song for medium voice in A flat, high voice in C. Catchy, bright and easily sung. Arranged also for male voices, female voices and mixed quartette. **LEAP YEAR** (key of C), by W. W. Lowitz, a good *encore* song, bright in character and melody. The accompaniment is effective and uncommon. **A LITTLE WHILE** (soprano in C, alto in A flat), by Giuseppe Villa, a sacred song of fine range and great possibilities for the singer, working up to a rich climax. Demands much skill to secure the intended effect in the large outline.

From W. P. Schilling, Scranton, Pa., we have received: **VESPER BOOK**, a compilation of psalms, hymns, versicles, responses, antiphons of the B. V. M., hymns for benediction. It is chiefly Gregorian in style, accompanied and unaccompanied.

At the end of the book is an itemized directory for the principal feasts in each month of a year, with the hymn proper for the day and a Benediction service and Laudate on numbered pages. THE MUSICAL GUIDE, in two keys, B flat and A flat, each a volume in itself, contains all the responses used during the High Mass in full chord form; also the parts of the Mass intoned by the officiating priest are notated, in case the organist should wish to accompany him. Full directions are given about singing the responses and many instructive notes about the entire service. This book should be in the hands of every good organist. We heartily indorse it.

BOOKS.

The fame of our Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth, is destined to rest on a many-sided basis, to present to future generations, from view points wonderfully varied, the history of a pontificate eminently worthy of this Pope's motto: "Light in Heaven."

In every rank of ecclesiastical advancement with which his priesthood of sixty-five years' duration has been honored, including the multiplied works of civil governor, nuncio, bishop, cardinal, Leo the Thirteenth has been a student, a philosopher, a theologian, a statesman, a poet. The last named we would not unduly emphasize, but it is a singularly notable fact, an extraordinary instance of active scholarship that a period of eighty years measures the writings, in poetic vein, of the man on whose bent shoulders ninety-three years have set their burden, of which twenty-five have been of the solicitude and care of all the churches.

From boyhood the Pope has written verse, serious and gay, his muse being of so versatile an inspiration, whether her message be in Virgil's tongue or that of Dante, that few themes he has left untouched, or unadorned. An admiring world, the real culture of the gentle and truly learned in all lands, has watched, since his elevation to the Papacy, the marvelous intellectual career of this

grand old man, this providential leader in times most trying.

The solemn and essentially religious contributions which he has made to the literature of the Church, in his numerous encyclicals on questions philosophical, social, theological, biblical, are not alone the inheritance of his spiritual children. The world is the richer for them, though the world's interest, barring that of the chosen few of finer mould, has not been general.

But when the Holy Father found time and leisure to put into forms of graceful and elegant Latinity, a tribute to the bicycle or to the camera, to indulge in a playful charade, to inscribe a friendly epigram, to set side by side, with simple hymn or pious quatrain, the lofty sentiments of a noble ode, the world, which knew little of the august author, wondered and was puzzled. Be it so!

To Father Hugh T. Henry, a professor in the S. Charles Borromeo's Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., we are indebted for a delightful volume, a compilation of the Pope's poems, in the original Italian or Latin, with happy translations, and edited with valuable notes. No better choice could have been made than that of Father Henry for a work so delicate, requiring, as it did, the spirit and the art and the finish of a poet—all of which are gifts generously possessed by the worthy editor.

An embarrassment of riches prevents us from illustrating the Pope's literary triumphs, by way of mere quotation. We shall, however, on another occasion, make copious extracts from the poetic treasure-house of Leo the Thirteenth.

Meantime, we heartily commend to our readers POEMS, CHARADES AND INSCRIPTIONS OF POPE LEO THE THIRTEENTH, which Father Henry has brought out in a beautifully printed volume, the work of the Dolphin Press (American Ecclesiastical Review) of New York.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford, whose American agency is established in New York, at 91 Fifth avenue, has brought out

in two sumptuous volumes *NOVA LEGENDA ANGLIAE*, as collected by John of Tynemouth, John Capgrave and others, first printed, with *New Lives*, by Wynkyn de Worde, A. D. 1516, and now re-edited, with fresh material from manuscripts and printed sources, by Carl Horstman, Ph. D.

With great pleasure we welcome this fine collection of lives of the early English saints. The scholar and the competent student will find in them a precious store. The general reader, unacquainted with the Latin language, will regret that these edifying stories of the saints have not been translated into the vernacular. The learned editor's Introduction is written in English, but the "Lives" stand in the original Latin of mediæval ecclesiastics. To general libraries and to the collections of individual book lovers the *NOVA LEGENDA ANGLIAE* will be a valuable addition.

From the same press we have received Bunyan's *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*, *GRACE ABOUNDING* and a *RELATION OF HIS IMPRISONMENT*, edited with biographical introduction and notes, by Edmund Venable, M. A.

These three works form one volume of five hundred pages, clearly printed on fine paper and appropriately bound. Of the first named—*THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*—a review need not say more than the naming, for every student of English literature is familiar with the scope and purpose of this remarkable production. We feel, however, that we shall best serve the reasonable object of a criticism by calling our readers' attention to a valuable contribution on the subject entitled "S. Ignatius and John Bunyan," published by the Reverend Joseph Rickaby, S. J., in *The American Catholic Quarterly Review*, April, 1902.

This article is an admirable analysis of Bunyan's book and of S. Ignatius' "Spiritual Exercises," during the course of which analogies, parallels and striking contrasts are freely introduced. Reading the *Review* one will be moved to know

more of Bunyan and of *THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*.

COMMENTARIA IN SUMMAM THEOLOGICUM S. THOMAE AQUINATIS, by F. Henry Buenpensiere, O. P., S. T. M., is a notable return among Catholic theologians and philosophers to the old scholastic methods and doctrines as especially represented by S. Thomas Aquinas since the publication of the encyclical of Leo XIII. in the early eighties of the last century. In his letter the Pope strongly urged a return to the solid and safe doctrine of the Angel of the Schools. As is well known, the Holy Father in this same encyclical made S. Thomas the patron of all Catholic colleges and institutions of learning throughout Christendom. As a result of this legislation many learned and noteworthy volumes have been written during the last twenty years on the subject of the Angelic Doctor's doctrine. The present work is of such a character as to attract the attention and gain the admiration of theologians the world over. The author is the eminent Regent of Studies at the Dominican University, Santa Maria. Sopra Minerva, Rome. Father Buenpensiere is a born metaphysician, a deep philosopher, a theologian of the first order, a man of vast erudition, of ripe scholarly attainments.

It would be difficult to imagine a more complete and perfect exposition of that part of the *Summa Theologica* of which it treats. Unfortunately, however, it covers only the first twenty questions of the *Prima Pars*. But it is our sincerest hope that God will spare the brilliant author many years to come, that he may continue his noble work and give us as luminous a commentary on the entire *Summa Theologica* of S. Thomas as this one is of the first part. The author is a faithful representative of the Dominican school, in which the Angelic Doctor's doctrine and spirit are precious heirlooms to his devoted brethren. As is implied in the encyclical of the Holy Father, it was not necessary for the Dominicans to return to the sound and

safe doctrine of "The Angel of the Schools"—for they had always recognized and faithfully guarded the treasure they possessed from the days of S. Thomas to the present time.

Father Buenpensiere's volume may be ordered from any of our Catholic publishers.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION, in two volumes of artistic workmanship, comes from Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Following her *penchant* for unraveling state secrets, Edith Wharton sets out in quest of the agents of Holy Office in Rome, leading the reader through tortuous windings until they mount the dizzy heights known as the "higher education of woman." Fulvia, a beautiful Italian girl, the embodiment of intellectuality, engages with her lover in a game of "hide-and-seek" with the minions of the Vatican. The writer has unintentionally portrayed in her theme the pride of human intellect, the arrogance of modern science.

Fulvia attracts just as long as she is pure, moral; failing in this she disappoints the reader. Neither her physical charms nor her feminine distress can inspire other than sentiments of humiliation in those of her sex who have been educated to prize purity as a pearl above all price—not to be bartered for position nor jeopardized in unsanctified relations that profane the name of love. Fulvia's tragic fate bears the seal of retribution.

A FLOWER OF ASIA, by Cyril, is a felicitous combination of religious instruction and romantic happenings in far distant India.

In the handome and populous city of Calcutta we meet Septimus O'Dowd, a "Hiberno-Frenchman," who figures prominently in this spirited narrative.

Septimus, while pursuing his profession of apothecary, physician and surgeon in the land of heathenish spells and charms, experiences many disappointments on the road to opulence.

To the original devices of O'Dowd, in his efforts to gain a livelihood, we are indebted for introduction to the agreeably varied company that moves throughout the story.

Kesur, "The Flower of India," a beautiful Hindoo girl in search of the true religion, finds much spiritual comfort from the sympathetic talks of O'Dowd. Thus, mutual exchange of religious views leads her to the knowledge of the true religion.

The author has ingeniously interwoven lucid explanations of ancient pagan beliefs, with situations irresistibly ludicrous. He makes good his point of proving the excellence of the Catholic religion over all religions professedly Christian.

Benziger Brothers, New York, have printed the book in excellent style. The lotus flower adorns the cover.

Among other publications of the same house, notable for their interest to young people, are MARY TRACY'S FORTUNE, by Anna T. Sadlier, and BUNT AND BILL, by Clara Mulholland.

Both these stories are exemplars of the amount of good that may be accomplished by very small boys and girls.

The volumes are attractive productions in the matter of paper, print and binding.

Mlle. FOUCHETTE, by Charles Theodore Murray, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This "novel of French life," or rather of varied phases of life in Paris, depicts in strong colors the vigilance of the secret service, its methods and the agents employed to enlighten the ministry upon matters political, religious and social. The author has seized some apparent abuses of religious discipline upon which he constructs the romance of Fouchette—who was once a wail of the streets of Paris. The story is animated throughout; no attempt is made to gloss unpleasant facts arising from a condition of degraded morality.

The book is attractively printed and bound. The pleasing illustrations are the joint handiwork of W. H. Richardson, E. Benson Kennedy and Francis Day.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

Philomena, Virgin and Martyr. (Devotion.)

Stephen, King of Hungary. (Obedience to the Holy See.)

Luca, O. P., Bishop. (Spirit of the Holy Mass of the Rosary.)

Feast day of S. Augustine.

Catherine Raconigi, O. P., Virgin. (Suffering.) Anniversary of the benefactors and friends of the Order. Solemn Mass of Requiem to be sung at S. Dominic's at 9 A. M. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and members of the Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; assist at the Dead; prayers. (Benediction.)

Bertrand of Garrigua, O. P., (Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Vito, O. S. F., Virgin. (Communion.) Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary; (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; (3) C. C.; assist at procession; Communion Mass for Rosarians at 9 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Society at 2 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Enrollment of new members in Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.

Nativity of our Blessed Lady. (Devotion.) On this feast two Plenary Indulgences may be gained by Rosarians and Tertiaries: (1) C. C.; visit Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; visit Altar; prayers. (Benediction.)

Peter Celestine, founder of the Society of the Holy Rosary, Pope (from May 19.)

Nicholas of Tolentino, O. S. A., (Preparation for death.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Columba, O. P., Virgin. (Recollection.)

Servatius, Bishop, Patron of the Order. (Fidelity.) (Benediction.)

Louis Maria Grignon, O. P., (from May 23.) (Spirit of Meditation.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. of the Cross. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name

Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

15—Our Holy Father S. Dominic, commemorated under the title Suriano—a famous image of the Patriarch. Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

16—B. Imelda Lambertini, O. P., Virgin, Patroness of First Communicants. (Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.)

17—The Stigmata of S. Francis. (Devotion to the Passion.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

18—SS. Cornelius, Pope, and Cyprian, Bishop, Martyrs. (Lively faith.)

19—S. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento and his companions, Martyrs. (Patience under persecutions.) (Benediction.)

20—B. Francis Possadas, O. P., Priest. (Obedience.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Thirteenth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

21—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Matthew, Apostle. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of the Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

22—Feast of our Lady, Help of Christians. (Benediction.)

24—Feast of our Lady of Mercy. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

25—S. Thomas of Villanova, O. S. A., Bishop. (Love of study.)

26—B. Dalmatius Moner, O. P., Priest. (Spirit of prayer.) (Benediction.)

27—Translation of our Holy Father S. Dominic. Fourteenth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

28—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Joseph of Cupertino, O. S. F., Priest. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

Opening of Mission in Holy Rosary Church, Antioch, by Fathers Benedict O'Connor and Louis O'Neil.

Confirmation in S. Dominic's Church, at 4 o'clock, by The Right Reverend Bishop Grace of Sacramento.

29—S. Michael, Archangel. (Zeal for the honor of religion.)

30—S. Jerome, Priest and Doctor of the Church. (Study of the Bible.)

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Cornelius, Pope and Martyr; S. Wenceslas, Martyr; S. Ida, Widow; S. Firmismus, Bishop; S. Rosalia, Virgin. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Mau-

rice, Martyr; S. Cosmos, Martyr; S. Thecla, Virgin and Martyr; S. Michael, Archangel; S. Regina, Virgin and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Matthew, Evangelist; S. Editha, Virgin; S. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor; S. Justina, Virgin and Martyr; S. Justus, Bishop.

Hail to thee, our Saviour's mother!
Vessel honored o'er all other!

Chosen vessel of God's grace!
Vessel, known before creation!
Noble vessel, whose formation
'Neath the All-wise hand took place!

Hail, the world's own mother holy!
Sprung from thorns, but thornless
thoroughly!

Flower a thornbrake's glory born!
We the thornbrake are, surrounded
With sin's thorns, and by them wounded,
But thou art without a thorn.

Closed gate! fount through gardens pouring!

Storehouse, precious spikenard storing!
Store of unguents sweet to smell!
Cinnamon's sweet-scented reed,
Incense, balsam, myrrh, indeed
Thou in fragrance dost excel!

Hail, fair type of maiden grace;
Mediatrix of man's race!

Of salvation brought to bed!
Contenance's myrtle tree!
Rose of love and clemency!
Nard whence sweetest scents are shed!

Lowliest of valleys thou,
Soil that never felt the plough,
Which to God Himself gave birth!
Meadow-flower! lily fair!
Which the valley, peerless, bare!
Christ of thee was born on earth!

O thou paradise in heaven!
Lebanon no axe hath riven,
Breathing sweetness all around!
Virgin whiteness, beauty's brightness,
Finest flavors, sweetest savors,
Plenteously in thee abound!

Thou the wise king's throne appearest,
Which, in shape and substance, fairest,
'Mongst all thrones hath ever been:
Chastity in ivory's whiteness,
Charity in red gold's brightness,
Shadowed forth, therein are seen.

Peerless is the palm thou bearest,
Peerless thou on earth appearest,
And in heaven amongst the blest;
As the praise of all man's race,
Thee peculiar virtues grace,
Given to thee above the rest.

As the sun outshines the moon,
And the moon each twinkling star,
Mary is than every one
Of God's creatures worthier far!

Light, that no eclipse can know,
Is her virgin chastity;
Heat, which ne'er will cease to glow,
Her love's deathless constancy!

Though thou dost a special dwelling
For the majesty excelling
Of the Incarnate Word prepare!

Mary, star o'er ocean glowing!
Rival none in honor knowing!
Foremost in precedence going
'Mongst all ranks around God's throne!
Placed in highest heaven, commend us
To thine Offspring to befriend us,
And from fear of foes defend us,
Lest by guile we be o'erthrown.

Safe, in battle-line extended,
May we be, by thee defended;
May foes force and shrewdness blended!
Bow before thy virtues splendid,
And their craft 'neath thy foresight.
Christ the Word, God's generation!
Guard Thy mother's congregation;
Pardon guilt, grant free salvation,
And with the illumination
Of Thy glory make us bright!
Amen.

—Adam of S. Victor.

DOMINICANA

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OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 10

THE FUTURE OF CATHOLICITY.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, Ph. D.

A distinguished author of an able courteous paper on "Catholicism and dogmatics," printed some time ago in one of the great English reviews, characterizes the Catholic revival of '33 as an appeal to a tried and vanquished past as a living present," and he says that if the Church "had had divine rights and been without divine wisdom; men and countries it had owned it had been able to hold, and for centuries the best life, the best minds, the highest purest literature of Europe, had been without its pale." This common-sense view that the Catholic Church has failed in the work it has attempted, and been in some sense vanquished by its enemies, can be attributed by Catholic thinkers to a misunderstanding of the relation between the political and ecclesiastical elements in European history. People talk of the Latin Christendom had for centuries been in submission at the feet of the Supreme Pontiffs, until at last the diffusion of knowledge and the increase of intellectual vigor lead to a general uprising against the papal power, which ended in great limitation of the latter, both as to degree and its diffusion.

This way of looking at the matter is opposed to that of the Catholic, who holds that the Church was never so widely spread, never so united in loyalty to its head and to His earthly vicar as to-day. This first view is entirely untenable, if we take it to be a historical fact that the Church during the Middle Ages were com-

pelled to act perpetually on the defensive against the encroachments of the civil power; encroachments, not only upon the Papal prerogatives, but upon the most fundamental liberties of the Church, such as the right of choosing her own officers. Rosmini* in a work otherwise objectionable, and justly placed on the Index, sets forth very clearly the different phases of this prolonged struggle, and the terrible injury which accrued to the Church from the brood of obsequious, unprincipled ecclesiastics that infested every court, and were in chronic readiness to defend the monarch whom they flattered in all manner of evil courses, and even to incite him to rebellion against the Church which sought to recall them to virtue and duty. For instance, the real parties to the contest carried on in the eleventh century between Gregory VII. and the Emperor Henry IV. were the faithful Catholic clergy, on the one hand, and the courtier-priests, who owed their position to imperial patronage, on the other.

Thus the Church, while nominally dominant, was all the time warring against internecine enemies; against the ambition of worldly princes, the venality of intruding priests, and the wild license of but half-Christianized barbarians. In

*Of the Five Wounds of the Holy Church. By Antonio Rosmini. Edited with introduction by H. B. Liddon, D.D., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, New York. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1883: Chapter IV.

those lands which had been only recently converted the barbaric element was the strongest; and there, where corruption was the most rife, the authority of the Church was most completely thrown off when the time came that the "kings of the earth stood up and the princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ, saying, Let us break Their bonds asunder, and let us cast away Their yoke from us." It was the countries which were youngest and weakest in the Faith and most backward in civilization which took part in the uprising, and not the cultured and long-Christianized people of the south. Luther admits that the priesthood of Northern Germany was much worse than that of Italy. The destruction of the Old Church was most complete in Sweden, which had been converted by the preaching of S. Sigifrid in the tenth century; in Denmark, which had been Christianized in the eleventh, and in Norway, which had not renounced her heathenism till near the thirteenth. Germany, parts of which had been converted at a comparatively early date, fell away less completely, while Great Britain, whose soil had been consecrated by Christian temples and watered by Christian blood in primitive times, has never been without a remnant who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of heresy or the Mammon of worldliness. It is a fact worthy of remark that the only strongly spiritual and dynamic Christianity which exists to-day outside the Catholic Church is to be found in the sects and missions of England (and her child America), where the dominant religion is very nearly akin to the Church of Rome.

The countries whose rulers forced them into forsaking Catholicity for Protestantism, having most of them never been thoroughly Catholic, were the chief losers by their action; and it would be as true to say that Christ and the Apostles had failed in their mission, because they could not convert the principal men of Israel, or the greatest philosophers of their day, as to assert this of Catholicity because "it had owned it had been unable to hold" the people of Northern Europe

and the philosophers of that unhappy country which Gallicanism, on the one hand, and the anarchical reaction from a too brilliant despotism, on the other, have so nearly ruined. If that method of reasoning were correct, then surely Christianity, in the widest sense, is a failure, because it has failed to hold the countries of Western Asia and Northern Africa where it once especially flourished, and has lost such men as Strauss, Paine, Gibbon and Spencer and their innumerable followers.

As to the charge made in the same countries that "No church has begotten so much doubt and disbelief as the Church of Rome," it will suffice to say this. One-half of the doubt and disbelief which has arisen in Catholic countries is the result of the same feudal complications and aggressions of the civil power against which the Church has always protested; and the vehement form which it takes is abundantly accounted for by the fact that the Christian forces are so compact and closely serried as to goad their antagonists into fury, and by the still more important circumstance that there are no more or less diluted and incomplete forms of Christianity to break the force of the charge. In Protestant lands there is such a fine gradation between Catholicism, on the one hand, and the completest materialism, on the other, that the unbeliever easily finds some sect calling itself Christian with which he can affiliate; and, if he does not undertake to attack Christianity, it is difficult for him to so gauge his arguments that no class, of sectaries can say: "What he alleges is very true; that is what we have always said; it is a wonder that our neighbors across the way do not see the force of the arguments and become —ists." Then he gets the credit of being a kind of a Christian after all, and very likely he sometimes makes a compromise by swallowing a very small dose of Christian doctrine and is credited to the Christian side, whereas if he had lived where the article is not distributed in the form of homœopathic pellets, he would have been among the most violent abusers of the whole system from beginning to end.

Taking the world over, the Catholic Church has by no means lost ground. In the century of the Reformation and the one following it gained millions of converts in Asia and the two Americas, and it now is at least twice or thrice as numerous as it was when the bold Augustinian monk burned the papal bull in the public square at Wittenberg. To-day it is more united than ever. No one now raises his voice within its sacred precincts to deny the ever-present and effective power of the Spirit of Truth throughout all its parts, unerringly speaking, when necessary, through its visible head, to point out the rocks of error which, newly upheaved from the Abyss, threaten from time to time to make shipwreck of the Faith. "Old-Catholicism," the most recent monument of the pride which "opposeth and is lifted up above all that is called God or that is worshipped," is rapidly disappearing, and some of its most distinguished leaders have died reconciled to Holy Church. There is everywhere a growing spirit of toleration and of fair-mindedness which makes it possible for people to give sober attention to the claims of the Church which is called Universal. The Christian world is coming to appreciate the beauty and usefulness of the great Oriental religions, and this appreciation will lead the upholders of purely subjective sentimental systems—I do not mean to use the word "sentimental" in any offensive sense—to see that what they call true religion is to be found as really among the "heathen" as among themselves; and this knowledge cannot help having great influence in leading them to recast their ideas and learn that God desires to be worshipped as well as truly loved, and to be worshipped not only in spirit but in truth.

The principal progress of the present day is in the knowledge and interpretation of the phenomena of the natural world and in the controlling of the natural forces. This progress the enemies of Catholicity, together with some faint-hearted Christians, look upon as threatening the very foundations of the

Christian and Catholic faith. At the same time those who, in Mr. Fairbairn's beautiful language, have read the heart of the liberalism which accompanies it, see "the probabilities of danger, but the infinite possibilities of good—its hatred of wrong, its love of justice, its desire for sweeter manners, purer laws, its purpose to create a wealthier, happier and freer state"; and they believe that "the enthusiasm of righteousness and humanity in its heart" will make it, and is making it, more and more to appreciate the perfection of a spotless Church. Moreover, scientific investigation is throwing new light on the methods of the divine action, which will prove of incalculable assistance in the elucidation and demonstration of the underlying principles of those Christian doctrines which have been most generally discarded by the sectarians. Let us content ourselves with a single instance, *the law of secondary causes*. The Church has always maintained that God ordinarily produces any given results, not directly but through the intervention of a more or less complex system of intermediate causes. The doctrines of the ministry of angels and the intercession of the saints, the sacramental system and even the infallibility dogma itself, are illustrations in point. Most Protestants, on the other hand, repudiate these things, and, by ignoring the means of grace, have, while vulgarizing the expressions of the most exalted piety, lost the key to that perfection, and even doubt the existence of any higher experience than that which they possess, which, making all allowance for earnestness and sincerity, will enable them to be saved only "so as by fire." Almost all of their vagaries are based upon a more or less complete rejection of this fundamental principle.

Such men as Darwin, therefore, in following out the long train of causes which lead up to every change in the relations of plants and animals, and which are strictly parallel to those which underly all effects, either in the natural or spiritual orders, have done incalculable service to the cause of Catholicity; as they have likewise in bringing into prominence

what they have sometimes called the *law of Merarchy*, or the endless variety and interdependence of creatures.

"Evangelical" Protestantism is decaying, but the Church, now about to be once more free, is strengthening her sinews and girding up her loins for the great struggle. The shackles which the feudal system threw around her are being broken, and where she is free she is making greatest progress—witness the United States. Her missionary spirit was never greater, and her devoted children are still traveling the farthest wilds of Africa and Asia, winning souls to the love of Christ and the obedience of the Faith. The enlightenment and devotion of her people will soon admit of bolder and more vigorous educational methods than the world has seen in the past, and the time may not be far distant when public schools for the study of the sciences and the Sacred Writings will everywhere be established side by side under her auspices.

Oh! to the lips of the Catholic who seems to see approaching the day of the eternal visible union and triumph of the redeemed, must come the words, in the midst of his heart-throbbings of love and joy, which Aubrey de Vere puts in the mouth of St. Gertrude:

O God! my God! a slender voice from earth
Were weak to sing Thee. May Thy fair,
strong sons,
Thronging through heaven, Thine Angels
and Thy Saints,
The Hierarchies of Thy predestinate,
In triumph hymn Thee; may their song
be mine.

Those Spirits Seven that stand before
Thy throne,
And they the fervid hosts Thou sendest
forth
Like light o'er all the earth to minister
Thy gifts and graces to the Race Re-
deemed,
Let them sing loud and let their song be
mine.

The Four-and-Twenty Elders that adore
Thee;
The Patriarchs and the Prophets, they
that cast
Their crowns forever down before Thy
throne;

The Living Creatures four, shadowed
with wings;
That from Thy praises cease not day or
night,
Let them sing loud and let their song be
mine.

That worshipful and Apostolic Band,
High Puissances of Love, that with the
might
Of their strong arms in intercession
raised
Sustain (for such Thy Will) Thy sacred
Church
While the vain storm of ages round it
roars,
Let them sing loud and let their song be
mine.

The armies of Thy Martyrs, they whose
robes
Are purple ever with Thy Blood, not
theirs,
Which makes, through them, all earth a
Calvary,
Let them sing loud and let their song be
mine.

The shining Senate of Thy Confessors,
In blest translation from this world of
sin
Lifted by Thee, henceforth Thy peace to
share,
And reign with Thee in never-waning
light,
Let them sing loud and let their song be
mine.

Thy Virgin Choir serenely clothed upon
With the snows of incorruption, they
whose brows
Flash far the splendors of Thy purity;
Who, up the hills of God ascending ever,
Where'er He goeth follow still the Lamb,
From their glad hearts resounding that
new Song,
"Jesus, Thou Spouse of Virgin Souls, all
hail!"
Let them sing loud and let their song be
mine.

May Thine elect whom none can know or
number,
Thy people from all nations give Thee
praise,
Thou art their God, and there is none be-
side:
May all Thy marvelous Works in heaven
and earth,
The jubilee re-echo; may Thy Church,
And she that world material, sisters
twain,
Sustain the eternal psalm antiphonal,
Burn in one joy, and send Thee back a
gleam,
Reflex of that high Glory Increas'd,
Whereof both flood and torrent-fount
art Thou.

A MASTER-MUSICIAN.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER, M. D.

II.

"Music is the child of prayer,
The companion of religion."
—Chateaubriand.

Franz Liszt! Composer! And verily he was a composer the like of which will never be hailed again. He was a genius, the most versatile of his time. A writer of to-day, in one of the journals says of him:

"Liszt's chief devices are chords of almost impossible dimensions, enormous skips, chords and octaves demanding the freest action of the wrists and arms. His followers were many, but few succeeded in attaining his eminence. He had frequently been accused of being the cause of more piano 'thumping' and poor play in general than any of his predecessors. This is easily explained. Liszt possessed exceptional qualities and gifts by nature which fitted him for his exceptional style of technique, namely, mental power, physical power and nervous force—the pianist's trinity of virtues. When a pianist is deficient in one of these, poor and defective pianism is the result."

And still another writes:

"Liszt was full of fire and energy and brilliant effect, and at the same time was inspired by an enthusiasm for true art and a contempt for the shallow musical thought of the school of which Thalberg and Herz were the principal exponents."

The works of this wonderful man reflected his whole life—they are full of grandeur, tenderness and piety. In all, he wrote six hundred and forty-nine original works, four hundred and forty-two transcriptions and thirty-one revisions of the works of other masters. His name stands for all that is good in music. "The pianist who commands the technique required to play Liszt's most difficult works," writes one, "can readily cope with anything that has been written subsequently."

Liszt's compositions are so numerous that I will mention only a few of the more important ones. He wrote and composed unceasingly during those days of retirement at Weimar—

"And so, by his wondrous, exquisite art, Liszt touched, through both senses, the one human heart;
And showed, as a rose might, transformed to a bird
That sounds can be seen; and hues can be heard."

His noblest creations, without a doubt, are his immortal "Hungarian Rhapsodies"—those wild sweeps of melody, that go telling of life, its joys and its sorrows; of deep green sylvan nooks with the sun stealing playfully over the flowers and birds warbling tender songs of love through the waving branches; of moonlight in the far distant dreamy places; of reminiscences of one's youthful friends and the sadness of disappointment—all beneath the glow of a most glorious sunset. All these are pictured vividly to the musical mind, and music, that nobler language of the soul, more potent than speech, bears those notes of joy or pain, of grief and woe, to the sympathetic heart of man. It was through music alone that the heart of Liszt found utterance when all other powers failed. A ripe and mature musician finds in his "Rhapsodies" all the technique one wishes to master, and well may they deck the programmes of a Paderewski, a Sieveking, a Rosenthal, a Richard Hoffmann—glistening stars in the musical firmament of to-day.

In the art of transcribing ("when he represses his own individuality and undertakes to substitute his ten fingers for a whole orchestra"), Liszt however, stands alone. His transcriptions of the songs of Schubert are extremely beautiful and heart-touching. In his transcriptions of parts from Wagner's "Tannhauser" and other operas, Liszt has shown that nothing is impossible to the piano. How

delightful and consoling is his transcription of Wagner's never-to-be-forgotten "Song to the Evening Star." The aria was there, but Liszt has enriched it with chords and variations decidedly his own.

But let us turn to Liszt's original compositions, for in them especially we see the workings of a wondrous master mind. He wrote many difficult piano studies, the most important of these being his "Paganini Studies," in which technique was the writer's chief object. "The Campanella," one of those poetic, rhythmic movements, has especially become a genuine favorite among piano students. Concerning his mighty B minor sonata, the great Wagner wrote: "A little while ago you were with me. The sonata is beautiful beyond conception, grand and graceful, profound and noble like yourself. It has moved me so deeply that I cannot express all I feel. Thank you a thousand times for the great enjoyment you have given me." His two concertos in E flat major and A major are difficult in the extreme.

Among his smaller works we find all that is good and wholesome. In his "Consolation," that sweet and plaintive heart-song, Liszt's sentimentality shows itself in a marked degree. Another pretty and dainty little work is his "La Gondoliera"—that pleasing and tender setting of an old Venetian boat song. "It seems to me one of Liszt's most perfect and ably sustained efforts in the purely lyric yet suggestively descriptive vein," writes Edward Baxter Perry. "It is a distinctly Italian melody, with no pretensions to great depth or dramatic intensity, but simple, tender and sweet, winning rather than commanding—a lyric of the sensuously beautiful type, but not to be despised, as it is a spontaneous product of the sunny-tempered, warm-hearted children of the south. It contains no hint of the Venice of mystery, of secret cruelty, of world-wide powers of the Council of Ten, that masked midnight tribunal of former days; but breathes only of Venice the fair, in her moonlight beauty, of Venice, the Bride of the Sea." Liszt's many symphonic poems and his noble symphonies have won for their composer

universal recognition. He also wrote two Masses—works of great merit.

In the two sublime oratorios, "Saint Elizabeth" and "Christus," Liszt reached the climax as a religious composer. The former, is rather a religious drama. Elizabeth, the pretty little princess, arrives at the Wartburg. She is betrothed to the child, Ludwig, who is to be the future landgrave. The second scene takes place after the lapse of many years. They are now man and wife. Ludwig is returning from the hunt. The good queen Elizabeth, in her daily round of carrying food to the poor, meets him near the castle gate. He inquires what she has in her basket, and, fearing lest he might reproach her, she tells him that she has been out in the garden gathering roses. Ludwig, however, doubting, approaches the queen, opens the basket and finds to her surprise, that, by a miracle it has been suddenly filled with real, beautiful, fragrant, smiling roses. Subsequently Ludwig departs for the Holy Land with the Crusaders. Days, weeks and months roll by, but he does not return. His mother, Sophia, a cruel and desperate woman, then resolves to rule over Thuringia herself. To further her dastardly plans she expels the good and saintly Elizabeth—

"The joy, the consolation
And pattern of her friends."

The noble queen is thus doomed to a life of wandering, and the next act—and in the extreme—is brought to a most dramatic end by the death and transfiguration of the holy queen. Her subsequent canonization by Gregory IX. closes the drama, which is pervaded throughout by a purity highly edifying. Liszt's rich choruses and arias—so soul-inspiring, with a tender vein of piety running through them, are masterpieces of musical composition, and, in "Saint Elizabeth," they help to make up a religious musical drama, which for high dramatic composition has never found an equal.

The text for "Christus," an oratorio, was taken from the Scriptures and the

Catholic Liturgy. The oratorio is divided into three parts, the last being by far the prettiest. The sufferings of the Saviour and the piercing sorrow of Christ's mother are aptly voiced in the plaintive tones of the Stabat Mater. In an essay on Liszt, Langhans says that in "Christus" the great maestro produced a work of immortal greatness, and in it he reigns supreme as an instrumental and vocal composer.

But, to resume, we note the closing scenes in the life of this great master-musician. Fifteen fruitful years had been spent at Weimar, but the end was soon to come and it came after the performance of an opera, "The Barber of Bagdad," composed by one of Liszt's cleverest pupils. Alas! it proved a dismal failure and through it the venerable conductor incurred the displeasure of the people. He, consequently, left Weimar, and, after a life well spent, we trace the footsteps of the noble artist to the gates of Rome. Shortly afterwards the world was astonished to hear that the learned virtuoso had entered a monastery to wear the humble habit of an Abbé, henceforth to dwell in strict seclusion, to remain within its sacred walls until the closing hour of life—far away from the noisy, tempting world and its glories.

In his early days Franz had shown great signs of piety, instilled, no doubt, by a mother whose love for her son nearly amounted to idolatry. In the diary of his father we find this loving comment: "From a child, Franz had a strong religious bias and his intense artistic feeling was blended with a sincere and child-like piety." As he advanced to manhood, this noble religious feeling increased, and, about his thirtieth year, he felt a strong inclination to enter the priesthood.

Some writers claim that he sought the serene and tranquil life of an Abbé merely as a consolation for the many disappointments he had received in the shipwrecks of life. Be this as it may, we know, however, that his life harmonized with his character and that he often manifested signs of a high religious call-

ing. "Be converted to faith in God," he wrote to the despairing Wagner, "there is happiness, and this is the only, the true and eternal one. Though you may scoff bitterly at this feeling, I cannot help seeing that herein alone lies salvation."

The following oft-repeated anecdote again throws a soft, kindly light on the character of this noble man. One day, when in Paris, Liszt called on Schaeffer, the great artist, to have his portrait painted. When the artist was ready, Liszt assumed a very affected attitude, as he was wont to do in his public recitals. Schaeffer was a man of few words and coolly said, "Oh, not like that, my friend, such things do not impress me." To which the confused Liszt naively replied: "Forgive, dear master, but you do not know how it spoils one to have been an infant prodigy." This little occurrence gives us a glimpse into the life of the man, who, though severe with himself, was ever indulgent towards his friends. And, as an Abbé, Liszt did not change. The strict religious life did not interfere with his music in the least. He played and composed as much as ever, but his compositions were of a more sacred character. Often, at sundown, the walls of the vine-clad old monastery fairly re-echoed with the sounds of sweet music that flowed peacefully out through the stillness, mingling with the chapel's mellow chime as it pealed through the ancient iron belfry. Ah! those were sweet and delicious moments, for the music of the Abbé Liszt is truly soul-inspiring.

"It sweeps across the soul in fitful gusts And seeks out every longing, every pain. It reaches from our highest spirit heights Down to our lowest depths."

Nor did the venerable Abbé abandon teaching. He entered upon this office with renewed vigor and consequently the humble Roman Abbé became famous throughout the whole musical world. Hundreds of eager pupils sought the gray-haired old man, whose welcome was ever hearty and sincere. Loving beams of kindness glimmered through the twinkle of his eye. His goodness, that noble trait of his most noble character, again is

manifested by the fact that all his teaching was gratuitous. It might also be mentioned that he was the possessor of an immense fortune—the reward of his artistic career—but he devoted it entirely to charity.

And now the old man was nearing the close of his eventful life; he had reached his seventy-fourth year. Twenty-five years had been spent in the monastery. A kind and serene face still shone forth below a mass of long and flowing hair, whitened by the frosts of many winters, and, although weakness was setting in, slowly and surely, his fingers were still strong and the gray-haired musician still played with the vigor of youth. God had granted him many years and he had used his talent nobly and well, so that now he occupied one of the foremost seats in the world's great Temple of Fame.

"Through busiest street and loneliest
glen

Are felt the flashes of his pen:
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives."

In 1886, a flattering and pressing invitation was extended to the illustrious pianist and composer to visit Paris and England. Friends were anxious to hear the accomplished virtuoso once again, for they knew it would probably be for the last time. He complied with their requests, and after these, the most distinguished successes of his life-time, England and France added another laurel to the monument of his triumphs. On his return, he spent a few days at Sonderhausen, and, while there, he had the

pleasure of listening to a wonderful performance of his own "Christus." Liszt was delighted at its superb rendition, and it affected him so deeply that, at its conclusion, sparkling tear drops trickled down the old Abbé's wrinkled cheeks. Shortly afterwards, he suffered from an attack of pneumonia. Hoping to improve his health by change of climate he journeyed to Beyreuth; but the Creator had willed otherwise, and the man and artist quietly passed away on July 31, 1886, dying as he had lived, a good, true, honest noble man.

And when the solemn funeral train entered the cemetery of Beyreuth, the sky was darkened by black, swiftly moving masses of clouds, that hovered over the city like sad, solemn mourners, but the sun suddenly broke through the gloom, lighting up the darkness with a last parting smile over the remains of the much-loved teacher, composer and noble friend.

—"that loved to scan
The brightness rather than the shade of
man."

And now the genius, who had held the musical world in rapture and suspense for nearly three-quarters of a century, lay cold in death, but the light of his noble and honest character was not extinguished. It glowed brightly then and has been burning ever since, kindled by the tapers of sweet love and recognition.

Although removed from mortal view, Liszt still speaks to us; he lives in his glorious and immortal works—those sublime creations of a master-mind, and enduring evidences of phenomenal success.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

The Lord to me a Shepherd is;
He watches me, lest I should stray
From out the path He marks as His;
He keeps me in the narrow way.
He leads me into verdant fields,
Where food to strengthen waits for me;
He loves, encourages, and shields,
That I near Him may ever be!

And I, how poorly I repay
The watchful care that guards me so!
How thankless I, from day to day,
For all the love my life doth know!
Thy pardon, Lord, I humbly crave;
Have patience, still, with even me;
Make Thou my will Thy happy slave
And lead me, safe, through time to
Thee!

MY MYSTERIOUS MONITOR.

SARAH C. BURNETT.

by no means extravagant railway company should have built and the station at Rice's Meadow, a mystery which, to the average layman, seemed impenetrable. There was civilized habitation any nearer Middleboro, twenty miles to the Long Run, fifty miles to the east; of the nomadic Indians of the lower any inclination to settle in the neighborhood. In the course of the years not one ounce of freight was laid on its platform, either for import or exportation. Yet there it stood, equipped with side-tracks, telegraph, and the other necessities of an establishment; and every regular train ceremoniously stopped and paid tribute to the Robinson Crusoe there.

road circles, however, this considered discreet corporation was better off. It was well known to the public in such matters that the establishment of the station was a condition of the important right of way contract between the transportation company and the owner of the surrounding land.

At the time when my story is set, the estate was "tied up" in the courts, and the company was eagerly waiting its opportunity to settle the successful heirs and close the

in the spring of 1898 that, through the influence of the deputy superintendent of the line, I secured the position of station master at Rice's Meadow. I took me exactly two hours to explore the resources of the place; and my only interest in life was in the periodic arrival of the

As I never pretended to have been into the service of the traveling man any other than mercenary money, the reader need not regard this as in the light of a confession.

The building which witnessed my monotonous days' labor and my interrupted nights' rest was built and furnished in exact accordance with the fashion affected by railway stations ever since those useful articles were invented. The only object in any way differing from the ordinary equipment was a photograph hanging on the wall of my private apartment. It represented a man about fifty years of age, of medium build, and wearing the railroad uniform. An ordinary looking individual he must have been, but in the present scarcity of anything to hold my attention, the picture seemed to possess a sort of fascination. I not unnaturally guessed that he was some former occupant of my present position; and often, as I ate my solitary meals under his watchful eyes, I used to wonder where he was then, and if he could possibly be so hopelessly miserable as to regret the circumstances that had led to his change of location.

But to proceed with my story.

One hot afternoon in July, I was sitting by my desk, expecting every minute to hear the whistle of the 5 o'clock train from Long Run. Of a sudden, and in a way that I could not explain, I became aware that another person was in the room with me, and, turning around, I beheld a man whose features bore a remarkable resemblance to the photograph I have mentioned.

"There is a special coming from Middleboro," he said, in a calm, clear voice; "you had better hold the regular."

My astonishment at his sudden appearance overcame every other feeling. It never even occurred to me to ask what right he had to interfere with my orders, nor how he had obtained the information he so confidently imparted. I just stared at him in stupid amazement, until the sound of train-whistles from two different directions made me start with how-

ror. At the same moment my instrument ticked off the following message from the dispatcher at Middleboro: "Special going east, hold west-bound regular." I just had time to obey; not a minute to spare. I found out afterwards that the dispatcher had been over-celebrating the Fourth, and had all but forgotten this part of his business. But we railroad men tell no tales out of school.

During the temporary stir that followed the arrival of both trains, I had no time to think of my strange visitor, and after all was over I looked for him in vain. Well, it was easy to think that he had taken a free passage on one of the trains (he had neither purchased nor stolen any of the moldy tickets that for form's sake were kept in the drawer of my desk)—but how had he come? He did not seem physically equal to a twenty-mile walk on a midsummer day, nor did he present the travel-stained appearance that must result from such a promenade. Had he come on one of the earlier trains, I must almost infallibly have seen him hours before I did. And I looked in vain for traces of horse, buggy or bicycle. There was something uncanny about the whole affair, and the photograph possessed a stranger fascination than ever.

In September I saw him again. The regular morning train had just left, and was to be followed by an excursion train that did not call at Rice's Meadow. Just as suddenly as before he appeared at my side, and informed me that the regular had left the track, and that I ought to flag the train that followed. Instinctively I seized the bit of red bunting on which so much depended, and went out onto the platform. Before I had time to set it in place a man came running wildly along the track. It was a brakeman from the train which had just left.

"We have jumped the track—flag the picnic train!" he exclaimed, and sank breathless on the steps.

"All right," I said, quietly, and proceeded with the necessary precautions.

"You had the flag in your hand already," said my companion, as soon as his breath permitted.

"Yes, a man has just notified me."

"What man? None of our crew left excepting myself."

"Oh," I said, confidently, "some one I've seen before. He's gone now—behind the station. I think—no, I don't know where he is. That's his picture in my room there."

The brakeman staggered to his feet, and went in to see the photograph.

"That can't be the man. That's old Ezra Higham, who had this place two years ago. He's dead now."

"Dead!" The mystery seemed to thicken.

"Of course he's dead. Committed suicide in an insane asylum. Here's your train; I'd better go back to my place."

There are some events in life classed as "lucky accidents"; and a few of them occur on the rails. Amongst the pleasure-seekers forcibly detained at Rice's Meadow were several old friends of mine whom I had had very little hope of ever seeing again. The deputy superintendent of the road (who, as I have already stated, had been the means of putting me into the position by which I earned my living), happened to be on board the excursion train, and took the occasion to pay me a pleasant unofficial visit. As we sat in my room enjoying our cigars, his eye lit on the one ornament the apartment contained.

"Well," he said, "so that's Ezra Higham. Poor fellow! One of the best fellows that ever lived, but just a little too fond of his toddy. Got his orders mixed up one night (I forget what they should have been), and we had had the worst smash-up in years. When I arrived the next day, here was the platform just covered with corpses, and old Ezra walking up and down, swearing that he'd never rest in his grave until he'd saved as many lives as his carelessness had sacrificed."

"Did he save any?" I asked, a queer feeling beginning to creep over me.

"No. He was committed to an insane asylum the next day, and managed to poison himself a month later. His ghost has been haunting this place some, at least the last operator used to complain

to the train crews. He didn't say anything to me; we don't like to employ men who see queer sights."

This last remark naturally prevented any confidences that I might have reposed in my friend, and we talked on other subjects.

After the departure of my involuntary but not unwelcome guests, I pondered over and over the strange facts of this case. At the close of this nineteenth century it seemed a preposterous absurdity to believe that a disembodied spirit would return to fulfil a vow made during life. Accidental resemblances are by no means uncommon, and there was nothing in the personal appearances of my predecessor, as depicted, that a versatile Nature might not easily have duplicated in some other being. And yet, if my monitor were a creature of ordinary flesh and blood, how could he have appeared suddenly, as he did, with no apparent means of transportation, and disappeared without leaving a trace behind? Still more, how could he have become possessed of accurate knowledge respecting events transpiring at the present time, and in places with which he had no conceivable means of communication? Leisure for reflection was not lacking at Rice's Meadow, and yet no amount of thinking seemed to bring me nearer to the solution of the problem: "Was he a living man or a ghost?"

As if to strengthen my belief in the latter theory, his next appearance was at midnight. I was lying half-dressed on my cot, wrapped in as deep a slumber as is ever allowed to a station agent, and yet ever on the alert for the tick of my sleepless instrument or the whistle of the Midnight Express. How he awakened me I could not tell, but I saw him distinctly, the moonbeams lighting up his pale features and strongly accentuating their resemblance to the picture of the suicide which hung above. Distinctly the quiet voice told me of the Midnight Express lying derailed at the bottom of a ravine, and bade me rise and telegraph for a wrecking train. Before I could reach my instrument he had disappeared.

This, unlike his previous warnings, was not followed by any official intelligence.

In fact, it was not until the return trip of the wrecking train summoned by myself that I first heard the full details of the accident. But here I made the initial mistake of my lifetime. As the crew of this train sat on the platform waiting for orders I entered into conversation with them concerning what I now firmly believed to be my supernatural experiences. The guffaws that broke forth fairly overwhelmed me.

"He's been picking up some of Higham's habits," said one of the scoffers.

"Some of his bottles, maybe," from another.

"Solitude is turning his brain; he needs a wife," chimed a third.

"It's very singular that I should have known about these things having happened before I got any official notice," I said, very much nettled.

"You dreamed you were going to get notice, and heard it before you were half-awake."

"But what about last night? None of our operators told me about that."

"Oh, that's easy enough. The train missed her time; that worried you; and you thought out a reason in your sleep, which you put into the mouth of your friend from Limbo. Well, we must go. Bye-bye. Be sober and you'll be happy."

A jest may not be an argument, but it has a wonderfully convincing power in its own way. This conversation with my fellow-employees left me completely disgusted with myself and my "dreams." As a peace-offering to my outraged common sense, I registered a solemn vow never again to take an official step without positive orders or authenticated information.

One stormy evening in December I was surprised by a very uncommon occurrence. A freight train stopped at Rice's Meadow. Not, alas, to pour the wealth of nations into the lap of the flourishing community settled there, but merely because a disabled locomotive could drag it no further.

"We'll leave these cars here for a little while," called out the engineer, "and take this machine on to Middleboro for repairs."

"Don't leave them on my main track,"

said I, anxiously; "something might come along, and——"

"Oh, nothing will come," replied the engineer, in the easy tone of a man accustomed to serious risks.

"Let her take the sidetrack, if she comes," put in the brakeman; "this old engine can't pull that weight another inch."

Having put on the brakes tight, and hung the signal lanterns to the back of their train, the crew climbed on to the locomotive and started for Middleboro. Several of the cars were loaded with petroleum, and the odor gave me a still stronger dislike to my unwelcome charge.

But I closed my doors and proceeded to prepare my evening meal. I was just about to set the repast on the table, when something made me look up, and there he was, at the other side of the stove. He looked at me fixedly for a moment and then said: "There is a special coming from Long Run; set your switch." I dropped the fork I was holding and ran to the door. Just as I had my hand on the knob, the remarks of my friends came to my mind with renewed force. Was I again acting on the impulse of my imagination? I looked at my instrument; it was perfectly still. I returned to my cookery. My strange visitor was standing just where I had left him, his eyes immovably fixed on my face.

"That train will be here in a few minutes," he said, showing neither impatience nor anger.

"This is the train dispatcher's business," I muttered doggedly, though my flesh was beginning to creep with terror.

Before he could have spoken again there was a lull in the howling of the wind, and—great God! I heard the clatter of a locomotive, not thirty yards away! I seized my lantern and rushed out into the storm, but too late. I had only time to notice that the lanterns at the back of the freight train had completely burned out!

For a few moments it seemed as if the day of judgment had come. The shock of the collision broke the locomotive into pieces the flying cinders ignited the petroleum, and soon both trains and the station were a mass of flames.

With the aid of some of the male passengers (the crew of the unfortunate special were never seen again) I managed to get most of the women and children out of reach of the flames. Then I started on foot (not even a handcar remained at my disposal) and trudged those twenty weary miles to Middleboro to obtain assistance. And, as I turned to take a last look at the dreadful scene I was leaving, I saw old Ezra Higham standing where the platform had once been and looking reproachfully at me from the midst of the ruin he had vainly risen from the grave to avert!

The station was never rebuilt. It had proved to be of no value to the surrounding property, and the executors of the Rice estate were willing to renew the right of way contract on terms more convenient to the railroad company.

But this change was of no personal interest to me, as I had already been told that my employers had no further need for my services.

I accepted my discharge without a murmur. To be sure the blame for the accident lay largely with the dispatcher, who failed to notify me of the special; and the crew of the freight train had been guilty of grave carelessness in allowing their lanterns to run short of oil. But my conscience told me that the remissness of my fellow-employees would have been productive of no evil had I heeded the mysterious warnings, which, even had they been superfluous, could have been obeyed without the risk of harming a human being.

O Beauty of the Unseen God!
For Thee alone I sigh;
Thy touch is on the opening woods,
Thy smile is on the sky.

'Tis Thou that stirrest in our hearts
Until they fain would soar
Up to Thy rapturous embrace,
To part from Thee no more.

—Augusta T. Drane, O. P.

A DAY AT SANTA SABINA.

EDITH R. WILSON.

It was Easter morning—a perfect Paschal feast to heart and eye in its freshness and softness. White, fleecy clouds just skirted the horizon, as, with the good father who accompanied us, we made our ascent of the Aventine. Beneath us sped the Tiber, gold in the sunlight, tawny and dun in the shadow. At times its course lay quite beside our road, and again it would hide itself behind a group of ilex or Roman pines. The Aventine is claimed to be one of the highest of the seven hills of Rome, and certainly it is one of the most beautiful and picturesque, crowned with its coronet of convents, yet not despoiled of its natural foliage, as has, alas, been the case with so many of the wooded heights of Rome during the past thirty years. It seems to be in the city, yet not of it. A certain calm and seclusion hallows it; yet here, as everywhere in Rome, memories of the past and present jostle and crowd each other. The road by which we wound our way tranquilly upward was none other than the ancient *Clivus Publicius*—so-called from the aedile brothers who were compelled to atone for their municipal embezzlements by paving this road from their private funds. A suggestion as to modern municipal methods might have presented itself here, but scenes and associations of another character banish the thought as an intrusion.

Had not S. Dominic and his little band of newly gathered followers trodden these very stones and watched these self-same scenes on their pious journeys to Santa Sabina? And had not the *Clivus Publicius* become the *Via Santa Sabina*? A turn in the road brought us to the Church of Santa Maria-in-Cosmedin, on the right, with the Jewish cemetery, just below on the left. A few steps beyond, a beautiful view broke upon us of the green slopes of the Aventine. Here our reverend guide pointed out to us remnants of a

wall built by Honorius III, the authorizer and patron of the Dominican rule.

This pontiff had entertained the idea of restoring the Aventine to its ancient prestige and of making it once more a favored quarter of the city, until, enlightened by his heavenly vision, he gave over its fair fields to S. Dominic, believing a higher glory than that of this world's prosperity was to replace the lustre of the past. And so it has been! For Santa Sabina became the cradle of the Dominican Order, the nursery of its saints.

Reaching the summit of the hill, we paused before a group of buildings of varied exterior. Just before us, to the right, rose Santa Sabina itself. A little beyond, on the same side, the venerable San Alessio church and hospital—or, as we should say, "asylum"—for the blind; and, still further on, the "Casa" of the Knights of Malta, surrounded by its exquisite gardens, opposite which stood the imposing Benedictine Monastery, recently built under the fostering care of *Ler XIII*, for the accommodation of Benedictine students at Rome. The whole forms a sort of plateau or piazza, guarded at the farther angle by the bastion of Antonio da San Gallo, whence a superb view of the Tiber and the Trastevere may be had.

We were invited to take our view through the famous keyhole of the "Priorato," which is the garden of the Knights of Malta. Having each in turn applied one eye closely to the aperture, we were rewarded by a wonderful telescopic vista, framed by a long arcade of laurel groves and terminating in a perfect miniature view of S. Peter's in the far distance. Now, retracing our steps to Santa Sabina, we knocked at a low portal on the western side of the convent, which was immediately opened by the brother porter. A few words of

greeting were exchanged between the two religious, and the lay brother kissed our friend's scapular; then the door was flung open, and we were admitted into a large vaulted corridor, or hall, divided by a row of spiral columns. These were all originally of antique pavonazetto, but some of them have been carried away and replaced by granite pillars. As we looked down the corridor, we saw, at one end, a wide stone stairway ascending beneath a low arch; on the right, a massive door in dark wood, carved in panels and leading into the church; opposite this, a grated window, with the sculptured figure of S. Dominic beneath it, while, at the nearer end, two doors opened just wide enough to give us a glimpse into what might have been a library or community room of the monks. But upon these hallowed precincts we were not allowed to trespass.

Our interest, however, soon turned to the grated window, through which we were allowed to look into a cloistered court, and beheld in its midst the far-famed orange tree planted by the hand of S. Dominic, whose vigor is said to revive with the prosperity of the Order. Certain it is that it put forth a new shoot at the time of Lacordaire's visit to Rome, and to us, as we peered through the iron bars, it now appeared in a most flourishing condition, which certainly seems remarkable in view of its great age. This tree, it seems, was brought by S. Dominic from his native Spain, as a gift to Pope Honorius, who was a noted botanist. Hare, in his "Walks in Rome," adds that the orange tree was at this time unknown in Rome. If this statement is authentic, S. Dominic has certainly been a great benefactor to his adopted land, whose golden groves of orange trees now form one of its chief sources of beauty and wealth. Turning from S. Dominic's orange tree, we paused to examine the panels of the church door. The early date of these carvings has been denied by some critics, but the treatment of the Crucifixion, which forms the subject of the upper left-hand panel, seems to justify us in referring it to the seventh century.

The fully draped figure of the Saviour upon the Cross being characteristic of very early representations of that subject. The topics taken from the Old and the New Testaments were arranged in the manner of type and antitype, but some, unfortunately, have been destroyed, obscuring the plan and connection of the whole. Of the New Testament subjects, the appearance of the angel to Zacharias in the temple, the Annunciation, the angel appearing to the Shepherds at Bethlehem, the Adoration of the Magi, the Condemnation of our Lord, the Crucifixion and the Ascension were very clear. Of the Old Testament subjects, we recognized the Translation of Elias, as the type of the Ascension, and several scenes from the life of Moses, but were not certain of their relation to the Gospel subjects.

Santa Sabina is said to occupy the site of a former temple of Juno Regina, and its naves are upheld by twenty-four beautiful Corinthian pillars taken from those ruins. More interesting to us, however, is the fact of its having been built on the later site of the house of Sabina, a Roman maiden, who suffered martyrdom under Hadrian, 124 A. D. The church was built in 425 A. D., during the Pontificate of Celestine I., by an Illyrian priest named Peter. Of this we were told by the inscription on the western wall, just within and above the door. On entering, our attention was called to two graceful figures, one on either side of this inscription, representing the Jewish and Gentile church. These are the only remaining fragments of a fifth century mosaic which once covered the entire wall. Directly before us, about one-third of the way up the nave, stood a low stone pillar, where S. Dominic is said to have knelt nightly in prayer, and to have rested his head for a short time when exhausted by his protracted vigils, while the Chapel of the Confession, just beyond, witnessed his nightly scourging. Three times he descended here each night to offer, as Mother Drane tells us, his "bruised and bleeding body in sacrifice to God."

This chapel of the confession, which is a sort of crypt directly before and

beneath the high altar—distinctive of Roman churches—contains the relics of Santa Sabina and of Pope Alexander I, as well as those of the martyrs Seraphia, Eventius and Theodulus. Above the altar was a beautiful painting of Santa Sabina offering herself to God in prayer at the moment when the executioner's knife was about to descend. This is a duplicate or copy of that by Vivarini, in Venice. The chapel of the right nave is that of the Holy Rosary, but we found it despoiled of its masterpiece—the Madonna of the Rosary, by Sassoferrato. This gem was stolen by some audacious thieves—the poor lay brother almost wept as he recounted the tale to us—but the theft was successfully traced by a skilled detective, who personated a rich English connoisseur in search of paintings for his collection. Both thieves and pictures were then seized by the Italian government, who have refused to return the latter to its rightful owners, on the ground that its possession had been forfeited by its having been allowed to leave the country! Efforts are being made, however, through the French Cardinal connected with this church, to have it restored. We sincerely trust these efforts may be successful.

We now withdrew from the church, pausing only to note the quaint roof of open timber, which is another characteristic of its early architecture. Following our white-robed guide, we ascended the stone stairway at the farther end of the hall, and reached a second one above, adorned with frescoes of several Dominican saints, as well as some relating to traditions or legends of the Order. We noticed especially a full length figure of S. Catherine of Siena, and a lunette of the Blessed Virgin sprinkling the sleeping friars in the dormitory. Turning to the left, a low landing led us to the cell of S. Dominic. The Sancta Sanctorum, we felt, of the whole building. Here, as an inscription states, the three great saints of the thirteenth century—the founders or representatives of three of the greatest orders of the Church, S. Dominic, S. Francis d'Assisi and S. Angelo, the Car-

melite, were wont to pass the nights together in prayer and holy converse.

The cell is now converted into a small oratory. The walls are lined with colored marbles, but the ancient ceiling of bare timber still remains. A low altar fills the further side of the cell. Above this hangs Bazzani's beautiful portrait of the saint, said to have been painted from faithful records of his appearance. It is certainly a most impressive conception. The sad earnestness of the face, the intense prayerfulness in the eyes, holding commune with his crucifix, brought to our minds and lips the petition, "Imple, Pater, quod dixisti, nos tuis juvans precibus." A hanging lamp threw its golden glow full on the earnest face, and we could almost fancy we saw the lips move in silent prayer, as the light rose and fell. We knelt for a moment on the faldstool before the altar, and then silently withdrew from the hallowed spot. Crossing the frescoes hall, we reached the cell of Pius V, the great Dominican Pope. This cell forms a somewhat larger oratory. On the right a window looks deep, down into the Tiber flowing swiftly below. To the left, a large painting represents S. Pius seated in conversation with S. Francisco de Paul, the latter recollecting a step as he beholds in vision the papal tiara about to descend upon his companion's brow. In connection with this vision of S. Francis, we may mention an amusing legend, which illustrates the humility of the future Pope.

One day, a way-worn monk arrived at this very monastery, and craved the hospitality of his brethren. So worn and travel-stained were his garments, so wretched the mule he rode, that the brother porter could not refrain a smile as he inquired what errand had brought him to Rome. "The interests of the Church," calmly replied the pilgrim. Perhaps the brother's curiosity was piqued, for he answered, somewhat mockingly, "Ah, brother, perchance thou art come to see whether the College of Cardinals be not disposed to elect thee Pope." Sixteen years later the humble pilgrim, in

very truth, mounted the papal throne as Pius the Fifth.

Before leaving the cell our reverend guide pointed out to us the small crucifix above the altar, famous as that which miraculously withdrew itself from the touch of S. Pius, who was about to press it to his lips in prayer. The crucifix was poisoned, and in the miracle the saint recognized his deliverance. Leaving the chapel of S. Pius, we cast one last loving glance towards the tiny oratory of S. Dominic, and then descended the broad stairway and regained the lower corridor. Of course, we did not leave without sou-

venirs in the way of rosaries. These are made by the brothers, each rosary containing one bead made from an orange picked from S. Dominic's tree when no larger than a good-sized pea representing the "our Father." The crosses are reliquaries, and contain tiny slivers of the wood. We were also presented with several leaves from the tree, and so, our beads having been blest by one of the good fathers of the house, we departed with many thanks for kindness received, and bearing with us lasting remembrances of our day at Santa Sabina.

A QUINCE.

LOUIS B. JAMES.

Some days ago it stood,

As one in dream,

With bare brown arms extended to the sky;

To-day its bloom and beauty glad our eye,

While round its trunk snowy petals lie,

In playful, surging mood,

And joyous seem.

'Twas question of a day or two,

We almost thought,

Of sunny hours more or few,

When all its beauty came to view,

And glowing thanks for it were due—

Of hours that strangely short had seemed,

Lost or in idle visions dreamed,

While sweets about us gleamed,

With glory fraught.

Thus with our lives we seldom see

What love and prayer

Work in our souls. Time swift as play

Sweeps by; while easy we, a-day by day,

A-dream and loiter by the way,

Nor care to scan life's mystery,

That everywhere,

With love unchanging, sends its cross,

To some a boon, to others loss;

Its grandeur shall our glory make

When we, through death, to bliss awake.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

On the ivy-clad Abbey o'erlooking the dale

The moonbeams have woven a silvery veil;

Yet a feeling of sadness oppresses my soul

And thoughts overwhelm me I cannot control.

No more will the organ's melodious swell
Re-echoing linger o'er valley and fell:

No more in sweet cadence the soft vesper-hymn

Will float thro' the chancel and corridors dim.

Wild roses are sighing where thuribles swung;

Their nests in the towers the swallows have hung;

The raven and sparrow are tending their brood

On the spot where the stately scriptorium stood.

The monks have departed like leaves on a stream

Like visions of happiness seen in a dream!

O Mary! may Charity blossom once more
In the Land that was known as "Thy

Dowry" of yore!

ARE OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS THE PROPERTY OF ANY SECT?

From *The Examiner*, San Francisco, September 10, we take the following:

CORNER-STONE IS LAID BY MASONS.

Ceremonies Held on Site of New Alameda High School.

Oakland, September 9.—"The will of God is accomplished, so mote it be, amen."

With these words, spoken in concert, the Masonic Grand Lodge of California and Oak Grove Lodge No. 215, yesterday consigned the corner-stone of the Alameda High School to its place in the foundation of the new educational building to be erected in that city on the southeast corner of Central avenue and Walnut street.

The ceremony attending the laying of the stone was held during the afternoon, and the thousands of people who crowded around the building site demonstrated the interest of Alameda's citizens in the new school house.

And while the adults looked on, approved and applauded, the school children, lined up to the number of two thousand, acted as escort for the Masons and Board of Education and enlivened the proceedings with songs. The children formed in line on Alameda avenue and, headed by three pretty little girls, the procession marched to Park street, where it was met by Frank Otis, President of the Board of Education; School Directors C. A. Brown, Dr. E. M. Keys, J. R. Sloan, Dr. W. K. Scott, the members of Oak Grove Lodge No. 215, and the following officials of the Grand Lodge of California.

William S. Wells, Grand Master; Orrin S. Henderson, Deputy Grand Master; William Baurhyte, Senior Grand Warden; C. H. Weaver, Junior Grand Warden; Edward Lubbock, Grand Secretary; John T. Morrison, Grand Lecturer; W. H. Scott, Grand Chaplain; E. H. Hart, Grand Orator; J. B. Vosburgh, Assistant Grand Secretary; B. S. McFarland, Grand Marshal; William S. Moses, Grand Bible Bearer; E. B. Lovejoy, Grand Sword Bearer; George H. Payne, Grand Standard Bearer; A. Sinnett, Senior Grand Deacon; H. Hamond, Junior Grand Deacon; George S. Thompson, Senior Grand Steward; Delos W. Smythe, Junior Grand Steward; W. B. Storey, Grand Pursuivant; J. De P. Teller, Grand Organist; George P. Adams, Grand Tyler.

On nearing the school site the children broke rank and formed a line on either

side of the street, through which the Masons passed on the way to the platform. The derrick which held the stone was gaily decorated.

President Otis of the Board of Education opened the exercises with a short address in which he commended the public school system, saying it is dear to the American people and is an important factor in the progress of the nation. The City Trustees were complimented on their management of the school building project.

Joseph F. Forderer, President of the Board of Trustees, responded on behalf of that body. As compliments seemed to be in order, he had many nice things to say to the citizens, whom he characterized as generous in complying with funds for school purposes.

President Otis then asked the Grand Lodge to lay the corner-stone and the invitation was accepted by Judge William S. Wells of Martinez, the Grand Master of the organization.

Oscar Lubbock, the Grand Secretary, read a list of the contents of the casket and Edward Coleman, the Grand Treasurer, placed the copper receptacle in the stone. The Rev. W. H. Scott, the Grand Chaplain, invoked the Divine blessing. On the stone were poured corn, wine and oil by Deputy Grand Master Orrin S. Henderson; Senior Grand Warden William Baurhyte, Junior Grand Warden C. H. Weaver.

The exercises concluded with an address by the Grand Orator, Edward H. Hart of Oakland, who said in part:

"Upon the diffusion of knowledge among people depends the safety of republican institutions. The comprehensiveness and perfection of the public school system of our country is the great rock upon which rests the hope of the perpetuity of the republic, the world's great bulwark of liberty and the one government among men about which center the aspirations of humanity throughout the earth. Creative imagination, joined with enthusiasm and tenacity of purpose and inspired by the love of learning, are the steps to the attainment of higher things. The keynote of the century which has just closed was evolution. This is the dominant note of the present hour. The cardinal principle of evolution is struggle—struggle for life. Forward was the watchword of creation and today it is the watchword of success. It awakens a de-

sire for knowledge and learning, and, enforced by unbending purpose, it will continue the watchword of the human race as long as man shall be influenced by ambition and hope and so long as he shall strive to gain the standard of higher things."

On two former occasions and within a short time, we have protested against a similar insolent intrusion of Freemasonry into affairs belonging to the public, a flagrantly unwarranted and unconstitutional union of Church and State as found crystallized by a ritualistic body presiding at a civic ceremony at which no special group of citizens may claim right of special representation, since the function is one that belongs to the public, the general taxpayer.

In the present case, the offence is aggravated because of the address made by the grand orator, the extract from which, as given by *The Examiner*, illustrates the purpose and method of those enemies of religion, who make religion a cloak while they ply their trade against it. To the vague and inane drivel of "grand" orator (?) Hart we should pay no attention, were it not the conspicuous occasion of which he availed to disseminate the vicious theories, stale as ancient paganism, which flout virtue, morality, divine truth, while they substitute for these precious and enduring realities the vaporings of "culture" and "evolution" and "struggle for life."

The insolent fellows who thus stand foster to the godless "education" which rejects religion and morality, who intrude on a function their ritual and ceremonial, in utter defiance of "the law of the land," would be most lusty shouters in behalf of the "Imperiled liberties" of the people if a Catholic organization were recognized on such an occasion. No organization should be recognized. The laying of a corner-stone of a public school is a function that should be conducted solely by the civil authorities.

Once more, we ask if California Catholics do not deserve such treatment when they tamely submit to so impertinent, so defenceless an invasion of civic rights

which they, as well as Jews and Protestants, being taxpayers, are supposed to enjoy?

And now a word as to the utterances of our Oakland "orator," and as to the tendencies and effects of the educational system of which he is so competent an exponent. We quote from a journal of national reputation, *The Eagle*, of Brooklyn, New York, a newspaper that easily ranks among the five or six high-class daily publications of the United States:

"Right or wrong, in the affairs of conduct are matters which have to be learned just as truly as history and handicrafts. Is this knowledge being imparted to our children in any efficient way? Is the public school doing it? Is the church doing it? Are the fathers and mothers doing it? We are compelled sadly to say "No" to all these questions. There have been times and places in which no distinctive instruction of this sort was needed, the standard of right living being at those times and places so clearly held and practiced that the children came into the knowledge of it unconsciously. There were, no doubt, bad boys a century ago, and when they were bad they knew they were bad. There never was any question in their minds as to what they ought to do. Their duty to God and to their neighbor was as clear in their minds as any other fact, but the conditions in life have wonderfully changed in this regard. The truth is, we are taking for granted a moral intelligence that does not exist. We are leaning upon it, depending upon it, trusting to it, and it is not there.

"The great company of educators and the whole American community need to be warned that if morality can not be specifically taught in the public schools without admitting religious dogma, then religious dogma will have to be taught in them. Any school which permits a pupil to be in it for six months without seeing to it that he has learned essential morality has shown its unfitness to be a place of training of future citizens."

Assuming, as we feel justified in assuming, that *The Eagle's* question "Is the Church doing it?" does not refer to the

Church of Christ, the Catholic Church, we feel that its significant declaration, in harmony with the principles for which the Catholics of the United States have contended, under extraordinary difficulties and expense, shows that the slowly awakening conscience of the American non-Catholic public is responding to the touches of grace and the gleams of light. True lovers of our dear country who are not afraid to oppose movements and systems that are founded on popular prejudices, will take

heart, because of the alliance of so powerful a factor as that of the truly representative American journals, among which *The Eagle* stands conspicuous. *The Eagle* is the first to speak. Others will follow. The Catholic position will yet be recognized as the one holding fast to the best interests of the American people, inasmuch as morality is the necessary safeguard of every state, an essential condition for the preservation of a truly healthful and vigorous national life.

IN CALIFORNIA.

ROSE C. CONLEY.

Here always roses bloom, their fragrance
sweet
Scents all the balmy air, and at the feet
Of every straying child fair wild flowers
start.
Far out they spread, so bright they seem
a part
Of Nature's ribboned bow that there far-
arched
Spans yon Sierra's glittering dome of
snow.
As if in vain ambition they had marched
To join it in that marble palace there,
And hold high carnival in one bright
glow!
And where the blue of sky and blue of
ocean meet
Far to the west, another vision greets—

The glowing poppy prairies, bright up-
rolled—
California's fields of the cloth of gold—
Stretched out upon the desert dark, for-
lorn.
As in a life some brightest good is born
Of arid duty, that in the sad day's dawn
No promise held of aught that one who
mourns
Could comfort take; above the heights are
cold,
Faint heart and feelings numb dare not
so bold
To upward climb, but timid glance there
throws
And sees hope's rainbow high above the
snows,
And softly murmurs, "Perhaps God
knows."

THE SONG OF THE PLAINS.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Fair earth's the vestibule of heaven
bright
To-day. The sun with flaming blood-
stone light
A gentle glimmer of its beauty throws
On earth, white with soft, enamelling
snows.
The pine still wears the old, the April
green;

The golden, curt'sying bell doth sing,
doth lean
On turquoise mists. Morn never was so
fair.
Silver day and silver sounds, oh, ev'ry-
where;
And nearer comes a ripple of sweet
rhythm,
The song of the plains flows in the
chime.

ROSARY SUNDAY.

The devotion of the Holy Rosary is the great treasure bequeathed by our holy father, S. Dominic, to his Order and to the Church. A certain obscurity hangs over its origin, but a widespread tradition asserts that it was revealed to the Holy Patriarch by our Blessed Lady herself during his labors in Languedoc for the conversion of the Albigensian heretics, and that by preaching this devotion he gathered an immense harvest of souls. Pope Clement VIII. declares that S. Dominic first established the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary in the Church of S. Sixtus in Rome, and he is known to have established it also at Palencia, Spain. There can be no doubt that the use of the Hail Mary as a popular devotion dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, though it is impossible to determine whether the preaching of the Rosary spread the more universal use of the Angelic Salutation, or whether it was the increasing love and popularity of that prayer which moved the Holy Patriarch to adopt it.

During the fifteenth century, however, which was a period of general religious declension, the "Roses of Mary," as they had been popularly called, fell into partial oblivion and neglect, until towards the close of the century they were revived by the preaching of the celebrated Dominican Blessed Alan de la Roche, a Breton by birth. It is interesting to be able to record that in England at least the Rosary never fell into disuse, but enjoyed undiminished popularity all through the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and that Henry VI. prescribed that the scholars of Eton College, founded by him in the year 1440, should daily recite "the complete Psalter of the Blessed Virgin, consisting of a Credo, fifteen Paters, one hundred and fifty Ave Marias." It is of course beyond question that the children of S. Patrick, ever devout to our Blessed Lady, were ever faithful to the devotion of the Rosary; and that in the evil days,

as they would rather have given their lives than deny God and His Holy Mother, so they would rather have shed their blood than part with their beads.

The solemnity which we celebrate on the first Sunday of October, was established in thanksgiving for the great naval victory gained by the Christians over the Turks at Lepanto on Sunday, October 7, 1571. On that memorable day the members of the Rosary Confraternity in Rome had assembled in the Dominican Church of the Minerva to offer their devotions for a blessing on the Christian arms through the intercession of Mary. The Pope, Saint Pius V., himself a Friar Preacher, had attended the procession, and, on his return to the Vatican, God was pleased to reveal to him that the Queen of the Holy Rosary had, even in that hour, obtained a glorious victory for the Christian fleet. In testimony of his gratitude the Holy Pontiff decreed that the 7th of October should henceforth be kept as the Feast of Our Lady of Victories. But Gregory XIII., admiring the modesty of his predecessor, who had not chosen to make mention of the Rosary for fear he should be deemed to have sought to promote the honor of his Order rather than the spread of truth, ordained that in future the Feast of our Lady of Victories should be kept on the first Sunday in October in all Dominican churches and wherever the Confraternity of the Rosary existed, under the new title of the Festival of the Holy Rosary, which, until that time, had been on March 25th, the Festival of the Annunciation. This was finally extended to the universal church by Clement XII., who changed the wording of the Roman Martyrology to its present form: "The commemoration of Holy Mary of Victory, which Pope Pius V. ordained to be observed every year in memory of a famous victory gained at sea this day, by the Christians over the Turks, through the help of the Mother of God; and Gregory XIII., for the same reason; likewise

ordained that the annual solemnity of the Rosary of the same most Blessed Virgin should be kept on the first Sunday of this month."

In our own day the devotion of the Holy Rosary has received a fresh impulse from the Encyclical Letters published year after year by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., whom we may call "the Pope of the Rosary," and who has constantly urged on the faithful the use of this salutary de-

votion, both as an excellent means of personal sanctification, an efficacious form of intercessory prayer, and a powerful weapon against the enemies of the Church. His Holiness has likewise extended to the universal Church the practice, hitherto confined to the Dominican Order, of consecrating the whole month of October in a special manner to our Lady of the Rosary.

IN ALI'S LAND.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

All that warm soft spring and summer
the unclouded arch of blue
Heaven serene and bright above us daily
bright and brighter grew.
Ideal days and nights of stars
An argent moon beside,
Shot down their gold and silver bars
Upon the earth, whereon uprose on high
From valley, hamlet, hill, from moor and
forest wide,
From park and lawn and glen, such
matchless melody—
Such infinite choral song of birds, it
seemed to me
That never lute or harp had come to
heavenly choir so nigh.

How beautiful the far land bloomed and
blossomed plant and tree;
From rosy bower and river side and o'er
the sounding sea
Came sailor's song and maiden's hymn—
In the palm grove's gorgeous show
We touched great Ali's garment hem
And in the radiant sunsets daily saw
The dusky white-robed caliph bending
low
To kiss his holy ground by Obur's limpid
brink,
And with his prostrate votaries to lave
and drink
The chalice of their Soona God, and so
fulfill the law,

Then full soon in the late autumn the
parched earth's gaping mouth
Cried aloud for rain, all beauty had van-
ished with the drouth.
All song was hushed, the rivers dry,
No dew at eve or morn—
The burdened camel's startling cry,
The caliph's chalice dry as desert sand—
From all around came dying groans and
wail forlorn—
The scorching sun still burning pitiless,
It seemed that God had ceased the fallen
race to bless,
And all His quickening gifts and treas-
ures held fast in His hand.

"Ah, what fools were we to wander to
this fatal land in quest
Of wonders, dear!" groaned Ethna, her
fallen head upon my breast,
"Our poor she camel's now gone dry,
No sap in root or leaf
is left. Ah, Nial, 'tis hard to die!"
"We shall not, love—take heart—have
faith in God!"
I kis't her pallid lips to soothe her faint-
ing grief.
Anon, athwart the flaming sky a cloud
O'erspread, with flashing thunder pealing
long and loud
And poured the copious rain down on the
laughing, pregnant sod.

EDITORIAL.

Sacred to our Lady of the Rosary and to the Angels, the month of October is also rich in feasts of special devotion. We call our readers' attention to the Calendar and to the article on the Rosary which emphasizes the devotional feature of our work for this month.

From an admirable speech delivered in the Senate chamber on June 2, by the Honorable Augustus O. Bacon, United States Senator from Georgia, we make a brief extract that "speaks for itself":

In conversing with a man who was not a politician and had never been a soldier, who was a man of property, a man of business, and who deprecated the war and wished it to cease, and was extremely anxious to that end that the authority of the United States should be recognized and that there should be no resistance to it, but who still thought that the Filipino people were entitled to their nationality, he said to me in a very dramatic manner, speaking of the condition in which the sovereignty of the United States would leave the islands and the effect upon the political status of its people: "I am not a Spaniard; I am not an American; I am not a Filipino. What am I?" indicating the utter hopelessness in that man's mind of the status of himself and his people, that he was no longer a Spaniard, that he could never become an American, and that as nationality was denied to his race he was not even a Filipino.

Senator Bacon visited the Philippine Islands, and, therefore, could speak from personal experience. His testimony as to the character of the Filipinos is a glowing tribute to the Christian manner of their living, to their notable achievements in the work of education, and to the excellent qualities and virtues which Catholicism has developed among them. The portion of the Senator's address in which he tells of the abiding and haunting fear entertained by the Filipinos that American exploitation of the Islands will effect the practical extermination of the

natives, makes extremely pathetic reading. A copy of this fine speech will be forwarded to any one applying for it, by mail.

The October Rosary exercises, now an established part of the Church's devotion, present to our contemplation, Jesus and Mary—our Lord in the Holy Sacrifice immolated or in the Holy Eucharist, blessing His people; and our Lady beseeching from Him, for her clients of the Beads, the divine graces whereby they may best come to know and love and imitate Him—and this is the crown of true devotion to her.

Should the expansion policy continue, and the United States absorb or annex Cuba, Hayti and other West Indian islands, we shall soon have a black, yellow, red, mongrel population of thirty or more millions. Is it a pleasant prospect?

Judging from the condition of affairs prevailing in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, whose "Catholic" members (no longer "Anglican Catholic") are most emphatic protestants against the recognized order of doctrine and ceremony, we might conclude that it is time for another "Comedy of Convocation."

The episcopal condemnation of the vagaries of the "priests" who are playing battledore and shuttlecock with the Thirty-nine Articles and other cherished relics of Reformation days, is offset by the denunciation of "episcopal lawlessness," by the obedient (?) clergy who are disloyal to the organization of which they form a part despite the clamorous assertion of "Catholic" by those rebellious parsons who insist on calling themselves "Fathers."

Shades of Marshall! His character strut the boards to-day, here in the

United States, making a spectacle ludicrous and pathetic, causing earnest people to weep and making inconsiderate folk smile. In San Francisco we could almost stage the comedy, for "Pompous" and "Critical," "Primitive" and "Pliable," "Blunt" and "Jolly," "Theory" and "Chasuble," "Lavender Kids" and "the Professor of History," and others, are conspicuous, aggressive, but harmless, in the notoriety of their assertiveness.

In the usual "make-up" of rosaries we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the Apostles' Creed, on the large bead an Our Father, and on the small beads three Hail Marys. In reality these do not belong to the Rosary. Their recitation is merely a custom. The method of saying the Rosary practiced by the Dominicans is as follows:

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc.; Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of Eternal Glory.)

Next announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and recite the Our Father once, the Hail Mary ten times, Glory be to the Father once, in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the Hail, holy Queen is said, followed by:

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let Us Pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

In the following extract from our Holy Father's encyclical we are particularly reminded that the worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist excites in our hearts love for God and for our neighbor.

This, then, Christ wished, when instituting this great Sacrament, to awaken a love of God and thereby to promote a love of man for his fellowman. For this latter love arises spontaneously, as it were, from the former, and can never be lacking, but, on the contrary, must be ever ardent and vigorous when men reflect upon the love of Christ for themselves in this Sacrament, in which, as He has grandly manifested His power and wisdom, so He has also poured out the treasures of His divine love for men (Council Trent). The remarkable example of Christ bestowing His all upon us must surely animate us to love and help one another and to draw more closely the ties of brotherhood! Consider that the very outward signs of this Sacrament aptly suggest this close union.

On this point listen to S. Cyprian: "The holy Sacrifice of the Lord itself proclaims the firm and inseparable union of Christian souls in charity. For, when the Lord calls His body bread, which is formed by the union of many grains, He indicates the great gathering of the people unto Himself: and when He calls His blood wine, which is pressed and gathered from the clustering grapes, He indicates the mingling multitude of our flock." (Ep. ad Magnum.) Likewise the Angelic Doctor, following S. Augustine (Tract, in Joannem), uses these words: "Our Lord has commended to us His body and blood in things which are reduced to one from many; for the bread is composed from many grains, the wine from many grapes; and hence Augustine exclaims: O Sacrament of piety, O emblem of unity, O bond of charity!" (Summa p. III., q. LXXIX.) All of which is confirmed by the declaration of the Council of Trent that Christ has left us the Eucharist "as the symbol of that unity and love by which He

wished all Christians to be made one * * * a symbol of that one body of which He is Himself the head and to which He wished us as members to be united by the close ties of faith, hope and charity." (Sess. xiii.) The same had been declared by Paul: "For we being many, are one bread, one body, all that partake of one bread." (I. Cor. x., 17.) And surely it is a most beautiful and pleasing manifestation of Christian brotherhood and social equality: that around the sacred altars should be promiscuously assembled the patrician and the plebeian, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, equally participating in the heavenly banquet. And if it is recorded to the praise of the Church in its early days that "the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul" (Acts iv., 32), surely this great blessing was due to the frequenting of the Holy Table; for we read of them: "They were persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles, and in the communion of the breaking of bread" (Acts ii., 42). Besides that grace of mutual charity among the living to which the Sacrament of the Eucharist gives such strength and increase, pervading by the power of the sacrifice, reaches to all those who are numbered in the communion of saints. For the communion of saints, as everybody knows, is nothing but the mutual communication of aid, exaltation, prayers, benefits between the faithful whether in heaven or in purgatory, or on earth, all forming one commonwealth of which the head is Christ, the element of union charity. And, although it is a matter of faith that the august Sacrifice can be offered to God alone, yet it can be celebrated in honor of the saints who are in heaven with God, crowned by Him, to obtain their patronage, and, according to Apostolic tradition, also to remove the stains from the souls of the brethren who have died in the Lord but have not fully atoned for offenses. A sincere charity, therefore, which, to the welfare and utility of all, accustoms men to doing and suffering everything, springs forth and flames steadily from the Eucharist, where the living Christ Himself is, where He to the utmost exerts His love for us, and under the impulse of charity divine perpetually renews His sacrifice. Thus it is easy to understand from what arise, are strengthened, maintained and led to happy issue the labors of apostolic men, and the many and varied establishments among Catholics that deserve well of humanity.

These Rosary points are worth remembering: 1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays through-

out the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year and on Sundays in Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

4. In the monthly Calendar C. C. near Confession and Communion.

5. Prayer: For intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

6. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day for the recitation of the Rosary. It is not necessary to think of them in detail; a general intention suffices.

7. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week which Confession is required as a condition.

The article on the Gaelic tongue, which appeared in our September number, occasioned general interest among our subscribers, but it particularly appealed to those who are devoted to the work of the Gaelic League. We are pleased to be able to inform our friends that the competent author of the foregoing paper will contribute another to our November number.

The Government of France has initiated a new style in the matter of naming war vessels. Among the latest additions to her navy are battleships which will be known as *Liberté*, *Justice*, *Verité*, *Démocratie*. For a nation whose "statesmen" are making war on Religion and on

expelling from their native land, whose only crime is that of devotion, religion's name, to the highest welfare of their fellow citizens, such warship are strangely suggestive of that condition for which unfortunate France distinguished. We suggest to the Emperor of Mexico that he consult with the Minister of Religion as to the advisability of launching three cruisers, to be named *Liberté*, *Egalité* and *Fraternité*. Matters now are in France, one thinks kindly of the bloody fellows of

readers are favored in this number by an article from the scholarly pen of Edwin-Marie Snell, Rector of Alameda University, from whom, on subsequent occasions, we shall present contributions of like excellence. We are indebted to Dr. Snell because of his generous interest in our work.

MAGAZINES.

The publication of literature is not the business of a railway corporation. An enterprise is so marked a departure from the ordinary methods in that one need not be unfriendly who watches the experiment with a feeling of misgiving. For now several years the Southern Pacific Company, whose railroads are among the largest and finest in the country, has issued a periodical, *SUNSET—A MAGAZINE OF THE BORDER*. The steady growth and development of which we have observed, with interest and renewed interest. Indeed, it is a periodical which deserves well of Californians. Its monthly numbers are awaited with proclamation, in text and illustration, of the beauties and delights of California's empire, as well as a constant and persistent advocacy of California's advantages, opportunities and prospects for the home-seeker, the colonist, the tourist.

Artful artists join with clever writers in prose and verse, for the treatment of the historical, romantic, commercial, antiquities of the Golden State, the fading charm of the Missions, the

abundance of nature's gifts, in forest, lake, mountain, and spring, in the wealth of its resources, in the generosity of its returns to the industrious husbandman—these are themes of living merit whose influence stretches far beyond the Border. With great pleasure we greet *SUNSET*, while we commend to our readers this excellent magazine. And with like cordiality we offer our felicitations to the gentlemen of the Southern Pacific Company who can "run" a literary periodical as efficiently as they run their railway.

Chat is the title of a lively little magazine which comes to us from New York. Short, pithy articles, bits truly epigrammatic, pungent quotations, spicy selections are arranged with notable variety in each issue. We compliment Editor Sweeney, and we are pleased for the opportunity of speaking of his clever work. *Chat* is published at 150 Nassau street, New York.

"A bit of unpublished correspondence between Henry Thoreau and Isaac Hecker" is the title of an article in the September *Atlantic Monthly*, which will be read, with particular interest, in view of the controversies excited by the publication of Father Hecker's life.

The North American Review for September discusses "The Law of Privacy," with special approval of California's legislation on the subject of libel and caricature. Another article in the same number of the *Review* which will bespeak Californian sympathy is that on "Ancient Civilization in Arid Countries," by Professor Hilgard of the State University at Berkeley, who gives very interesting treatment to a subject of grave importance, especially in our far West.

Among its varied contributions from eminent pens, *The Arena* for September, contains some timely appeals to the public conscience, inviting individual activity in the amelioration of the increased evils of the labor problem—evils, the outgrowth of incipient child-slavery under our civilized eyes. "The Cry of the Children," by

B. O. Flower, reveals a condition of misery among the poorer classes that will scarcely be credited by the wealthy pleasure seeker. Dana Miller, in removing "The Mask of Charity"—organized charity "whose ministrations are not personal, intimate, communicative"—presents the pleasing virtue of true charity, which "in its best exemplification is the highest exercise of a loving impulse—it is love in action. But charity without love, like faith without good works, is dead."

In his "Philosophy of Genius," Merwin-Marie Snell discourses lucidly upon the various types of genius as manifested in the hero in action, the statesman in his administrative ability the law-giver in his providential foresight, in a word, the gifted conqueror of opposing forces that baffle men of less powerful insight. In conclusion the writer says; "All genius deserves homage, and that genius that is neither fortified by heroism nor protected by good fortune is entitled to something more—to breathing-room, to patronage, to kindness, to encouragement. The service of genius—well-directed genius, it should, of course, be understood—is the highest worldly privilege vouchsafed to any mortal outside of the favored circle of those whom Nature herself has called to kingship or seership or creatorhood."

The Outlook, New York, September 13, is notable for its publication of authorized reports of President Roosevelt's memorable addresses (during his recent New England tour) on the big corporations, commonly called trusts. These speeches were delivered at Providence, Boston, Fitchburg and Bangor. For their presentation, in this practically permanent form *The Outlook* deserves hearty acknowledgments.

From an article in a recent number of *The Literary Digest*, on "Illiteracy in the United States," we learn that there "are among the male population of voting age 2,288,000 illiterates," scattered through the country, though with a larger percentage in the South. Commenting on the figures as furnished by the Census Bureau,

The Transcript of Boston says "The fact that cannot be blinked is that there is a much higher average of illiterates among our native-born citizens than among the people who have come here from other lands."

Of course, our zeal in behalf of education among the benighted of foreign lands shines with a peculiar glory because of the happy dark ground at home, which emphasizes American devotion to high ideals. And, to keep our remarks at home, perhaps the closing of a few high schools with their annual output of half-educated young men and women who are overcrowding the professions, and the expenditure of the money squandered on them, in behalf of our illiterates, would better realize the purpose of common schools.

"A young rector of a prominent city church in Canada, with high social and pulpit abilities, athletic and very successful with men, would like a rectorship or good assistantship of an American city church. Open opportunity afforded to satisfy enquiries as to abilities and highest references. Address Canadian Rector, Churchman Office."

The foregoing advertisement redolent of piety, aglow with zeal, and expressing the spiritual sense of a shepherd of souls in language so modest that it almost suggests unbelief in his catalogued list of personal qualities, has appeared (at the time we write) in four successive issues of *The Churchman* a staid and respectable organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, and yet no hungry flock has "called" this athletic pastor to come among them, and do for them what the Irish boy told a certain Bishop was the office of a shepherd; "To shear the sheep." In the face of such exhibitions of "religion" it is not to be wondered at that Protestantism complains that it cannot bring the young men to church. Perhaps if our Canadian acrobat had added that he was an expert whistler he might have secured pleasant quarters and pastures new long ere this. He may not have heard of the Chicago experiment.

The distinguished editor of *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky, Colonel Henry Watterson, a brilliant writer and a man of undaunted courage and of loyalty to his convictions, has recently published a most severe denunciation of the unbecoming and even immoral proceedings marking high life among the "smart set" at Eastern fashionable resorts. Of course, the brave Colonel has been in turn denounced, with this difference, that he scourged the dissipated because of facts, and the dissipated merely abuse him because they have been 'scourged.' Commenting on this deplorable condition (which should be a serious warning to parents) our sprightly neighbor, *Town Talk*, touches another side of the miserable case:

"Immediately after Henry Watterson's castigation of the Newporters a circular letter was sent to the members of the smart set calling attention to the fact that hundreds of thousands of dollars had been spent on the gayeties of the season, and that while this prodigality added to the general prosperity of the country there was 'one chord that had not been heard in the great gamut of society life—the chord of charity.' 'Does it not seem just,' the letter continued, 'that a certain proportion of the wealth so generously given to us should be as generously given, not alone to those who can make us a return, but to those whose lives are barren of every worldly blessing?' This letter was issued by the ladies of the Episcopal church and many members of the most exclusive set sent cheques for as much as ten dollars. In criticizing Henry Watterson for denouncing the smart set, 'Cholly Knickerbocker' told of the bountiful charity of the plutocrats. The fact is that they are as short on charity as on morals."

From the same lively and energetic journal we take the following hit at "freaks" among the Protestant parsons:

"Still the freak preacher continues to devise new stunts. A generation ago when the "sacred concert" was introduced to replace the Sunday evening service, the good people confidently looked for the roofs of the churches to be brought down on the heads of the blasphemers, but now the Man from Mars would not be able to tell from the nature of the entertainment

whether he was in a place of worship or at a vaudeville show. After the concert came the lecture on secular matters, and in the course of time the progressive Sheldon substituted the reading of his own novels. A reverend of Michigan went him one better when he selected a biblical character, dressed in costume, and acted the part in a monologue. A few weeks ago a Congregational minister of Chicago proceeded to draw a crowd by engaging the services of a professional whistler, and now an English clergyman is introducing what he designates 'American Ideas of Religion,' in the shape of moving picture tableaux. Still another freak is that of a Boston divine who chose the menagerie at Revere Beach for the scene of his service in order to make use of a caged leopard as an illustration of his discourse on 'Can the Leopard Change His Spots?' We had an Oakland preacher who took to knee breeches, and another one somewhere else who mounted the pulpit in bicycle togs. It is only a step from the surpliced choir to the oallet and chorus, and indications are favorable to making this step ere long. Time and time again the question of church-saloons has been broached, and it would be hard to think of any device for making money which has not been applied to the augmentation of church finances. It would not be in the least surprising if some up-to-date twentieth century preacher would christen his sanctuary 'The Holy Orpheum.' The scandals and divorces which are of daily occurrence among the clergy are almost as numerous and quite as flagrant as those amongst the stage people proper, so the ancient warfare between church and stage is fast becoming only a friendly rivalry, and we may look forward to exchanges between church and theatre becoming as common as exchanges in pulpits."

Again we ask is it strange that sensible men are disgusted with such "religion" as the sects and the sensational "preachers" are offering as a substitute for truth, the divine revelation, the Church of Jesus Christ?

MUSIC.

From W. A. Pond & Co., New York, we have received some choruses suitable for the festival of Christmas. ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY, solo and quartette, by John B. Marsh. It begins with a pretty theme for tenor voice, followed by the quartette refrain. The alto sings a theme by Flotow, and finally the basso has his

opportunity in a fine, broad solo. The quartette finishes the chorus. CHRISTMAS BELLS, by John B. March, is a pleasing, joyous, two-part song, suitable for Sunday-school choirs. CHRISTMAS CAROL, containing six short choruses, hymnal in form. No. 1. RING OUT THE BELLS FOR CHRISTMAS, by Jos. Mosenthal. No. 2 HARK! THE ANGELS SINGING, by Albert J. Holden. No. 3. IN EXCELSIS GLORIA, by G. W. W. No. 5. CHRIST IS BORN, by W. O. Wilkinson. No. 5. NOEL, NOEL, THE CHRIST IS BORN, by Harry Rowe Shelley. No. 6. STAR OF THE EAST, by Brady E. Backus. These carols are extremely pleasing in melody, joyous in character, and with limited range of voice (C-e). Young choirs would enjoy singing these carols. All are in one little sheet, with full accompaniment, five cents per copy. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, soprano solo and quartette or chorus, by W. C. Williams. The solo part is brilliant and telling, with some good declamatory points to be delivered in fine, robust tone. The chorus is animating and full of faith. The music is well suited to the words, ending with a firm, very strong Amen on one tone which gives a distinct decision to the whole composition.

BOOKS.

HEZEKIAH'S WIVES, by Lillie Hamilton French, is a delightful eulogy of conjugal fidelity, illustrated in the constancy displayed by a remarkable pet canary—Hezekiah—under trying temptations. We are inclined to doubt Hezekiah's powers of resistance—and in him the class of husbands that he typifies—had not his gentle wife Rebecca been roused to a furious defense of her rights, and the timely removal of the beautiful yellow "top-knot" who bade fair to lure him to forbidden joys.

IN THE DAYS OF GIANTS, by Abbie Farwell Brown, is an instructive collection of effectively illustrated stories of Norse myths. No subject, probably, appeals more forcibly to the sympathetic interest of the young than the wonderful deeds of the giants of old; nor no more effective means presented for the exercise of dis-

crimination between the deeds of honorable heroes and those of wicked tyrants.

E. Boyd Smith has quaintly and powerfully portrayed scenes in the land of giants. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are the publishers of these two volumes.

The personal friends and admirers of Mr. John D. Crimmins, a well-known citizen of New York, who has been generously and honorably identified with interests Irish and Catholic, have long been aware of the fact that he is one of the foremost art and book collectors in the country. Especially devoted, in the latter department, Mr. Crimmins has been to Irish literature and to that branch of English letters which belongs to men of Irish blood and deals with subjects Irish. With the heavy responsibilities of a large business, and with the many demands made upon his time because of his interest in affairs of charity and the public welfare, Mr. Crimmins has made leisure for himself, and as a result of his devotion and industry, the Irish race in the United States has been favored by the publication of a work truly unique—*S. PATRICK'S DAY—ITS CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK AND OTHER AMERICAN PLACES, 1737-1845*.

The large volume (it contains almost five hundred pages, with a complete index), which bears this title is the story of the observance of the feast of Ireland's national patron by representative Irish organizations in the United States, from the earliest known assembly of Irishmen in America called together to celebrate S. Patrick's day. Mr. Crimmins' researches carried him back to the year 1737 for the establishment of the date of that interesting occurrence. The hundred and eight years which his volume covers, opened a field for varied and pleasant sketches, historical and biographical, and in that field the author has worked well.

Altogether the book under review is a compilation both interesting and instructive, with a marked value in a department of letters in which it stands alone. We congratulate Mr. Crimmins, and we trust that he will continue his studies in Irish-American history, and that we shall have

the result of such studies in the permanent form of valuable books.

RATAPLAN, A ROGUE ELEPHANT, AND OTHER STORIES, by Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S., are of a nature to instruct while entertaining young people. The adventures of Gean, the Giraffe; Chaffer, the Chamols; Pero, the Porcupine; Cera, the Ostrich, and Seela, the Seal, reveal many remarkable habits of animal life to those versed only in the history of domestic animals. Gustave Verbeck furnishes the drawings in illustration of the subjects. These are attractively reproduced in colors. The book is handsomely printed and bound by the Henry Altamus Company, Philadelphia.

THE TREASURY OF THE CHURCH, by the late Canon Bagshawe of England, consists of a series of instructions on the Eucharist and the Sacrament of Penance, so devout, so practical, so well designed, that we are pleased to commend the book to our readers.

The publishers, Burns & Oates of London, have brought out this volume in becoming style. Their American agents are the well-known firm of Benziger Brothers, who distribute the work to all booksellers.

The Christian Press Association, New York, publishes a small volume that should be very helpful to the cause of the missions for non-Catholics and to priests in dealing with converts under instruction, **WHITHER GOEST THOU?** by B. F. De Costa, the distinguished Episcopalian clergyman who recently entered the Church.

A revised edition of **THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY**, by J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph. D., has been recently published by the American Book Company, New York.

The author's experimental knowledge of political economy in its varied phases enables him to present a succinct statement of its general principles in a form attractive and of practical value to the young student. In his application of

economic principles to the "labor problem," Professor Laughlin recognizes the vital truth that the practice of the Christian virtues in their most heroic degree and the intelligent exercise of industrial capacity are essential to the harmonious relations which should exist between employer and employee.

Charts illustrative of economic progress in the United States are of interest.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS, edited by James C. Fernald, is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

The book is designed as a student's companion and as a text-book for the use of schools. The book contains more than seven thousand five hundred synonyms and three thousand seven hundred antonyms. The author has most effectively illustrated the correct use of synonyms in clear, brief sentences. The value of antonyms as defining by contrast for negation is easily perceived.

Ambitious students will appreciate this valuable hand-book of delightfully discriminative use of English.

This volume, exclusive of index, consists of five hundred pages of clearly printed matter. It is substantially bound in cloth, and will find its place among permanent desk appointments.

NOVEL NOVELTIES FOR NOVELTY-SEEKING NOBODIES, by "Nympha Nit," is published by J. F. McElheney, Los Angeles. The following extracts, although addressed to "nobody," may strike a responsive chord in the heart of a would-be "somebody":

The cursing human brute is about the worst brute on earth.

A tattler is the most dangerous and detestable talker on earth.

Don't tell it, is an advice frequently given, but hardly ever taken and kept.

The choir air in every church needs a great deal of unselfish and purifying influence.

The Catholic Church has, indeed, been fairly successful in taming the heterogeneous and savage make-up of Euro-

peans, Americans and Filipinos; but within its bounds it has its politicians and diplomats who more effectually destroy her influences and mar her progress than any heathen or savage.

I give to politician and diplomat the generally received and up-to-date meaning. A politician is one versed in the art of calumniating his opponent, and, when successful at that, then deceiving and disappointing his friends and supporters. A diplomat carries a little more interior and exterior polish about with him. If you have had no experience in this line, then ignorance carries some bliss with it.

NOVEL NOVELTIES is the work of a bright man.

From A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, we have received a volume of short poems entitled SONNETS AND SONGS FOR A HOUSE OF DAYS, by Christian Binkley. Lovers of poetry will welcome this collection, in which they will find pure sentiment and variety of theme. The publisher deserves congratulations for his share in the making of this book. Paper, print and binding manifest the good taste for which Mr. Robertson is so well known.

INSTRUCTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH AND SHORT VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, are two small books of devotion arranged for the young. The INSTRUCTIONS to the Catholic youth are sound and practical. The SHORT VISITS were compiled by the Reverend F. X. Lasance, who has been most indefatigable in promoting the love of Jesus in the Tabernacle. Being in vest-pocket size, this little book can be made a constant companion.

Benziger Brothers, New York, are the publishers.

THE KENTONS, by W. D. Howells, is an attractive bit of book work from Harper & Brothers, New York.

The heroine, Ellen Kenton, an American girl from the Middle West, is thrown into a comatose state by her first disappointment in love. The combined efforts of the whole Kenton family are unable to

divert her thoughts from the unworthy object of her affection. A trip to Europe, however, works a favorable change in Ellen's health and sentiments, so much so that she condescends to be amused by the perpetual laughter of an attractive young minister of no particular creed. The reader seeks the society of Ellen's sister, Lottie, whose lively sallies relieve the monotony of the situation. Judge Kenton and his wife are certainly ludicrous in their attempts to do "their duty" towards their children, allowing them at the same time to follow their own "sweet will."

As an aid to teachers in preparing children for the reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation, Rev. J. J. Nash, D. D., has edited a doctrinal explanation entitled CONFIRMATION. With a practical arrangement the pages of this little work form alternately a "Reading-side" and a "Question-side," the former for the use of pupils and the latter to enable the teacher to put the questions in the most intelligible form. By the same author we have A PRACTICAL EXPLANATION AND APPLICATION OF BIBLE HISTORY.

This work is arranged in the form of questions and answers, which suggest practical application of the truth exemplified by scripture teaching. The importance of realizing in our daily actions the perfection of Christian charity is particularly emphasized by the author. With this end in view, a brief summary of saving truths, not to be admired only, but to be put into daily practice, closes each chapter. This significant feature of the work will be heartily appreciated by teachers of Christian doctrine.

The book, containing about five hundred pages, is well printed and substantially bound by Benziger Brothers, New York. It cannot fail to stimulate exertion in the teacher to promote a love of the study of Bible History.

Among the late educational publications of Silver, Burdett & Company, New York, we have a handsomely illustrated volume entitled SKETCHES OF GREAT

PAINTERS, by Colonna Murray Dallin. Sketches of the lives of twenty-five masters of art are presented in a style calculated to enlist the interest of the young in the study of the development of art. Italian art, with Raphael and Titian, pre-eminent masters, ranks first in the quality and quantity of her productions. Dutch, German, French and English art, with leading artists, are enthusiastically and patron of the Dominican rule.

Fifty-three reproductions of the great painters give the pupil but a faint idea of the wonderful treasures in the domain of sacred art which has enjoyed centuries of fame. The work should find favor with teacher and pupil.

FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH HISTORY, by Arthur May Mowry, A. M., intended for the use of grammar grades. The essentials of English history are given in sketches of the lives of its famous men.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS, edited by James P. Kinard, supply a long-felt need in the schools. The beauty and simplicity of national songs are best understood in the study of the quaint language of the ballad itself. The beautiful national traditions preserved in ballad literature appeal to our human sympathy.

Copious notes, accompanied by a glossary, are appended.

B. Herder, S. Louis, has sent to us the following excellent pamphlets: (1) **THE DANGER OF YOUTH AND A TRIED ANTIDOTE**, by Father Jordans, S. J., an edifying narrative and a devout and helpful instruction, to which the Office of the Immaculate Conception and other beautiful prayers are added; (2) **SOCIALISM—ITS ECONOMIC ASPECT, and FIND THE CHURCH**, both by Father Poland, S. J., admirable brochures, convincing, interesting in style, deserving a wide circulation; (3) **MARY, OUR MOTHER**, by Father Palladino, S. J., a devout treatise in praise of the spiritual motherhood of our Blessed Lady. All of these booklets are sold at a moderate price.

JACQUES BONHOMME, JOHN BULL ON THE CONTINENT and ENGLISH PHARISEES

FRENCH CROCODILES, in separate volumes, artistically finished, come from the Abbey Press, New York.

Max O'Rell's inimitable character sketches are cordially welcomed by people of all lands. His keen insight into human character is remarkably comprehensive, and his indulgent treatment of the foibles and customs of different nations is particularly pleasing. He knows the English "like a book," and presents their eccentricities in amusing contrast to those of the French people. Unconsciously our sympathies are enlisted on the side of the impetuous, ardent natives of fair France, who can thoroughly enjoy life's pleasures, while his neighbor across the channel, on similar occasions, would simply look on, bewildered, silent and sad. Max O'Rell's philosophy is inspiring and of practical application.

SHORT LIVES OF THE SAINTS, in two volumes, well printed and attractively illustrated, comes from the publishing house of Marlier & Company, Boston.

This interesting collection of beautiful lives of God's servants includes sketches of the great apostle, S. Patrick; S. George, martyr; S. Louis, King of France; S. Boniface, and a wonderful galaxy of noble Christian heroes and heroines who lived holy lives and gained the eternal crown. The stories of these virtuous people are briefly told and are of a nature to inspire emulation in the hearts of young and old. They should find a place in every Christian home.

JEZEBEL, by Lafayette McLaws, is a novel of intense dramatic power, dealing with the love romance of Ahab, King of Israel, and Jezebel, the daughter of the great Sidonian king. The incidental effects of Ahab's marriage to this beautiful worshipper of Astarte culminate in the persecution to the death of the prophets of the true God. The prophet Elijah defies the wrath of the queen and compels her acknowledgment of his miraculous power.

The oriental characterization is particularly vivid, and interest is enhanced by the effective appropriateness of Corwin K.

Lincoln's illustrations. The Lothrop Company, Boston, are the publishers.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have sent us Bishop Spalding's latest volume, *RELIGION, AGNOSTICISM AND EDUCATION*, containing six articles in seven chapters, and including some of the Bishop's best work. Of the scholarship of the learned Ordinary of Peoria we have been pleased at different times to speak. To some chapters of this book we have previously called attention, as they were issued in pamphlet form. We feel, on this present occasion, that our word should be merely one of reminder to our friends that the volume has been issued, and that an honored shelf in an educated Catholic's library should be reserved for the works of Bishop Spalding.

Charles Henry Webb, author of *VAGROM VERSE*, has given to the public another worthy little volume, *WITH LEAD AND LINE*. If this book contained no other selections than the "Nantucket Waifs" it could be read and re-read with pleasure. Under his pen-name of John Paul, Mr. Webb has written some interesting prose and verse. The praise and encouragement which he has received for these contributions, many writers of more mature minds would be proud to claim.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are the publishers of this excellent book of verse. Their part is done in the characteristic style for which they justly rank high.

Father Wilfrid Lescher, O. P., of the English Province, deserves well of the clients of our Lady of the Rosary and S. Dominic, because of his excellent work, *S. DOMINIC AND THE ROSARY*, a critical-historical disquisition written in defence of the Dominican tradition concerning the devotion of the Beads. In bringing to our readers' attention this scholarly booklet, we deem the month of October happily opportune for our earnest commendation of its merits. R. & T. Washbourne of London, the publishers, have

presented the volume in good form, through their American representatives, Benziger Brothers, New York.

Perhaps no life of Abraham Lincoln will be more appreciably enjoyed than Silas G. Pratt's *LINCOLN IN STORY*. Instructive anecdotes illustrating the sterling honesty of Lincoln's character, both as a private individual and as a public custodian of the people's interests, inspire the reader with a sympathetic willingness to understand the difficulties that hedged in the career of the martyred President. His integrity of purpose cannot be questioned; it towers above the gloomy schemes of corrupt politicians and is entirely divested of the attributes of a self-seeking policy.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, have brought out the book in a commendable style of printing and illustration.

While men of divers nationalities and diverse creeds are, as it were, forced to admire the heroic fortitude of the prisoner of the Vatican, not a few express surprise that our holy Father Leo XIII does not relinquish all claim to temporal sovereignty. That the head of Christendom should maintain his position despite the clamors of gross injustice, that he prefers suffering in seclusion to any compromise with the enemies of truth, is an evidence of his exalted confidence in the infallible promise of Christ, that the "Gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church."

THE VICTORIES OF ROME AND THE TEMPORAL MONARCHY OF THE CHURCH, by Kenelm Digby Best, a priest of the London Oratory, emphasizes the potency of suffering on the part of the Roman Pontiffs, while exercising their divinely-constituted authority as head of the Church, by portraying assured victory to her faithful children.

This interesting volume which has found favor for thirty-four years, has been re-printed by Kegan, Paul, French Trubner and Company, London. It may be obtained from Catholic book-sellers in the United States.

THE LIFE OF S. GEORGE, MARTYR, PATRON OF ENGLAND, furnishes many noble incentives for virtuous imitation.

S. George belonged to the early ages of Christianity; he enjoyed special privileges as a valiant soldier and favored officer. These he set aside for the more lasting glory attached to his public confession of Christ and his devoted defense of the oppressed servants of the Christian religion.

This admirable life of England's patron saint is the work of the Reverend Dean Fleming, M. R.; it is published by R. and T. Washbourne, London, and may be obtained from their American agents, Benziger Brothers, New York.

FROM STATISTICS CONCERNING EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES compiled by the Reverend Samuel Hedges, we take the following facts concerning higher education:

"The University of Santo Tomas, which was founded as a college in 1611, was raised to the grade of a university by Pope Innocent X. in 1645, with the two faculties of theology and arts, to which was added the faculty of law in 1734 by Clement XII. It received the title of 'royal' in 1708, the King of Spain, Philip V., becoming its protector, and that of the University of Manila, by royal decree of November 6, 1870. Its faculties were then extended to include those of medicine and pharmacy. The University has always been from its foundation under the Dominican Order, and is supported by the funds thereof. The rector of the University is ex officio head of the secondary instruction in the 'colleges' throughout the archipelago which are under that Order."

"In 1887 the library consisted of about 12,000 volumes, consisting principally of works on theology, social science, law and philosophy."

"From a history of education prepared for an exposition of the Philippines in Madrid, in 1887, the following figures are taken regarding higher education in the islands:

The University granted 1,186 degrees in theology, canonical and civil law, and philosophy, between the years of 1645 and

1820. The number of students matriculated in that period was 40,125.

Between 1800 and 1882, 2,292 degrees of doctor, licentiate, and bachelor were granted, while 23,233 students were matriculated, of whom, 13,246 passed examinations. In the sixteen years between 1866 and 1886 over 4,000 students were matriculated annually at the University and the colleges of secondary instruction, of whom nearly 50 per cent. passed the examinations. This shows that a large body of young men must have acquired at least the rudiments of education. An interesting table shows the nationality of the students in the University in the scholastic year of 1886-87. In that year there were matriculated 123 European Spaniards, 93 Philippine Spaniards, 180 Spanish mestizos (Spanish Filipinos), 1,381 Filipinos and 218 Chinese-Filipino mixed bloods, a total of 1,985 students. This makes the full-blooded Filipinos 69.57 per cent. of the whole. The nationality of the Filipinos was ascertained from private information, not from open records."

The Outlook Company, New York, has issued in excellent form a brochure that will attract wide attention: THE PHILIPPINES—THE FIRST CIVIL GOVERNOR, by Theodore Roosevelt, and CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES, by William H. Taft.

This volume is a re-print of a series of articles contributed to *The Outlook* by Governor Taft, prefaced by a highly eulogistic character sketch of the author, written by the President when he was Vice-President. The papers are very interesting, illustrating, as they do, many phases of the wearisome question of our doings in the Philippines. One need not be in entire agreement with Governor Taft, in paying a compliment to his ability, honesty of purpose and skill as a writer. Indeed, we must dissent from his conclusions as to the Friars and their lands, while his thoughts on the "spiritual uplifting" of the Filipinos are "out of plumb" with his own testimony on other parts.

That the Friars reclaimed from forest and swamp about 400,000 acres, that fully 70,000,000 other acres still belong to the Government and are at its disposal Governor Taft does not tell us, but we know these statements to be of fact. That the corporation of Trinity Episcopal Church, New York, holds real estate of far greater value than the landed possessions of the Friars in the Philippines is another fact; but who says that Trinity Church must sell?

However, apart from the problems yet to be solved, Governor Taft's book will be an important part of the history of the Philippines under American rule, a continuance of which he considers necessary for several generations, *at least*.

A COURSE OF STUDY IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, by the Reverend Thomas J. O'Brien, has been arranged at the request of the members of the Educational Conference held at the Catholic Summer School, Cliff Haven, New York, August 27, 1901.

The publication of this COURSE IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE is a positive boon to teachers in that important branch of study, and if systematically followed will certainly produce gratifying results.

The necessity of grading religious topics for children has long been recognized, but in many instances few practical plans have been adopted.

The present pamphlet—printed at a nominal price—is suggestive of methods which, if carefully followed by the enthusiastic teacher, will infallibly increase the love of God in the hearts of children during the seven or eight years allotted to school life. They will be better able to converse intelligently upon vital questions of Catholic dogma unto the edification of their neighbor.

AN ADVANCED CATECHISM OF CATHOLIC FAITH AND PRACTICE, compiled by the same author, has been written "to supply a need felt in the higher grades of our Catholic schools" The pupil who acquires a thorough knowledge of this Catechism will never be at a loss to give "a reason for his faith."

D. H. McBride & Co., New York, are the publishers of these helpful books.

S. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC for 1903, printed and published by the Society of the Divine Word, at Shermerville, Illinois, has already appeared.

The calender for each month is excellently printed, and illustrated, scenes from Sacred Scripture furnishing instructive stories in picture. The literary contributions, illustrated, are of varied interest and are adapted to the requirements of the Catholic home circle.

S. Michael's Almanac is published in English, German and Dutch, and sold for twenty-five cents a copy, for the benefit of a home for Catholic boys. This praiseworthy institution undertakes the training in a thorough Christian manner, of boys between twelve and eighteen years. Opportunities are hereby offered to the pupil to perfect himself in agricultural pursuits or any other branch of industry to which he may be inclined. All may further the good work of this noble charity by subscribing for their publications or by sending donations, however small, to the director of S. Joseph's Home.

MADAME ROSELY, by Mlle. V. Monnot, has reached its second edition, which bespeaks an appreciation of the moral worth of the story completed in a series of interesting letters between a French lady and her daughter. The book has already been reviewed in our columns.

The English translation is the joint work of Elvira Quintero and Jean Mack. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York, is the publisher.

Benziger Brothers, New York, have issued the twentieth number of their CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL, which maintains the standard for which this popular publication is so well known.

Burns & Oates, London, have sent us, through Benziger Brothers, a neat little book that we earnestly commend to our readers: THE LUKEWARM CHRISTIAN, two very practical sermons by the famous Massillon.

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

Important—Recitation of the Rosary and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every evening during the month at 7:30 P. M. Special Mass will be celebrated each week morning at 9 A. M.

The following indulgences have been granted in perpetuity by Our Holy Father Leo XIII, available during the month of October.

A Plenary Indulgence for all who, on the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary, or on any day within the octave, receive the sacraments, recite a third part of the Rosary during the day, visit any church or oratory and there pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A Plenary Indulgence for all who, after the octave of the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, either publicly or privately recite a third part of the Rosary each day for ten days, and who on any one of these days receive the sacraments, visit some church and there pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

An indulgence of seven years and seven Lents on each day of the month during which the faithful, either publicly in some church or privately recite a third part of the Rosary.

1—S. Eustace and Companions, Martyrs. (Contempt for the world.) (Votive mass of the Rosary.)

2—The Angels' Guardian. (Trust in Providence.)

Monthly Requiem Mass will be sung at 9 o'clock for the deceased members of S. Dominic's Church Building Association.

3—B. John Massias, O. P., Lay Brother. (Sympathy for the Afflicted.) (Benediction.)

4—Our Holy Father S. Francis of Assisi—Founder of the Franciscan order. A marvel of humility and mirror of apostolic poverty and simplicity. (Benediction.)

5—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—OUR Lady of the Rosary. The Great Rosary Indulgence for each and every visit till sunset. This indulgence may be gained from the hour of first Vespers, 2 P. M. on preceding day.

The solemn celebration of Rosary Sunday will begin with the blessing and distribution of roses immediately before the Solemn High Mass at 11 A. M.

The sermon at the Solemn High Mass will be preached by the Reverend Father V.F. O'Daniel, O. P. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 P. M. Blessing of Beads and enrolling in the Rosary Confrater-

nity after the last Mass; from 3 to 5 P. M. and after Benediction in the evening.

6—S. Bruno, Priest, Founder of the Carthusians. (Love of Solitude.) Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

7—B. Matthew Carreril, O. P., Priest. (Religious observance.)

8—B. William and Companions, O. P., Martyrs (from June 29.) (Fortitude.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

9—S. Denis, Bishop of Paris, and his Companions, Martyrs. (Lively Faith.)

10—S. Louis Bertrand, O. P., Priest and Apostle of New Granada. (Devotion to the Queen of the Rosary.) (Benediction.)

11—Octave day of S. Francis of Assisi. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

12—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Octave Day of Our Lady of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for the Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

Confirmation will be administered at Antioch by the Right Reverend Bishop Grace of Sacramento.

13—S. Edward, King and Confessor. (Humility.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society, 8 P. M.

14—B. Magdalen Pannatieri, O. P., Virgin. (Suffering for Christ.)

15—S. Theresa, Virgin and Restorer of the Order of Mt. Carmel. (Obedience to Confessors.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

16—S. Ferdinand, King (from May 30.) (Love of Justice.)

17—B. James of Solomonio, O. P., Priest (from May 31). Commonly called "Father of the Poor." (Benediction.)

The Annual Festival in aid of the Building Fund of the Holy Rosary Church, Antioch.

18—S. Luke, Evangelist. (Patience.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

19—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—The Maternity of Our Blessed Lady. (Devotion to the Holy Family.) Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

20—B. Alphonsus and Companions, O. P., Martyrs (from June 1). (Constancy.)

21—S. Ursula and Companions, Virgins

and Martyrs. (Spirit of Sacrifice.) Anniversary of the death of Reverend Father Dyson, O. P.

22—B. Peter Tiferno, O. P., Priest. (Good example.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

23—B. Bartholomew, O. P., Bishop. (Missionary zeal.) Beginning of Novena for All Saints.

24—S. Raphael, Archangel. (Benediction.)

25—B. Sadoc and Companions, O. P., Martyrs (from June 2). (Perseverance in good works.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

26—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—B. Damian, O. P., Priest. (Grace of Conversion.) Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

27—Translation of the Relics of S. Peter, Martyr, O. P. (from June 4). (Fidelity.)

Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

28—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

29—B. Benvenuta Bojani, O. P., Virgin. (Meditation.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

30—Commemoration of the Saints whose relics are preserved in our churches.

31—Fast day—S. Francis Carraciola, Priest and Founder of the Order of Minims (from June 5).

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: For the Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Francis of Assisi, Priest; S. Callixtus, Pope and Martyr; S. Theresa, Virgin; S. Louis Bertrand, Priest; S. Edward the Confessor. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Simon, Apostle; S. Edwin, King; S. Bridget of Sweden, Widow; S. Ursula, Virgin and Martyr; S. Colman, Martyr. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Denis, Bishop and Martyr; S. Hedwige, Widow; S. Bruno, Confessor; S. Raphael, Archangel; S. Luke, Evangelist.

For the encouragement of devotion to our Lady of the Rosary we deem it well to present the following points: To become a member of the Confraternity of the Rosary, it is necessary (1) to have one's name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive persons to the Confraternity. (2) Have Beads blessed with the Dominican Blessing. (3) That the fifteen decades be said during the course of the week, from Sunday to Sunday.

If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. It is not necessary to reside in the parish where the Confraternity is established. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name. No abbreviations of baptismal names may be used.

To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of DOMINICANA or the Director of the Rosary Confraternity in any of our churches will bless all rosaries sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

The decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

To be loyal to the Church is to be loyal to the Pope. To follow in the way marked out by the Sovereign Pontiff is to walk in the light of the Holy Ghost. Hear the words of our beloved Leo XIII., and ponder them well:

"We believe it to be a part of the designs of Providence that, in these times of trial for the Church, the ancient devotion to the august Virgin should live and flourish amid the greatest part of the Christian world. May now the Christian nations * * * seek the protection of Mary with an ardor growing greater day by day; let them cling more and more to the practice of the Rosary, to that devotion which our ancestors were in the habit of practicing, not only as an ever-ready remedy for their misfortunes, but as a badge of Christian piety. The heavenly Patroness of the human race, will receive with joy these prayers and supplications, and will easily obtain that the good will grow in virtue, and that the erring will return to salvation and repent; and that God, who is the avenger of crime, moved to mercy, and pity, may deliver Christendom and civil society from all dangers, and restore to them peace, so much desired."

DOMINICANA

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NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 11

THE JEWS—THEIR PROPHETIC BEARING ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

I.

Are the Jews to return to Jerusalem and Judea, and become Christians? And, if so, when? As we do not profess to be a prophet, the solution of this latter question lies buried in the future. Therefore it is impossible to fix a precise date in years as to the realization of the event. Regarding the former, however, we unhesitatingly answer affirmatively, as the proof of the fact is abundant in both the Old and New Testaments.

This question touching the Jews, as appears from the action of the different governments of the Old World, notably the English and Russian governments, seems to be an all-absorbing one at this period of our existence. We will quote a few passages from both the Old and New Testaments corroborative of the affirmative position assumed. The prophet Osee, about eight hundred years before the advent of our Saviour, thus prophesied: "The children of Israel shall sit many days without King and without Prince, and without *Sacrifice*; without Altar and without Ephod, and without Theraphim; and after this the children of Israel shall *return*, and shall seek their Lord and God, and David, their King; and they shall fear the Lord and His goodness in the Last Days." (C. 3, v. 4 and 5.) It is worthy of remark that in this passage the prophet informs us that his people will seek God and David, their King—i. e., Christ, who

is of the race of David, and lawful successor to the Kingdom of Judea in the *last days*.

The prophet Isaiah, who prophesied so much of our Saviour, speaks thus (in C. 11, v. 11 and 12): "And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall *set* his hand the second time to possess the remnant of his people, which shall be left from the Assyrians, and from Egypt, and from Phetros, and from Ethiopia, and from Elan, and from Senaar, and from Emath, and from the Islands of the Sea; and he shall set up a standard unto the nations, and shall assemble the fugitives of Israel, and shall gather together the dispersed of Judea *from the four quarters of the earth*."

The prophet Ezechiel, who prophesied so significantly concerning this singular people, thus speaks through the mouth of the Almighty, in C. 36, v. 24: "I will take you from among the Gentiles and will gather you together out of *all the countries*, and will bring you unto your own land. And I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit within you, and will give you a heart of flesh, and you shall dwell in the land which I gave to your fathers; and you shall be my people and I will be your God." And, in C. 37, v. 21, 24, 25, 26, 27, hear him, "And you shall say to them: thus saith the Lord God: behold, I will take the children of Israel from the

midst of the nations whither they are gone, and I will gather them on every side, and I will bring them to their own land. And my servant David shall be King over them, and they shall have one *Shepherd*; they shall walk in my judgments, and they shall keep my commandments, and shall do them. And they shall dwell in the land which I gave to my servant Jacob, wherein your fathers dwelt; and they shall dwell in it, they and their children and their children's children, forever; and David, my servant, shall be their Prince forever; and I will make a covenant of peace with them; it shall be an everlasting covenant with them; and I will establish them and will multiply them; and I will set my *Sanctuary* in the midst of them forever, and my *Tabernacle* shall be with them; and I will be their God and they shall be my people." We submit whether these last two verses do not seem to convey the impression that Jerusalem, and not Rome, will be the spiritual capital of Christendom, after the return and conversion of that remarkable people.

The prophet Sophonias, prophesying of their return and inferential conversion to Christianity, thus speaks in C. 3, v. 19 and 20: "I will get them (the Jews) praise and a name in all the land, where they have been put to confusion; at that time, when I will bring you back and at the time I will gather you. For I will give you a name and praise among all the people of the earth, when I shall have brought back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord."

These are but a few of the prophecies taken from the Old Testament relating to the future of the Jews and their conversion; but we presume enough to satisfy the most incredulous respecting the dealings of the Almighty with that people, for so many centuries estranged from Him. It is to be observed that these prophecies, thus adduced, can have no relation to the Babylonian captivity of seventy years by the Chaldean King, Nabuchadonozor, as the dispersion alluded to by the above-named prophets was to extend over the

whole earth, and their return to their country, Judea, fixed for the *last days*. Their captivity in Babylon was specific, and related to a banishment to but one part of the globe and among a single people.

We will proceed to show from the New Testament that the Jews are not to be always in exile, but for a time limited, viz: till the time of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled. "When you shall see Jerusalem," says our Saviour, in the Gospel of S. Luke, C. 21, v. 20, "compassed about with an army, then know that the desolation thereof is at hand. There shall be great distress in the land and wrath upon this people. And they (the Jews) shall fall by the edge of the sword; and shall be led away captives into all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, till the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled."

History informs us that about forty years after this prediction, the Roman Emperor Vespasian sent his son Titus to collect the tribute due from the conquered province Judea, and which the Jews refused to pay. On their refusal to pay this tribute, they met with the calamities which our Saviour predicted would follow. The city was taken and burnt, and not a stone was left standing upon another of the Temple. Eighty thousand Jews were carried down to Rome to grace Vespasian's triumph; a prodigious number was slaughtered, and the remainder were sold as slaves and dispersed throughout the then known world. But this dispersion was not to be perpetual, but, according to the old prophets, as well as our Saviour's prediction in the Gospel just mentioned, was to end some time during the last days of the human period. That we are on that last period no one can reasonably doubt, if we understand rightly the Epistles of S. Peter, S. Paul and S. Jude. S. Peter tells us, in his Second Epistle (C. 3, v. 3 and 4): "That in the last days there shall come deceitful scoffers, walking after their own lusts, saying, where is his promise of his coming? For since the time that the fathers slept,

all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." S. Paul, in his Second Timothy, C. 3, first to sixth verses, describes the times upon which we are now living: "Know also this (says he) that in the last days shall come on dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked, without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness, traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasure more than of God, having an appearance, indeed, of Godliness, but denying the power thereof." S. Jude, in his Epistle, v. 17, reiterates the same.

His words are: "But be you mindful of the words which have been spoken before by the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, who told you that in the last days there should come mockers, walking according to their own desires in ungodliness. These are they who separate themselves (heretics), sensual men having not the spirit." Who is so ignorant as not to know that for the past three centuries the world has been filled with precisely such characters.

That the merciful dispensation of God to the Gentiles has been completed, or nearly so, on rejecting for a time his own people, is evident from the fact that the Gospel for the last three centuries has been preached throughout the world. Noble missionaries, at the sacrifice of every human comfort and consideration, have preached the Gospel on every continent and island throughout the world. But that the Jews are to be received again in the favor of their God we learn very emphatically from S. Paul in his First Epistle to the Romans, C. 11, v. 1: "I say then, Hath God cast away his people? God forbid. For I also am an Israelite of the seed of Abraham of the tribe of Benjamin. God has not cast away his people which he foreknew." In verses 25, 26 and 27 he tells us: "For I would not have you ignorant, brethren, of this mystery, lest you should be wise in your own conceit, that blindness has in part happened in Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles should come in, and so all Israel shall be saved

as it is written; there shall come out of Zion him that shall deliver; and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob, and this is to them my covenant, when I shall take away their sins"—viz: that unparalleled sin of the Crucifixion, and that self-pronounced sin and curse, "His blood be upon us and our children." But the whole chapter should be read, as it so clearly expresses the conversion of the Jews to Christianity, and inferentially their return to their own land, that comment on own part is wholly unnecessary.

By what agency, deduced from the Sacred Writings, the Jews are to be reassembled in Jerusalem and Judea, and acknowledge Christ their promised Messiah and God, we will endeavor now to show.

We take no stock in that peaceable return, which at present seems to agitate the leading Jewish bankers of Europe, and different governments thereof; as this method conflicts with, and runs counter to that given by our Saviour, by the Apostle of the Gentiles and the Blessed Disciple, in his prophetic history of the Christian Church known as Revelations.

As illustrative of our meaning, we extract from one of our leading dailies, the following: "Lord Rothschild has presented a memorial to Lord Salisbury, asking the British Government to initiate concerted action by the Powers, to assist a wholesale emigration of Jews to Palestine. The Rothschilds, the Goldsmiths, and all the leading Jews of England, concur in the opinion, that the settlement of the Jews in Palestine is the best plan. They aim to obtain European recognition of a great wave of emigration, as necessary to the solution of the Jewish Problem. Baron Hirsch, though having schemes of his own, supports the English plan to operate through diplomatic channels, and is reported as writing directly to the heads of the European governments commending to their consideration the Rothschild Memorial."

Before the advent of the Messiah on this earth for the redemption of mankind, it was a constant delusion of the Jews (and, with the Orthodox, may yet be) that

their Messiah was to be a great conqueror, and that Jerusalem was to excel all other cities in worldly grandeur, pomp and power. But when he appeared in the humble garb of the spiritual conqueror of Satan and his power, they crucified him with a self-pronounced curse, resting upon their heads today, "His blood be upon us and our children." To add to their guilt, their prophets under the old law, at different times for centuries previously, had told them of the time of his coming; of his extraordinary miraculous works, of which they were witnesses; and commended them to accept Him as their Messiah and promised Legislator. Seeing the obduracy of their hearts, the Divine Master tells them complainingly (John, C. 5, v. 43): "I am come in the name of the Father who sent me, and you receive not; another will come in his own name, and him you will receive." We will endeavor to show who that "Other" will be, as mentioned by our Saviour, but would state previously that while many great conquerors have come and died, in the centuries which have elapsed since this prediction was made, the Jews, so far, have accepted none. To facilitate our endeavor to discover who this "Other" will be whom the Jews, momentarily, will accept as their Messiah, we must call in, first, S. Paul, and use him as a lantern to throw light upon the dark paths of futurity, through which we travel.

The Apostle, as connected with this subject, in his second Epistle to the Thessalonians (C. 2) thus speaks: "And we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of our gathering unto him, (v. 2) that you be not easily moved from your mind, nor be frightened neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by Epistle, as sent from us, as if the Day of the Lord were at hand (v. 3)."

"Let no man deceive you by any means: for unless there come a revolt first, and the Man of Sin be revealed, the son of perdition (v. 4) who opposeth and is lifted up above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the Temple of God, showing himself as if he were God."

(V. 5)—"Remember you not that when I was yet with you, I told you these things?" (V. 6)—"And now you know, what withholdeth, that he may be revealed in this time." (V. 7)—"For the mystery of iniquity already worketh; only that he who now holdeth doth hold, until he be taken out of the way." (V. 8)—"And then that the wicked one shall be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus shall kill with the breath of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." It is evident from this epistle that the Apostle had previously delivered a sermon on the "Day of Judgment" to the Thessalonians. And we can imagine it was a telling one; and that it made many of his audience tremble and caused them to ask the Apostle when that day (*viz*: the Day of Judgment) would come. The Apostle, to allay their fears, and pacify them, tells them as we read in V. 5: "Remember you not that when I was with you I told you these things, *viz*: that the Day of the Lord, or Last Judgment would not be in their day, and would not come until first a revolt or heresy should afflict the church and that this heresy should cause the appearance of the "Man of Sin," or Anti-Christ on earth?"

2d—The last three vestiges, or horns of the Beast of Daniel—i. e., of the Roman Empire, represented Hispania, Gallia, and Germania—(or Spain, France and Germany), must be taken out of the way; i. e., absorbed in the great Anti-Christian Empire, as the Eastern part, representing the other seven horns, has already been absorbed.

Now this revolt or heresy in the Church, which would ultimately bring on the "Man of Sin," or Anti-Christ, according to S. Paul, has already come. As proof of the fact, to say nothing of the smaller heresies, started by the Gnostics, Simonians and Nicolaites, which had appeared in the Apostles' time; there was the great heresy of the Arians, embraced in the fourth century by Emperors, Kings, Bishops and Priests, and the most formidable the Church has ever experienced; then coming down to the ninth century, we have the Schism started by Photius at

antinople, and his denial that the Ghost proceeded from the Father alone, but from the Father only, which I made him a heretic, as well as a fanatic.

Asia is the great upholder of this man to-day, and her day of reckoning, believe is in the near future. Lastly, the revolt, or so-called reformation, of the ninth century, started in Germany by Charlemagne; that of Henry VIII., in England, which has branched out in some form or other all over Europe and our own country. These are the proofs of the revolt spoken of by S. Paul in his Second Epistle to the Galatians (C. 2) has really come with its blighting effects. But the Apostle says (V. 7): "That the mystery of iniquity already worketh; only he who now holdeth, do hold until he be taken out of the way, and then that the wicked one be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus shall kill with the breath of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." In the interpretation of this latter part of the Apostle's Epistle, we have recourse to the Fathers of the Church.

Jerome, one of the greatest Scripture commentators of the Church, tells us: "The Apostle by his expression, 'He who now holdeth, do hold, until he be taken out of the way,' means the Roman Empire." He speaks in obscure terms, because if he had spoken out openly, he would have imprudently raised the rage of the persecutors against the Christians, and against the Church, which was then beginning to rise. See another place, Epistle 159, Ad Algos,

explanatory of the Apostle's obscure meaning, the same learned commentator says: "Only that the Roman Empire, which holds now all nations under its power, be taken away, and then Anti-Christ will come."

S. John Chrysostom, another learned Doctor of the Church, in his interpretation of the same text of S. Paul, says: "It may be asked what S. Paul means, when he says, 'You know what withholdeth, that he may be revealed,' and then the Apostle speaks so obscurely; he has in view the Roman Empire; and it is therefore with good reason he speaks in obscure, enigmatical terms, for fear of irritating the Romans. The Apostle then says: "Only that he that now holdeth, do hold until he be taken out of the way"—i. e., when the Roman Empire shall be removed from the face of the earth, then Anti-Christ will come.

Tertullian also tells us: "Who holds but the Roman Empire, the division of which into ten Kingdoms will bring on Anti-Christ, and then, according to the Apostle, the wicked one, 'The Man of Sin,' shall be revealed." S. Augustine and other learned Fathers from the second century down have construed S. Paul's text in a similar manner. Indeed, we can well understand the Apostle in speaking so obscurely; for whoever doubted the eternity of the Seven-Hill City and Roman Empire in the Apostle's time was deemed a traitor; and whoever would dare give expression to this treason would pay the penalty by being hurled headlong from the Tarpeian Rock.

A SHRINE IN THE GARDEN.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

heavens throb with thousand star-hearts, beating
beyond the bars of Time
free wild gladness: 'mid the moon
gleams fleeting
y the lucid pavement's sapphire
sheeting
o ruddy planets climb;

The white rose leans o'er the mignonette,
Forget-me-not's eyes with dew are wet
And the wan wind sings to the pines,
While the tremulous aspens sigh,
And the moonlight marbles the jessamine vines.

Where the starry myrtle tangled twines
As the dark-robed Night sweeps by.

There crimson oleanders erst like cloud
flakes

In tropic sunset's flame,
Gleam where white magnolia's russet
shroud breaks

The moon-like blossoms shame.
The pure, pale lily drooping near,
And the red carnations catch the tear
As it falls from her ivory urn,
All saddened for her sweet sake,
And the daisies bright to the moon-
beams turn

Their dream-flushed cheeks 'neath 'a
bank of fern,
But the pansy will not wake.

On the wide palms the moon gleams smite
resplendent,

Darker their shadow lies,
Between their glittering boughs, a glit-
tering world hangs pendent
From the broad-bosomed skies.

The Yucca bells burst in milky bloom.
The sky-steeped lobelias star the gloom.
Where the restless palm shades fall
And heliotrope whitens the cold, gray
stone

In the distance the sorrowing aspens
moan,
Where they lattice the moon-lit wall.

I feel the scent of distant purple clover.
The spiced ambrosia sweet,
From myriad bloom-bells where the gay-
winged rover

Slipped the dew nectars fleet.
The blush rose whispers, the briars bend.
And the silken tassels of fuchsias blend
In iris circles, where low
The moon gleams creep; and the daisies
lift
To the silvery light, like a glistening
drift
When the sky is gray with snow.

O radiant Night, how beautiful, how
tender,

Thy spells of quiet fall,
Winning the spirit to calm self-surrender.
Star fringing Sorrow's pall,
Thy steps are bright on the mounts of
pain,

On the barren heights of greed and gain,
And thrill through Earth's weary breast.
O silent, sweet-eyed Night!
A late bird stirs in her leafy nest,
And startles the flower's dream-linked
rest.

And over the moon's pale light, as the
wan wind wearily wanders by
A lone cloud drifts like a silver boat
I watch it far o'er the pine crests' float.
And in the blue distance die.
Here in the fragrant gloom of peppers
swaying,

And myriad roses sweet,
The power that rends the universe is
playing

In light about His Feet,
It glories upon His tender smile.
It smites the vying moon gleams; while
As Science and Nature bring,
Their homage of reverent love,

Here where the wave-like boughs of the
peppers swing,
Above the shrine of His Heart, our
King.
And the mute stars shine above.

A space—the cloister's shadow, calm and
quiet,

A space—the world's broad glare,
Pain, sorrow, want, Life's mystery, pas-
sion's riot,

The hush of peace and prayer,
His loving, tender Heart between.
O Heart of Christ, would men but lean
To learn Thy lesson sweet!
That angels ponder above,
How swift their answering pulse would
beat.

How self be lost in Love complete,

Dear Pledge of our Father's Love!
Across the blue the brightest of the seven
Traces with fiery hand
Upon the starry dial-plate of Heaven,
The hours. Where I stand
The roses lean and listen mute,
The wind sighs low, like a tremulous
flute,

Through the aspens and distant pines;
O beautiful, bright Night!

The moonbeams flit through the hang-
ing vines,
Where tangled jessamine and brier
twines.

And lattice the paths with light.
And the beat of that Heart fills the
silent air,

Like the minor chords of a seraph lyre,
And earth seems leading her throbbing
choir,

In the hush of reverent prayer.

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT-WINDS.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER, M. D.

shades of night—dark and gloomy fallen upon a peaceful Canadian through its deserted streets the wild her winds were tearing madly the naked willows. Nature was her saddest songs. The old Professor bore a few lines of care, as in his cheerful little study, while old, drizzling rain was beating a tattoo upon the window-pane, adding of pity to the otherwise solitary of Autumn.

It did not help admiring the kind, old, haired man before me. His face was at always inspired me with kindlier moods. There was a wealth of sweetness in his smile, and in his eyes one saw the reflection of the true, pure within. He was advanced in the years—this noble old oak that had stood the blasts of many winters. He was erect and his step firm; he seemed to meet the boys—"his" boys he led them—at his daily classes in University Hall. He was active and vigorous, notwithstanding his years. Yes, very often, we could see a dim, light in the Professor's study, and a gray-haired man bending over his desk, long after lonely midnight had extinguished her starry lamps in the darkness.

On this particular night I just happened to drop in on the Professor, and was surprised to find him in a depressed melancholy mood; for he, of all more appeared to possess the sunniest and best of dispositions. He was sitting in a quaint old armchair, and when I entered his face brightened, but it was for a moment.

The fire in the grate was burning low, the sparks, red and glowing with life, leaped and died away, like the sun of a departing day. Suddenly he turned himself in his chair, and, in a tone

of sweetness said to me: "Do you hear the plaintive strains the winds are singing to-night? They make me sad, and well they may. This is the month of the poor souls, and, do you know, I have been sitting here for several hours saying my beads; for, in the voices of these lonely November winds, I seem to hear nothing but the cries and pleadings of those suffering ones, those prisoners of the Christ-King, that thirst for the sunshine of God's pure smile."

Then he turned slightly, and there was a momentary pause. I looked up at him, and in his eye a tear glistened, and I thought I heard it fall, so deep was the silence. Glancing at the shelves about the room that held volumes and volumes of history and literature, he exclaimed—and his voice had a tone of pity in it: "Ah, my books! Cherished and silent friends! You beckon me in vain. Often you cheered me in my weary hours, but to-night you cannot win my spirits."

The old Professor rose and stirred the fire in the grate. The rain was still falling and the winds were still chanting their weary monotones. He paused and stood in the middle of the room and listened, while a smile brightened his countenance. I was rude enough to ask the meaning of the smile, and he murmured softly: "I only looked down the pathway of the years, and I heard the songs of my youth vibrate through the lonely corridors of Time—and I was happy. That is all."

Again sinking into the old armchair, and opening an old diary that lay upon the table, he read the following tender lines:

"When night has come and all the world is still.
And sweet the shadows dance about at will
And chase each other round the old, old room,

Where oft I sit in silence and in gloom,
 'Tis then my thoughts, by music borne
 along,
 Awake the echoes of my youthful song,
 That lingers soft entrancing and reveals
 The wealth of joy that the dead past con-
 ceals—
 And on the wings of Mem'ry long it
 sways
 That joyful peal—the song of childhood's
 days."

Just now his fingers nervously turned
 over a few pages, and his mellow voice
 filled the room, as he slowly read:

"My thoughts do sigh and leap far o'er
 the brink

Of misty years. In vain sad tears con-
 ceal

The noble face, that smiled upon my way
 And cheered me on. Yet! O that mourn-
 ful day,

When last I saw its sweet smile fade
 and steal—

My heart was crushed—dark clouds
 spread overhead;

I stood alone and wept; a friend lay
 dead."

When he had finished, he closed the
 book, and long he gazed upon a little pic-
 ture in front of him, and began: "Ah!
 that noble face! My mother's! In mem-
 ory it is dear to me still, with its look, so
 bright and tender, so noble and consol-
 ing. The soft, sweet smile that kissed
 her silver locks glows just as brightly as
 in the long ago; it lingers o'er my path-
 way yet and lures me on. The snow-
 white locks, the wrinkled brow, the
 tender eyes—the homes of love and pity
 —ah! can I ever forget them! Can I
 ever forget how, in the summers of my
 childhood, she caressed and fondled me
 in her loving arms and kissed my tears
 away? 'Tis long since then, my child,
 and now she, too, sleeps sweetly in her
 grave. In Spring the violets bend their
 little, blue heads to kiss her breast and
 the birds softly sing their sweetest re-
 quiems. Do you know, my boy, I hear my
 mother's voice in these pleading, sob-
 bing, November winds. She is calling me,
 and I feel that these pleasant haunts will
 not claim me much longer and death to
 me soon will be doubly sweet."

I tried to steer the dear old man's

thoughts into pleasanter channels, and, in
 a measure at least, succeeded. He spoke
 of his early days at college, its joys, its
 hopes, its disappointments; his fiery elo-
 quence stirred my heart to nobler pur-
 poses, nobler thoughts. He recounted his
 days at the University, and reviewed the
 motley company of young men that had
 passed out of its sacred portals into the
 vast arena of life. Then his thoughts
 stole back to the days of his childhood.
 His thin, pale fingers still held fast the
 cherished beads. In his eyes the tears
 still glistened, and on his lips there was
 the motion of a prayer. "Cherish the
 traditions and teachings of your child-
 hood's days," he said to me. "They hold
 for thee, my boy, an endless boon of joy.
 What memories cluster round the happy
 scenes of child life! Memories so pure
 and sweet, whose sacred voices will echo
 through the silence of past golden years
 and bring thee joy when life's last
 shades are gathering. My mind is filled
 with thoughts like these, and my dear
 mother is the burden of them all. She it
 was who fashioned my career and made
 my early life so pleasant, so profitable.
 She it was who often told my youthful
 heart those fond, sweet stories which ever
 delight children—tales of fairies and
 their princely castles, tales of heroes and
 warriors of a bygone day. Some of them
 are forgotten, but one still clings to the
 memory of scenes in childhood's sunny
 days. Its most cherished fragments still
 remain. Listen, then, my boy, to this
 sweet and tender tale."

The kind Professor settled himself into
 a more comfortable position, and then be-
 gan:

"Many, many years ago, among the
 sunny, vine-clad hills of France, there
 dwelt an organ-builder—Pierre by name.
 He was young and handsome—as fair a
 picture as the heart of woman could de-
 sire—manly in form, though young in
 face, with dark-brown, lustrous eyes and
 a pale, creamy complexion which intensi-
 fied the roses on his cheeks. Then, too,
 there was the expression of a wealth of
 tenderness in his smile that ever lingered

is noble features. All in all, his was a picture of honesty; kindness, one forth in the twinkle of his eyes. Many a poor one forgot not to give the name of Pierre in his eulogies.

Pierre had built many organs of the finest tone and the finest workmanship. His last effort, however, surpassed all others. When the organ was finished, Pierre's handsome face glowed with joy, and, bending his knees, he gave his spirit in prayer to Heaven in giving to God.

In early age Pierre had been left father and mother; in his infancy, Father Felicien, the learned, pious priest and pedagogue of the village, had been to him father and confidant. He loved the good priest, and to show his appreciation of the father, he placed the wonderful organ he had just finished in the village church.

The people from far and near came to see the young organ-builder's first masterpiece.

Never the church bell announced the wedding and the happy bride entered the church, the organ in the old choir would of its own accord begin to play the softest and sweetest strains. It was as if unseen fingers had stirred the ivory keys to music; so sweet that it sounded like the songs of angels—an echo from another world.

The peasants of the village were surprised, astonished, amazed; they came to see it alas! they could not. The music, the breath from Heaven, had stolen from them, and they knelt there absorbed in prayer. No one could explain, and all praised Pierre—the pride of the little village.

Of the most frequent and devout worshippers, the old stone church on the hill, Lucille, the only child of Françoise, a poor and humble planter, who was of twenty summers, had warmed her cheeks in her cheek, and her soft brown hair in tresses over her comely features. She was a modest maiden,

and many were the admiring eyes riveted upon her as she knelt absorbed in prayer. At Mass on Sundays her serene expression resembled that of the gentle Madonna. None loved her more than Pierre. They had been playmates from childhood, and, when Father Felicien announced that Pierre and Lucille were to be married, no one was surprised and all rejoiced.

"The wedding day arrived in due time. When Pierre led his bride across the threshold of the old gray church, his heart throbbed wildly in its beats of pride and ambition. An awful change had taken place in the heart of our hero. He little thought of his bride—much less of his God. His one absorbing idea was *his own* greatness. His mind dwelt upon his wonderful organ and on the praise people would bestow upon *him*, when it would play again of its own accord upon *their* entry into the church. Such then were his thoughts as he passed into the village church with Lucille.

"They advanced slowly—but alas! the organ was as silent as the tomb; not a sound of music stirred the air. Pierre's heart sank, for he thought in his own base pride, that it was an omen—or message sent from Heaven to warn him of some fault or shortcoming in his beloved Lucille—she who was so good, so noble, so pure. Could she, then, have been false to him, the girl he knew as a child, whom he loved as a woman? Was she to seal the marriage ceremony with a treacherous lie?

"The whole day passed and not a word did he speak to his innocent bride. When night threw her dusky mantle over the sleeping village, Pierre secretly stole away through his open window, and, in his heart, bade good-bye to Lucille forever. Forever, did I say?

"He wandered on and on, from town to town, over hills and over plains, unnoticed and unknown. Finally he reached a new country where he settled, a stranger amongst strangers. For fifteen years he dwelt there, and miserable years they were. His was no longer the ruddy face

of youth; wrinkles of pain and despair had driven away his sunny smile. One day his heart was breaking with longing for the home of his childhood and his abandoned wife. He remembered how good and pious Lucille had been—a veritable lily of France—and he, how base, suspecting and false. He tried to banish these thoughts, but alas! the longing desire would not be appeased. Was he, then, going mad? His very thoughts seemed to eat into his heart's flesh and leave their wounds bleeding there.

"At last he decided to return and beg forgiveness. By day and night he journeyed towards the home of his youth; the nearer he approached the stronger grew his longing and the deeper his anxiety. And Lucille? Would she ever be able to forgive him—to forget all? He had traveled for months, and his journey was now nearing its end. One morning he saw in the distance the tower of the village church rising from the sun-kissed horizon; the cross-tipped spire golden in the sunlight. His heart beat wildly within him. Did the cross that had so often smiled upon him in the long ago again inspire hope, that he sped on so eagerly with renewed strength and vigor.

"The peasants were just on the way to the vineyards for their daily work. He passed them by in silence; no one recognized him—he was so changed. A few spoke in an undertone words which Pierre could not understand. One in passing said to a companion, 'He is either a thief or a fool.'

"When he reached the gate of the city he was panting for breath. His whole frame was trembling like a leaf in a thunder-storm. A funeral procession was slowly coming down the street, and a crowd of people, young and old, were bringing up the rear. Nearer and nearer it came. Did no one recognize in him the long-lost Pierre? All passed him by and none deigned to speak. The procession was moving on—the coffin, borne by loving hands, covered with wreaths of beautiful flowers, was accompanied by a crowd of weeping villagers.

"Pierre could resist no longer and in a scarcely audible tone, muttered: 'Whom, good people, do you bury that you weep so?' An old, gray-haired woman heard and answered: 'Ah! it is the wife of the organ-builder; the wicked man left her fifteen years ago; she was so good and kind to everyone. The poor, dear soul! How we shall miss her! She was a mother to the poor children of the village. See! how their tears are falling in gratitude. They say her cross was hard to bear, but she bore it patiently enough God knows! And, now, they are taking her to the little church on the hill, in which they will bury her.'

"'Lucille! my poor Lucille!—Dead! My God! Have I——' It was a piercing cry. Pierre had spoken and now he stood speechless. His face was white with horror, his bitter tears fell fast. A moment later he sprang to the side of the coffin and joined the mourning throng; there his sobs and sighs passed unnoticed, for all were weeping.

"The procession had now reached its destination and, when the pall-bearers had crossed the threshold of the church, the organ in the choir-loft began, of its own accord, to play again—sweeter than it had ever played before, sweeter than an organ was ever known to play.

"All eyes were wet with tears. Old men and women, fathers, mothers, children—all wept. The coffin was placed before the altar. The organ's voice now rose and fell in notes alternately of joy and of regret; all ears listened. It seemed as if the heavens had opened and the voices of the angels had united in strains of forgiveness—so wonderfully sweet was the music.

"Pierre clung fast to the pillar at the foot of the altar. He was weak. The journey of months had wearied him. His eyes were closed, and, upon his lips, there moved the message of a prayer. Yet he was not sad; his face bore a look of joy, for he knew by the voice of the pealing organ—he had heard the song and understood all—that God had forgiven him and,

when the last, soft, sweet note of that song of forgiveness had died away, Pierre reeled, staggered, and fell on the stony pavement — dead.

"When Father Felicien softly folded Pierre's hands on his breast, the enchanted organ played a soft and tender *requiem aeternam* and gradually the sweet, pure notes died away into the plaintive tones of a *dies irae*. Then the organ stopped and its voice was hushed forever."

The old Professor had come to the end of his story just as the clock struck the hour of midnight. I was loth to go; for, I knew that I was in the presence of a good and noble man—a palace of sight and sound, as Emerson once wrote, carrying in his senses the morning and the night, and the unfathomable galaxy; in his brain the geometry of the city of God; in his heart, the power of love and the realms of right and wrong. When he bade me farewell at the door, the rain was still falling; the

sighing November winds still spoke in pleading voices. Again he listened, and a strange, glad light crept into his anxious eyes.

The morning dawned bright and clear, with the twittering of sparrows in the lonely willows. A few streaks of red painted the eastern horizon and the rising sun peeped out over the distant, purple hills. The college campus was deserted, and on the rich, old Gothic towers of the University the flags were at half-mast. Through the windows of the quaint study, a few yards back from the street, the sunbeams were stealing but by no means disturbing the gentle old Professor in his great arm-chair. In his hands were twined the cherished wooden beads. His eyes gazed far away; on his pale, sweet, noble face a smile still lingered.

He had heard his mother's voice above the sighing November winds—he had responded to the call—he had reached his heavenly home.

When, with purpose foul,
The malignant devil
Breathes upon thy soul
Pestilential evil.

And thy spirit fair
Clouds of horror darken,
To thy tenderest prayer
Bid the Virgin hearken.

On thy blushing cheek
Let the teardrop glisten;
Say: Oh Mother meek
To thy client listen!"

Let thy suppliant sigh
Swell to deeper wailing:
Mother sweet, I fly
To thy love unfailing:

"Heir am I of bliss
And of glory deathless;
Oh, remembering this,
Let me not prove faithless:

"Let me never yield
To the shameless devil;
Mary, be my shield
'Gainst the darts of evil!"

—Leo XIII.

Mary is my pure, clear fountain,
Where her Son's reflection gleams,
Where my spirit in its dryness
Drinks the fresh, life-giving streams.

'Tis through Jesus to the Father
That, without repulse, I fly;
'Tis to Jesus, through His mother,
That, all fearless, I draw nigh.

Working in her, working by her,
I can tread as Jesus trod;
'Tis the secret to be holy,
And to do the will of God.

Oh! that I could love her better!
Help me, Christians, I implore!
Love of Jesus, love of Mary,
Lo! our love for evermore.

—A. P. J. C.

THE GAELIC TONGUE AND THE PEOPLE WHO SPOKE IT.

JAMES O'LEARY.

The Saxon or Platt Deutsch tongue in the mouth of the Gaelic-speaking Briton became quite a different language; it lost in common speech the grammatical inflections and the asperities with which it bristles were smoothed off. In many words the hard German *d* is replaced by the more euphonious *th*, as in *fader*, father; *der*, the, etc. Then the guttural *lich* is replaced by *ly*, and the sound of *igh* or *idh* found in thousands of Irish words as a terminal, and pronounced *ee*, is a characteristic of modern English speech. The sounds of *j* and *ch* are not found in the Germanic tongues, but are closely akin to the sounds of *d* and *t*, slender in Gaelic; in fact, are the very sounds of these letters in the Manx dialect of the Gaelic.

The Saxon, as it survives in the modern English, has all the marks of a foreign tongue cast in a Gaelic mold and adopted by a Gaelic-speaking people. I am, of course, aware that all Indo-European tongues have a greater or less resemblance to one another; but they have also each very strong individual characteristics; and it would, from a scientific point of view, be well worth the time of some professor of English speech to compare the so-called Saxon vocabulary with the Gaelic—especially the particles and all words that are monosyllabic. And not only the mere dictionary words, but all the local dialects, should be carefully examined; for these archaic words and expressions are more likely to survive. From this point of view the study of Gaelic becomes a matter of interest to tens of thousands of educated Englishmen and Englishwomen, and Americans, too, who never dreamed that it could in any way have the least attraction for them. I may, if opportunity offers, and if the subject should interest the readers of DOMINICANA, prepare

a short vocabulary of words of similar sound and meaning in colloquial English and Gaelic.

With the object of showing in a brighter light and in a more attractive way the claims of *ar teanga mhiills mathardha*—our sweet mother tongue—on the attention of the world, I sketched briefly the wide field of action occupied by the Gaelic race in historic times. The prehistoric in central and western Europe and the islands of the sea belongs absolutely to it. But with the exception of the Mediterranean coasts and islands, or part of them, the story of thirteen hundred years from 700 A. C. to 2,000 A. C., as far as Europe is concerned, belongs absolutely to the ancestors of the Kymry and the Gael. It might from this be expected that the influence of both languages would have made itself felt in the speech of other nations. And it has, the Gaelic more particularly in the Italic languages—the Latin especially—the Cymric in the Greek, although, as there are also many Gaelic traces in the latter, and these articles make no pretension to regularity of treatment, but are merely exhibits, so to speak, from a multitude, any of which might as well be used.

I may be pardoned for reverting to such resemblances as occur to me casually while following out my train of thought. And here, in relation to the Greek, I cannot forbear referring to the word *tyrant* and its origin. This word has cut a great figure in the history of nations and people—in literature, prose and poetry; in speech, declamation and song; it has been an inspiration alike to the patriot and the orator. It is of Greek origin—*tyrannos*, and anciently meant the chief or ruler of a small state—a lordship in fact. But it can be traced very clearly to the Gaelic, where *tlighearna*, pronounced *theearna*, means a lord, and goes ultimately back to *tigh*,

Gaelic, a house, the word originally meaning nothing more than the head of a family. In Greek it cannot be traced to any certain root and shows plainly that a section of the Gael once dwelt in the lands of Hellas and gave that now celebrated word as an inheritance to their successors.

The vocabulary of the Gaelic has not only a strong resemblance to that of the Latin but this exists also as regards its grammatical forms. In the Gaelic, as well as the Greek and Latin, the verb precedes the noun and the latter its adjective. The form of the dative and ablative plural in Gaelic and Latin is the same—in the former *ibh*, in the latter *ibus*, as *Fearaibh* (to the men) in Gaelic; *viribus* (to the men) in Latin. In Gaelic, however, the adjective has no inflection. The forms of conjugation of the verb are also strikingly similar. Once, when I had more leisure than now, I compiled a list of root words, the same or almost the same in Latin or Gaelic, which I have unfortunately lost. I afterwards heard that the late John O'Mahony had done the same thing. But such a compilation is no easy task for one who has only a very bare speaking acquaintance with both languages. In considering this matter, it must be borne in mind that the English language is, in great part through the French, a daughter of the Latin, and that the Gaelic is not so; that the resemblances between the two latter as to vocabulary do not, except in religious terms, arise from one being derived from the other. The derivation of *Sagairt*, a priest from *Sacerdos*; *casboy*, a bishop, from *episcopus*; *altair*, an altar, from *altus*; *teampoil*, from *templum*; *cil*, from *cella*, a monk's cell, are of course obvious. *Leabhair*, a book, resembles *liber*, but both probably come from some more ancient tongue. The same is the case with *leitor* and *litera*, a written character, but not such as *focal*, a word, Latin *vocalis*; *feur*, a man, Latin *vir*; *di*, a day, as in the days of the week, *di luan*, Monday, Latin *dies*, *dies luna*, etc.; *meal*, honey, Latin *mel*; *amhan*, a river, Latin *amnis*; *domhnal*, a

load, Latin *domnus*; *tigh*, a house, Latin *tigurium*; *monadh*, a mountain, Latin *mons*; *tarbh*, a bull, Latin *taurus*; *bo*, a cow, Latin *bos*, an ox; *muir*, the sea, Latin *mare*; *loch*, a lake, Latin *lacus*; *maidin*, morning, Latin *matin*; *nocht*, night, Latin *nox*; *solas*, light, Latin *sol*, the sun; *luan*, the moon, Latin *luna*; *claidheamh*, a sword, Latin *gladius*; *bail*, battle, Latin *bellum*; *airm*, arms, Latin *arma*; *sciath*, a shield, Latin *scutum*; *luireach*, a breast-plate, Latin *lorica*; *gabhair*, a goat, Latin *caper*; *each*, a horse, Latin *equus*; *capal*, a horse, Latin *caballus*; *leac*, a stone, Latin *lapis*; *tir*, the earth, Latin *terra*; *oir*, I pray, Latin *oro*; *sean*, old, Latin *senex*, an old man, *senatus*, etc.

Then take the numerals *aon*, *da*, *tri*, *ceathair*, *cúig*, *se*, *secht*, *ocht*, *naoi*, *deich*, *ceud*, *míle* and compare with Latin *unus*, *duo*, *tres*, *quatuor*, *quinque*, *sex*, *septem*, *octo*, *novem*, *decem*, *centum*, *mille*.

There are other resemblances, either to the Latin or survivals through the French or other languages, that I have sometimes wondered have not attracted attention. Take, for instance, *baile*, a town, the prefix to so many names of places in Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man, and compare with French *ville*, Italian and Spanish *villa*, the identical prefix in the names of thousands of places in France, Spain, Italy, England and all America. Compare also *maire*, French mayor, and *maor*, Gaelic steward, the origin of the name of the historic house of Stuart. Compare also *bailie*, although this is going outside of the Latin and the languages derived therefrom.

There is also a considerable resemblance between Roman names and Gaelic ones and many of these found in Irish history, and altogether a study of the resemblance between the Latin and the Gaelic gives rise to the idea that in pre-historic times there was a commingling of Gaelic and Italic clans, which formed the basis of the population that, spreading from the southern borders of Etruria and Sicily, nurtured in its bosom that mighty Rome, which ruled the world from her seven-hilled seat where the yellow flood

of Tiber mingles its turbid waters with those of the Tyrrhenean Sea. And whatever the fate of the Irish people or the Gaelic tongue, the distant echoes of the latter shall be heard till the day of doom—"la an bruth, lu ud na neulta"—wherever the voice of the Universal Church is

raised in prayer or praise to the throne of the Omnipotent from that earth which, though at once so beautiful and so sinful, is the birthplace of the mighty multitude who ever dwell where the glory of the Lord of Hosts manifests itself in light ineffable.

THE LEGEND OF ALESSANDRA.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Alessandra, star of Aragona,
Brighter than its brightest orb of night;
Sweeter than the fruits of Barcelona,
Mellow'd by the day's resplendent light.

In her black-fring'd skirt of satin yellow,
Snowy blouse enlaced with ribbons fair,
Gem-besprent her velvet black bolero,
And a red rose in her glossy hair;

Danced she in her slippers rich with ban-
gles,
Danced she to her tinkling tambourine:
Waved her castanets, or scarf of spangles,
Gayest Spanish damsel ever seen!

Lovers twain contended for her favor;
Lovers twain? She knew not which to
choose.
Fought they with their rapiers the
braver,
Guessing not which swain she might re-
fuse.

Fought and slew each other, mad with
passion,
Jealous of some pretty girlish gage;
Then their kinsfolk came (O vengeful
fashion!)
And the poor maid slaughtered in their
rage.

From her neck the lovely head they sev-
ered:
Cast her bleeding trunk in some old
well,
Where she lay—alas! sweet soul, yet
wayward!—
Till a saint drew near (as legends tell.)

Came S. Dominic to Aragona,
White-rob'd missionary, bless'd man of
God!

Heard the grewsome tale of Alessandra,
Saw her blood still red upon the sod.

At the well he halted with his Brothers,
Lifted up his heart in silent prayer;
Then, aloud (whilst wept the Spanish
mothers):
"Arise, come forth, my daughter!"
spake he there.

Lo! from the gloomy depths the murdered
maiden
Rose in her pallid loveliness to view,
Like a stray visitant from some lost
Aiden,
Floated above the waters cold and blue.

The while S. Dominic, his ear inclining,
Heard unto her whispered tale of
woe:
The lookers-on beheld the tear drops shin-
ing
Like jewels on the maiden's cheeks of
snow.

And, when the priest, his holy hand up-
raising,
Signed the absolving cross above her
head;
She sank from view, in joyous accents
praising
The Queen whose mercy called her from
the dead.

For she, poor maid! had been a child of
Mary,
A little, feeble, tempted child of earth;
And that good Mother (from her sky-
throne airy)
Had sent a saint to give her heavenly
birth!

ZEAL—SUPERLATIVE AND SUPERFLUOUS.

We have all heard that there was no proselytizing in the Philippines, just as we all heard that there was no looting. We have read of the "institutional" church which Manila needs, towards the erection of which at least one distinguished United States Senator unbecomingly contributed, in company with America's greatest Trust manipulator; but of course that is *not* proselytizing. However, a few extracts, with brief comment, from journals wide apart, will be to the point. And, first, let us quote from the Santa Rosa (California) *Republican*, reminding our readers that J. M. Cassin is worthy Father Cassin, a faithful priest and a vigilant and competent shepherd of souls:

TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

Dear Endeavorers: You have many letters of appeal addressed to you every year. It would not be possible (perhaps) for you to undertake a tithe of the good objects presented; yet this does not discourage me in setting before you a cause in which I believe you would love to aid, even though your offering may necessarily be small.

At the urgent and oft-repeated request of my niece, Miss Lucy P. Nelson, Government teacher in Manila, I ask the Santa Rosa Christian Endeavor Societies to aid in the building of the first Protestant Church in Manila. A lot has been secured, and plans for the building made. But money is coming in very slowly, much of it in small sums. The poor natives one-half cent at a time, that amount much larger to them than ten times that sum would be to you.

I would you might hear all she has written at various times of the great necessity of a building, and of the difficulties that hedge them about in the present meeting place, a Tagalog theater.

During services the players are in their adjoining dressing rooms, with all sorts of noises and confusion, while in the very place of worship cocks fly in and out at will, detracting greatly from the sacredness of the worship. Can any one who loves the kingdom of our Lord resist this "Macedonian cry" for help?

Will not the Santa Rosans add a star to their crown in coining forward the first on this Golden Coast to help in this notable and praiseworthy work?

We invite not only Endeavorers, but any individual member of churches, or any citizen who would like to join us, to give any sum, great or small, they may feel inclined to.

A cry as of pain, again and again
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide spreading
main;

A cry from the lands that in darkness are
lying;

A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are
sighing;

It comes unto me; it comes unto thee.
Oh, what, oh, what shall the answer be?
Oh, hark to the call—it comes unto all
Whom Jesus hath rescued from sin's deadly
thrall.

Come over and help us; in bondage we
languish.

Come over and help us; we die in our an-
guish.

It comes unto me; it comes unto thee.
Oh, what, oh, what shall the answer be?

Sincerely and fraternally your fellow in
Christian citizenship,

M. E. WILLIAMS.

After due admiration of the zealous lady's polished English and inspiring "poetry," both symbolic of the quality of her religion, let us hear Father Cassin:

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS AND THE
FILIPINOS.

Editor of the Republican—In your issue of last evening you publish an appeal to the Christian Endeavorers of Santa Rosa signed by M. E. Williams. She says that "at the urgent and oft-repeated request of my niece, Miss Lucy P. Nelson, Government teacher in Manila, I ask the Santa Rosa Christian Endeavor Societies to aid in building the first Protestant church in Manila."

Catholic priests landed in the Philippines with Magellan in 1521, and began the work of civilizing and Christianizing the natives, and continued to do so to the present day. Have they succeeded? I give you the testimony of a Protestant minister, the Rev. Y. A. Stanton: "It will always be a fact that the native races will form the vast majority of the inhabitants

here, and these natives, excepting certain un-Christian tribes in the interior, are to-day, notwithstanding every other report that has been circulated in the United States to the contrary, firm adherents to the Roman Catholic Church.

"And again I have watched children and adults at devotions which are both simple and earnest, and undoubtedly sincere. Often I have passed native houses after nightfall, and stopped to listen to the family prayer, in which all the members of the household were engaged, or to a child's voice asking the Santo Nino (the Holy Child Jesus) to 'bless father and mother, and make me good.' Day after day the churches are filled up after daybreak with reverent worshipers attending Mass or receiving Holy Communion. Is not all this religion, and good religion, too? God help the simple-minded native who is pulled this way and that by the officials of American Protestantism! And God help the man who brings religious strife into communities where family prayer is all but the universal custom, where public worship is not neglected, and where children respect their parents and obey them! I, for one, have no better religion than that to offer them."

The Christian Endeavorers, if Catholics are to be converted to Protestantism, might patronize home industry, and go to work on the ten millions of Catholics in this country. Better yet, they might go to work on the forty millions of people in the United States that are outside of any church influence.

J. M. CASSIN.

And now comes another doughty champion of the "benighted" Filipino:

SHALL THE LORD'S WORK BE HINDERED?

The remarks of J. M. Cassin in regard to the privilege of sending money via the Christian Endeavorers to aid in building the first Protestant church in Manila struck me very forcibly—first, with a sincere sympathy on the part of the reverend gentleman in his effort to maintain a faith that for ages has seemed all-sufficient.

All honor to the simple-hearted natives who bow before the Santo Nino (Holy Child Jesus) in holy reverence. Fear not for these, but rather, O man of God, open thy heart to the existing circumstances within this, our latest possession. Consider, if you please, the hundreds of young men stranded upon the dismal shore who have no sympathy with any form of Catholicism—through ignorance of the beauty of its teachings, possibly—but, nevertheless, the fact remains. Shall these go

hungry when the servants of God stand waiting to give them the bread of life? These are the vital questions, my brother, and must be answered.

The Catholic religion, to the unsympathetic, is as empty as air and as meaningless as sounding brass. Shall any one, then, dare to interfere with the founding of a sanctuary where those who desire may assemble and sing the sweet songs of Jesus? Nay, verily, "the work is mine," saith the Lord; "let none dare to hinder." Respectfully,

BELLE GILKEY.

Father Cassin spares the charming Belle as a likely literary victim, but summarily disposes of her stranded young man:

Editor of the Republican—My letter in reply to the appeal of M. E. Williams was not answered by the person most concerned. But, as Pythias came to Damon in his hour of need, so Belle Gilkey. She has "a sincere sympathy on the part of the reverend gentleman in his effort to maintain a faith that for ages has seemed all-sufficient." I regret to state that this is a wasted sympathy. I may do my part to maintain the faith within the confines of Santa Rosa, but I leave it to the self-sacrificing missionaries in the Philippines to maintain the faith, as they have successfully for nearly four hundred years.

Belle Gilkey now tells us that the proposed church is not for the natives who contribute "one-half cent at a time," but for "young men stranded upon a dismal shore." It is a pity that M. E. Williams did not clearly state that the proposed church was for stranded young men. This statement gives an entirely different aspect to the letter. And yet Belle Gilkey is very unfortunate in her explanation. It is evident that she has had very little experience with stranded young men. Her pathway has been along the sequestered vales of life, where the stranded young man is never met. Far different it has been with me. I have met the stranded young man so often that his name is legion. What is the real need of the stranded young man? Is it to visit a Protestant church? Answer ye who have met the stranded young man to your cost. Is it not the coin of the realm? Let Belle Gilkey, then, whose retired life has left her in blissful ignorance of the stranded young man, consult her acquaintance on the depth of meaning in the words she unwittingly uses. Let them, to her great wonder, explain that while ships can be stranded only on a shore, a young man may be stranded even in the midst of the gay scenes of our Agricultural Fair. When

she has learned something from those who know the practical side of life, then will she realize that the building of a church is the last thing a stranded young man needs.

She broaches a new idea that air can be regarded as empty. I recommend this to the attention of scientists. Her idea that sounding brass is meaningless is also at fault. How about the sounding brass when it is a call for dinner? Has not some enthusiast on this point exclaimed, "The tocsin of my soul—the dinner bell."

J. M. CASSIN.

And now a choice bit from *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*:

ASKS FOR THOUSANDS.

Major Halford Wants a \$200,000 Y. M. C. A. Building and Good Churches for Manila.

Major Elijah W. Halford, U. S. A., who has lived in Manila two years and was formerly secretary to President Harrison and is conversant with the conditions in the islands and their needs, asks American philanthropists for \$200,000 for a Young Men's Christian Association for Manila, and says that it would do more to Americanize the city in a proper way and have a greater influence on those islands than any one single thing. He says that a well-kept association building would be the best investment that could possibly be made, not only from a religious and moral but from a civil and political view as well. In his judgment its erection is an imperative duty confronting the people of America. The building should occupy an entire block of ground and be constructed in a way suitable to a tropical climate, with a large central court and fountains. The building should have departments for sailors and soldiers and should also provide, not only for Filipino young men, but for the 10,000 English-speaking young men in the islands, all of whom pass through Manila and most of them live there. He says: "America is judged and often misjudged by its representatives in every department of business. The Christian churches, with the exception of the Episcopal Church, have not adequately represented Christian enterprise."

(Parenthetically, we desire here and now to brand this slanderous untruth, this cowardly falsehood uttered against three centuries of Catholic labor, sacrifice, martyrdom, with their precious fruits of millions knowing and serving Christ in His Church.)

The Episcopal Church has sent a bishop with money to put up a church and home and school at once that in a respectable way represent American thought and Christianity. He represents that Americans have, in the four years of their occupancy, erected only one structure for religious purposes, and that from money raised locally. The missionaries are in accord with his appeal. The English-speaking young men there away from home and surrounded with the fiercest environment need the conserving and helpful influence of a Young Men's Christian Association, as well as the increasing body of eligible Filipinos, who need to be trained in American civilization and the Protestant faith and practice. "A million dollars given now would do more for the country and Christianity in Manila than five millions anywhere else five years hence."

The international committee of Young Men's Christian Associations has been for four years conducting a large work for soldiers in Manila and has many English-speaking young men in evening classes preparing for government and civil positions and makes the temporary rooms popular headquarters for English-speaking young men in the islands. The committee feels the need of an adequate building and a work that shall properly represent the interest of America in Manila and in its young men. The Young Men's Christian Association has organizations established at many leading cities in the Orient. John Wanamaker has given a building costing some \$20,000 for the boys' department alone at Calcutta. He gave \$40,000 for the building at Madras several years ago and the government made a large appropriation for the site. Mrs. J. Livingston Taylor gave a building for the association at Tientsin, China. The government at Colombo, Ceylon, has set aside a valuable lot in the central part of the city for a building and money is now being raised for an association building there. The Young Men's Christian Association raises annually \$80,000 for foreign association work and would back a work at Manila and Havana as well, if buildings could be provided.

Is this Church and State in union? How do our American Catholics like such reading? The American Catholic Federation has abundant work on hand. And, incidentally, our rich Catholics might learn a lesson from their Protestant brethren, a lesson of reproach as well as of reminder.

BLESSED ALBERT THE GREAT.

This distinguished man was born at Laubing in Swabia, on the banks of the Danube, about 1203. He was of noble parentage and was placed at the University of Padua, where, however, he made little progress, being naturally dull and incapable of learning. But, in spite of his incapacity for human science, Blessed Albert made rapid advances in the science of the Saints and would willingly have devoted all his time to prayer and meditation. He was specially fond of praying in the Dominican church; but his uncle, who had charge of him and who feared that he would enter the Order, exacted from him a promise not to set foot in that church for a stated time. The promise was faithfully observed, but the youth continued to practice the devotion of the Rosary which he had learned from the friars, earnestly imploring our Blessed Lady to obtain for him light to know the way in which God willed that he should serve Him and save his soul.

One day, when he was there praying before her image, she appeared to him surrounded by light, and gave him the assurance of her continual patronage and of his eternal salvation, provided he should enter the Order of Preachers of which she had obtained the institution from her Divine Son. As soon, therefore, as he was free from the engagement entered into with his uncle, he received the habit from the hands of Blessed Jordan of Saxony and was immediately sent to study at Cologne.

Here Blessed Albert found himself the companion and brother in religion of some of the most distinguished learned men of the day; and, being himself of very dull parts, the humiliating contrast filled him with confusion and discouragement. He was even on the point of giving up his vocation and abandoning the Order, when his heavenly Mother once more came to his aid in a prophetic dream. It seemed

to him that he was in the act of escaping from the convent, when he found his way barred by some ladies of noble aspect, who, having inquired into the cause of his flight, led him to the feet of one who appeared to be their queen and bade him ask her for the help he needed.

Albert accordingly entreated Mary to take pity on him and to obtain for him an illuminating grace to understand the philosophy which was then the subject of his study. The Mother of God condescended to his request, bidding him devote himself henceforth to prayer and study in the Order to which she had called him. He awoke to find himself no longer the same man, and the world very soon heard of the fame in every branch of science of "Albert the Philosopher."

He became distinguished for his proficiency in natural science as well as in philosophy and theology. Indeed his profound mastery of physical science, in a day when such subjects were but little studied, gained for him among the vulgar, the reputation of being a magician in which character he figures in the popular tales and ballads of Germany.

So deeply did he penetrate into the secrets of nature that his humility became alarmed and he prayed earnestly to his heavenly Mother that she would not suffer his learning to be hurtful to his soul and that he might use it solely for the glory of God. Our Lady appeared, and consoled him, promising him that his faith should not fail and predicting that in token of his wisdom being a heavenly gift, it should all be taken from him during a public disputation some time before his death.

After teaching in several convents of Germany, Blessed Albert was sent to Paris, where such vast crowds flocked to hear him that he was obliged to deliver his lectures in the open air on a spot afterwards called "Place Maubert," that is the square of "Maitre (master) Albert."

After the death of Blessed Jordan he

governed the Order in the capacity of Vicar-General until the election of Saint Raymond. He then returned to Cologne, and soon afterwards had as his disciples, S. Thomas Aquinas, Blessed Ambrose of Siena, Blessed James of Mevania and other distinguished men.

When a virulent attack was made on the Mendicant Orders by the jealous hatred of William de Saint Amour, Blessed Albert took a leading part in the defense. He ruled the German Province of the Order with great firmness and prudence and maintained regular observance with the utmost strictness.

Pope Urban IV made him Bishop of Ratisbon, in which office he showed himself a true father of the poor and a faithful shepherd of the flock. After a time, by his earnest entreaties, he obtained permission to resign his dignity and retire into his beloved convent of Cologne. He was compelled, however, to leave his beloved solitude in order to take part in the Gen-

eral Council of Lyons which was held in 1274, after which he returned to Cologne to resume his life of prayer, study and teaching.

In the year 1277, while delivering a public lecture, the holy old man suddenly lost the thread of his argument and was unable to proceed. Recognizing the fulfillment of the words spoken to him by our Blessed Lady long years before, he related to his astonished audience the history of his life, telling them how all his extraordinary intellectual gifts had come to him through Mary's intercession and that their present failure was a sign of his approaching death.

The three remaining years of his life were wholly consecrated to exercises of devotion; and, having received the last Sacraments, he died without an illness, seated in his chair, surrounded by his brethren on November 15, 1280. He was beatified by Clement X.

Pond'ring o'er a gilded volume
Rich with gems I am to-night,
Looking for the sweetest column,
Scanning for some rays of light.
Here are poets from the distance
With the softest lyric rhyme,
Calling back into existence
Sweet chords lost in lapse of time.

Here portrayed are silent faces—
Silent lips and silent eyes—
Where my finger deftly traces,
Looking for some glad surprise—
Looking for some friend who's drifting
Out upon the Western world,
For companions now uplifting
Drops of ink for drops of gold.

And when sleepily I fold them—
Fold the rhymers back in place,
Fancy's mind can quite behold them,
As the tuneful hymns they trace.
Some are others with devotion
In their sonnets of to-day,
Others sing of field and ocean,
Mount and glen—and sweet their lay.

Lo! inwrought like fibers golden
In yon leaf upon the tree,
Are these stanzas, new and olden,
Penned in chants of melody.
Quaintest rhet'ric penned, but splendid
In simplicity and truth—
Facts and fancies; as blended
By the aged bard and youth.

As I turn the snowy pages,
Each enframed with golden wire,
Mystic sounds come back from ages,
Strains from Moore's and Milton's lyre.
Dreams of Shakespeare's using rambles,
Thoughts of Goldsmith and his fife;
Odes of Pope and Scott and Campbell
Flash across the path of life.

CATHOLIC FILIPINOS. APPEAL TO THEIR BRETHREN IN THE UNITED STATES.

The "Philippine Catholic Center," the strongest and most representative body of Catholic laymen in the islands, has addressed an earnest and touching letter to the clergy, press and people of the United States, thanking their American brethren for support and sympathy, and paying eloquent tribute to the persecuted friars. The communication follows:

"To the Catholic Press and all the Catholic faithful of the United States of America, greeting:

"The Centro Catolico de Filipinas, in the name and representation of the Catholic peoples of the Philippines who body and soul associate therewith, has recently dispatched to their lordships, the Bishops of Pittsburg and Grand Rapids, a telegram of thanks, as a demonstration of heartfelt gratitude for the enthusiasm and valor with which the Bishops protested against the expulsion of the religious Orders from the Philippines.

"Right well do we know that his Holiness Leo XIII., by the grace of God Supreme Pontiff of the Church Militant; Mgr. Chapelle, the late Delegate Apostolic of the Holy See; the Philippine episcopate, and by far the greater and better part of our clergy and all the true Catholic people of the Philippines, are opposed to the proposed expulsion of the religious corporations from Philippine soil; but to us it was most grateful to know, by telegram of the 14th of the last month, that the Catholic clergy and people of Pennsylvania and Michigan had publicly demonstrated the self-same sentiments.

"We therefore consider it our duty to give to our Catholic Fathers and brethren of the United States our most sincere thanks and a lively congratulation for their noble and just attitude in this question, which is one of vital importance for the people of the Philippines, and we earnestly appeal to all the prelates and faith-

ful of America for their aid and assistance against the taking of a step so transcendental for our religious and social future.

"The Spanish religious who have been the object of so much persecution, evangelized our country, taught us the arts of agriculture, industry and commerce; they inspired in us the love of the liberal arts; they gave us an exquisite social and moral education, and sent us forward in the path of true progress and civilization in a quiet, gentle manner. The whole world is witness to the fact that in three centuries we have passed from a state of savagery to one of civilization which is the cause of envy in the breasts of our Malay neighbors.

"Its knowledge of this archipelago being recent and incomplete, America, perhaps, has not formed a just idea of the immense labor and innumerable sacrifices which the religious Orders, of whose ministrations a certain element would unjustly deprive us, have undertaken and suffered for our welfare and advancement. And, apart from this, they would find it difficult to appreciate these labors and sacrifices, on account of the social and political crisis through which this country has passed during these last few years.

"Let America but carefully examine our rich literature and history, and open her eyes to the light of experience, and she will see and realize the immense services these religious Orders have rendered to us, and which they are called to render in time to come to our country under any noble and just banner whatever, that may shelter us.

"One of the things most evident in this our country is that the improvements, the roadways and the bridges, the schools, colleges and the universities; the barracks and fortresses, the seminaries and charitable institutions; the books and

documents of arts and sciences, the implements of labor transport, the utensils and tools of construction; the perfection of the languages, the betterment of customs and the foundation of culture; in a word, all the vestiges of civilization and progress bear the marks, the embellishment and seal of the Spanish religious corporations.

"Did there exist any colonial literature, including that of Cuba, so abundant and select as ours, perhaps one might criticise the Spanish religious. Were there a colony in the world whose youth in equal numbers and proportional degree, could read, write, count, who knew the truths of our holy religion, the rules of good manners and the principles of courtesy as do our Filipino youth, perchance one might call to account the direction and labors of our missionaries. Were there to be found registered in the geographical annals of the world a colony as cultured, as religious, as rich, peaceful, obedient, and as happy as our beloved Philippines during the three centuries of Spanish domination, peradventure one might doubt the immense sacrifices of our Spanish religious missionaries.

"Moreover, why shall there be expelled from this country the ministers of the Catholic Church, when there are admitted into the country those of all sects, of all beliefs and of all superstitions, of all systems and ideals? Why should the Spaniards be excluded, seeing that they are naturally civilized and have embellished our country? Why shall the American Constitution be undermined, and the Treaty of Paris be set at naught, for all of these prohibit the expulsion of any subject of any nation whatever without some just cause and without the previous declaration of the legislative chambers that such subjects and such institutions are inconvenient and detrimental for the well-being of the public order? What occasion, cause or pretext have our Spanish Catholic priests given that such unjust and unheard-of measures should be taken?

"Let our enemies point the finger of justice at one single case, one single scan-

dal, one single crime committed by any one of the members of the religious Orders during the four years of American sovereignty, and if any such case shall be found, if any individual shall have committed any fault meriting his expulsion from the country, then let the penalty fall on the guilty one, but in the name of Justice leave to us the remainder who are innocent, in the natural enjoyment of their rights.

"And who are those who defame the religious, those who shout for the expulsion of these Orders? They are Protestants, they are sectarians, they are Freemasons, or members of kindred societies condemned by our holy Mother the Church, they are impious persons, all of them the sworn enemies of the Church of God, and of our Faith. They are those who first rebelled against Spain, and afterwards against the United States, and those who without public sincerity or private conscience make echo of ideals they do not profess, and who spread abroad stories of disorders which never existed, and never will exist in the religious Orders. They are traitors to three flags and adulators to three sovereignties, against which they plotted whilst they kissed the feet of their governors. They are the insurgents against Spain and America who formerly lived by political and armed pillage, and who to-day, thanks to the iniquitous favoritism on the part of the one and the villainous servility on the part of the other, enjoy the benefits of municipal and provincial salaries. They compose, in a word, a hungry crowd of political factionists, engendered, suckled and favored contrary to all justice by a few politicians unworthy of the name of Americans.

"The direct aim of those who demand the expulsion of the friars is double: first, they would throw off the bridle of religion, remove all present testimony to certain inhumanities and scandalous proceedings and facts. And thus they would commit all kinds of iniquities upon this poor people which, numbering some eight millions to-day, would in their hands be reduced in ten years to a single million or

less of miserable, unfortunate creatures.

"In the second place, they aim to despoil the Church and her institutions of their property and estates that they may fatten themselves like birds of prey that they are; to rob and disrobe the sacred images, and despoil the altars of their sacred vessels, polluting the house of God and turning it into a meeting house for discordant mobs of political schemers and agitators.

"And let it be well understood that these much-talked-of estates possess better titles of property, and comply with all the requirements of the law, both canonical and civil, better than any other landed property possessed by Filipinos or foreigners in the archipelago.

"Nor are these estates, in their extension and value, what is claimed by the enemies of their religious owners, who justly possess them. Taken all together, they are less in their extent than Rhode Island, as compared to the vast superficies of your immense country. They were purchased for small amounts because land formerly was, and is even now, so abundant that the Spanish government and private owners almost gave it away.

"These famous and coveted estates were in the hands of their religious owners, a grand practical school of agricultural economy, in which natives and foreigners might learn all that might be accomplished by a just and prudent administration in carrying out large enterprises. If all had imitated the religious in the moderation of the rents asked, and in the paternal treatment of their tenants, in charity in years of scarcity and justice in those of abundance, in prudent expenses and rewards of the masters, to-day the fertile forests and desert valleys of the Philippines would be converted into model farms and into lively settlements. It is obvious that the pueblos in which these estates existed were among the largest, richest and happiest in the country.

"With these estates, from which they received about three and a half per cent. of their value, the religious were enabled to attend to the expenses of their

seminaries, to the work of the missions conducted by them in China and Tonquin, to the needs of public worship, to the erection of schools and charitable institutions, and to an endless number of public and private aims, and, at all times, to the alleviation of the strained condition of the public treasuries of the provinces and the municipalities. These estates are to-day in the possession of foreign companies—Belgian, French, American and English—who comply with all the requirements of the laws that be, and are in as just and pacific a possession of their lands as are other companies—Filipino, Spanish or American—of theirs.

"But one of the most curious phenomena noticeable in connection with these estates is that when the Government concerns itself in their purchase they commence to be looked upon as small, bad and scarcely worth the price of purchase, except for political (!) reasons; whereas, two years ago the religious were said to be the possessors of somewhere near the half of the archipelago, and it was even supposed that the possession of these estates constituted the social problem of the Philippines. Time will be a witness whether or no the sale of these estates is to the benefit of the people or to that of the Government.

"And yet the Spanish religious corporations are, of course, ready to submit themselves to the judgment of the Holy See as regards both their persons and farms.

"Some ill-intentioned folk teach and preach that the expulsion of the friars will be a political measure, because they expect that the friars will be anti-American and will sow the seed of disaffection among the natives of our country. A ridiculous and unjust suspicion!

"You know, well-beloved fathers and brethren, what are the teachings of the Church in this matter, and what is the history of our Catholic missionaries in all parts. We are convinced, and in the face of the world declare, that the existence of the Spanish corporations in the Philippines will not only be a fountain of advantages for us, the Filipinos, but it will

be the best guarantee of order, obedience and concord and peace between the sovereign nation and its Filipino subjects. Would to God that America did not have any worse enemies than the poor Spanish religious! The day in which they disappear from here there will be founded in the hearts of thousands of people all over the archipelago a deep-seated and perpetual suspicion of America and all her institutions. The day when these religious leave us we shall be left shepherdless, without instruction, without preachers, without professional courses, without places of worship, without sacraments, without help or council, without hopes—*forlorn!* Alas, if such should be our lot!

"Fortunately, we know the abyss which has opened at our feet; we foresee the fatal future of our religion and of our pitiable fatherland, and therefore, whilst imploring the help of Heaven, we turn our eyes towards our fathers and brethren of the United States, asking their help in our just demand.

"American Catholics, you are numerous and strong; you are sons of a great nation who live in the land of liberties, who have a thousand newspapers of large circula-

tion; you enjoy the care and guidance of many Bishops; you who are famous for your love and tendency toward association, who are enjoying a period of peace and normal prosperity, who are accustomed to struggle and conquer, forget not your poor Catholic colonists of the Philippines.

"Heaven will reward you, and our hearts will ever be grateful to you. In token of our perpetual union and solidity with the Catholics of the United States, we shall ever pray for peace and prosperity for your country, and now, with the filial confidence we have for the sons of the Catholic Church throughout all the world, we embrace all our brethren in the faith.

"Feast of St. Joachim, August, 1902.

"(Signed): Vincente Cavana, President; Jose Arriola, 1st Vice-President; Telesforo Casas, 2d Vice-President; Jose L. Pozas, Secretary; Bartolome Pons, Assistant Secretary; Julian de la O, Treasurer; Jose Memije, W. Brecno K. Watson, Manuel Assensi, Vocales."

(For the text of the above we are indebted to *The Monitor*, San Francisco, October 18.

EVENING.

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

How beautiful is eve when daylight
calmly dies
And countless changing tints suffuse the
western skies!

How beautiful is eve!

How beautiful is eve when o'er a lake of
fire
The Angelus is wafted from a distant
spire.

How beautiful is eve!

How beautiful is eve when o'er the hills
afar
Arrayed in virgin beauty peeps the evening
star!

How beautiful is eve!

How beautiful is eve when o'er a sea of
pearl
The clouds around the sun their banners
bright unfurl!

How beautiful is eve!

How beautiful is eve when thro' the forest
gray
Like golden arrows falls the mellow light
of day!

How beautiful is eve!

How beautiful is eve when in the crimson
west
The fading sunbeams speak to man of
peace and rest!

How beautiful is eve!

How beautiful *that* eve when life is fading
fast,
When Jesus calls the wand'rer home, at
last, at last!
How beautiful *that* eve!

EDITORIAL.

Continuing our extracts from our Holy Father's Encyclical on the Blessed Sacrament, we present the following beautiful thoughts:

These few points in a matter so ample will be of abundant usefulness to Christians if, Venerable Brethren, they are through your endeavors suitably explained and recommended to the faithful. In truth, a Sacrament so great, so abounding in power, can never be sufficiently proclaimed or honored. Whether as an object of pious meditation, of worthy adoration or, still more, when properly received, it must ever be regarded as the pivot of Christian life; all other methods of piety lead to it and end in it. And that kind invitation and kinder promise of Christ, "Come to Me all you who labor and who are burdened and I will refresh you," is found especially in this mystery and daily fulfilled. The same Sacrament is, as it were, the soul of the Church, and to it is directed the fullness of sacerdotal grace through the various grades of orders. From the very same source the Church draws all her power and glory, all her Divine adornments and gifts, all that she possesses: and hence she makes it her supreme care to prepare and lead the souls of the faithful to intimate union with Christ through the Sacrament of the Body and Blood; and for that reason she increases veneration for its most sacred ceremonies. This perpetual care of Mother Church is made specially clear by the exhortation which was published by the Council of Trent, and is so redolent of charity and piety as to merit quotation here in its entirety: "The Holy Council admonishes in a spirit of parental affection, exhorts, begs, beseeches, through the depths of the mercy of God, that all who bear the name of Christian may be concordantly one in this bond of charity, this symbol of harmony, and being mindful of the lofty majesty and great love of Jesus Christ our Lord, who gave His beloved life as the price of our salvation, and his flesh to be our food, they may believe in and honor these sacred mysteries of His body and blood with such constancy and firmness of faith, with such devotion, piety and worship of soul, that they may be enabled to frequently receive this supersubstantial bread, that it may be to them the life of the soul and per-

petual health of mind, and that, comforted by its strength, they may, after life's wretched pilgrimage reach their heavenly home, there to feast on that same undisguised Bread of Angels which is now under sacred veils their food." (Sess. xiii.) Moreover, history testifies that the practice of Christian life flourished more when the Blessed Eucharist was received more frequently. On the other hand, it is not less clear that when men neglected, and, as it were, lost taste for this heavenly bread, Christian vitality gradually declined and asserted itself the less. And, lest this very vitality should sometimes fall entirely, Innocent III, in the Council of Lateran, issued most grave precept that at least during Easter time no Christian should omit receiving the Body of the Lord. It is clear that this precept was given unwillingly and as a last resort; for it was ever the wish of the Church that whenever the Mass should be said the faithful should partake of the Heavenly Table. "The Holy Council would desire that at every Mass the faithful who are present should communicate not only in a spiritual manner, but also by receiving the Sacrament of the Eucharist, to the more abundant fruitfulness of this most holy sacrifice." (Council of Trent.)

The month of November belongs in Catholic piety to the faithful departed. Since the institution of the feast of All Souls by S. Odilo in 998, devotion to the souls in Purgatory, belief in which has ever been an essential part of the Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints, has grown with so steady a growth that now the entire month of November is lovingly dedicated to their relief.

The Dominican Order has maintained, since its foundation and in imitation of our Holy Founder, a tender and special regard for the dead, in whose behalf numerous suffrages in prayer and Mass are regularly offered for their relief.

The rich indulgences of the Beads, granted to the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary and to the faithful in general, have been made applicable

to the souls in Purgatory, a favor granted by the Holy See on the petition of our Order. Recent decisions of the Sovereign Pontiff have benignly extended this power of application for the benefit of the faithful departed, so that all indulgences granted to the members of the Dominican Order may be thus applied. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics so decreed on the seventeenth of February, this year.

From the address made recently to the Faculty of the Stanford University by Mrs. Leland Stanford, the surviving founder of this great work, the following extracts not only illustrate the noble purpose of the dead Senator, but the steadfast devotion of his generous wife, whose gifts have been more than royal:

"The university has been endowed with a view of offering instruction free, or nearly free, that it may resist the tendency to the stratification of society by keeping open an avenue whereby the deserving and exceptional may rise through their efforts from the lowest to the highest stations in life. A spirit of equality must accordingly be maintained within the university. To this end it shall be the duty of the university authorities to prohibit excessive expenditures and other excesses on the part of students, and the formation or growth of any organization, custom or social function that tends to the development of exclusive or undemocratic castes within the university, and to exclude from the institution any one whose conduct is inconsistent with the spirit of the foundation."

"As stated in the letter to the trustees, accompanying the founding grant, 'The object is not alone to give the student a technical education, fitting him for a successful business life, but it is also to instill into his mind an appreciation of the blessings of this Government, a reverence for its institutions, and a love of God and humanity, to the end that he may go forth and by precept and by example spread the great truths by the light of which his fellow-men will be elevated and taught how to obtain happiness in this world, and in the life eternal.'"

In the logical and necessary consequences of these principles, wrought out in conscientious, prayerful living, in faithful quest of the truth, in humble acceptance of God's Revelation, and in dutiful

submission to the divinely appointed Custodian and Interpreter of this Revelation, the country's welfare and the welfare of individual souls will be found.

November brings to the clients of S. Dominic not only their share in the grace and glory of All Saints, the Commemoration, by the Church Militant, of the glories of the Church Triumphant, but it bespeaks their special devotion, on the ninth of this month, to the Patronage of our Lady, on the twenty-first to her Presentation in the Temple, and on the twenty-fifth, to our heavenly Patroness, S. Catharine.

From *The Chronicle*, San Francisco, September 28, we take the following:

CARNEGIE'S FINE GIFT TO EUREKA.

Masons Assist in Laying the Corner-Stone of the New Library.

Eureka, September 27.—The ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner-stone of the new Carnegie Free Library, on the corner of Seventh and F streets, in this city, were carried out this afternoon by Humboldt Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, under the authority of the Grand Lodge of California. At 2 o'clock this afternoon, in response to a call, the members of Humboldt Lodge and visiting brothers of No. 94 gathered at Masonic Temple and marched to the site of the library. They were headed by the Eureka Brass band and followed by Mayor Torrey, the trustees of the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce and the trustees of the Eureka Free Library.

The stone had been placed in position ready to be dropped into its place. The ceremonies were begun with a selection by the band, followed by a prayer by Grand Chaplain Rev. Griffith Griffiths. The choir, composed of Mrs. Young, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Christie, Miss Carr and Messrs. J. H. Hunter, Hugh Stewart, E. C. Bonstell and W. Jewett sang "Hail, Masonry Divine." Mayor Torrey, on behalf of the city, then extended a formal invitation to Judge Hunter, acting grand master of the lodge of Masons, to officiate.

The invitation was accepted, and the prescribed ceremony used by the Masonic order in the laying of all corner-stones followed. A casket containing many articles was placed in the stone by the grand treasurer. Several songs followed, and then Attorney A. J. Monroe delivered the address of the day. Over 1000 people witnessed the ceremonies."

The protest which we made in our October number, against this Masonic abuse, bore some fruit. *The Chronicle* and *Town Talk*, among secular papers and our Catholic weekly, *The Monitor*, endorsed our stand, and commented on the abuse. Our Catholic Truth Society might appropriately take some action, or where are the members of the Y. M. I.? If the Catholic Federation were established in these parts, Catholic rights would be respected.

The award of the Hague Court of international arbitration in favor of the claim advanced and so earnestly prosecuted by Archbishop Riordan, effects a happy settlement of the "Pious Fund." The Church in California will receive, as a result of the decision, more than half a million dollars, besides an annual interest stipend. We congratulate His Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco, on the substantial victory which he has won.

We begin, in this number, the publication of a series of articles on the Jewish people, which, we believe, will be of exceptional interest, because of the Zionist movement, or the effort to bring this remarkable race back to its birthplace and to the national independence, of which it has been so long deprived. The plan may be, as enemies of the Jews say, a dream Utopian, a visionary, sentimental scheme of selfish agitators, but it is so diametrically opposed to the ordinary development of a nation, it is so unique, and bears so many characteristics which bespeak the pathetic, that its least due is one of respectful consideration.

According to recent statistics, the Jewish people, scattered throughout the world, numbers about ten millions. More

than one million and a half are in the United States, but immigration is increasing these figures. Jewish solidarity on religious grounds is well known. During the nineteenth century not more than 225,000 in various countries renounced Judaism. Of this number, about 53,000 were received into the Catholic Church.

Despite this determined adherence to the Law, despite the unyielding religious segregation of the Jews, it cannot be justly said that religious hatred has been the sole cause of the sufferings of the Hebrew race. History bears testimony to the generous protection accorded to them by the Catholic Church when they were the objects of State persecution or the victims of popular outbreaks. Long before Christianity existed, paganism oppressed the Jews, precisely for the same reasons that many Christians have opposed them, because of their peculiar racial and social bigotry, and their methods of business.

We know that during the Middle Ages, especially when the deadly struggle between the Gospel and the Koran arrayed Europe against Asia, the suspicion was widespread and well-founded that the Jews favored the cause of the Moslem. It was only natural, therefore, that popular indignation should express itself in violence.

At the present time Russia and Roumania, the latter a quasi-independent state, manifest special severity against the Jews. In the former case no remonstrance has been made by our Government. Its silence has been as profound as that maintained in the face of Turkish atrocities in Armenia, of English infamy in South Africa, and of other world-known devilttries. But our Anglo-Saxon Secretary of State now goes out of his way to meddle in European affairs, and, under pretense of humanity, to enter a plea for the persecuted Jews of Roumania, at least that they shall not be cast upon our shores.

This is sheer sophistry. Though more than 6,000 Roumanian Jews landed at the port of New York during the past fiscal year, they were an extremely small

percentage of the half million immigrants, chiefly from Southern and South-eastern Europe, who came during that period, many of whom might be considered undesirable. Admitting that the unfortunate Roumanians were of the latter class, it was unnecessary for our Secretary to seek an introduction to the Great Powers, by favor of England. His action was impertinent, un-American. The laws existing afford ample protection against unfit immigration. If further legislation is necessary, Congress has power. Neither the Jews, as a race, nor the American people, as a whole, owe Mr. Hay gratitude for his recent diplomatic performance. He will not help the Jews, for the Roumanians have already made the retort not over-courteous; nor will he lessen our already too-heavy foreign responsibilities by interference in European affairs. With a part of Asia on our hands, and considering all that this has implied, and still implies, we are not in a position to pose as consistent philanthropists.

The great Pennsylvania coal strike developed, in the action of the President, a new feature of the labor problem. The courage and the singleness of purpose displayed by Mr. Roosevelt, when it might have seemed "better politics" not to have meddled with the coal barons, deserve the admiration of the people. The arrogance of the barons contrasted with the temperate, manly stand of the miners as represented by their chief, has also been noted. Apart from the issue of the great strike, the principle of arbitration has advanced mightily, and the action of the President, whom the barons insulted, has been a powerful factor in the movement. The liberties that barons of another age and style wrung from John at Runnymede are not the only principles for which free men fight. Now it would seem to be that the sovereign, the people, must fight to maintain the rights of which the coal barons would deprive us. As the agents and partners of God they would stand, admitting no right of question or interference. Their insolence and in-

humanity will only hasten the end of their reign.

Lord, I give thanks!

Last year, Thou knowest, my best ambitions failed;
My back with scourgings of defeat was flailed;
My eyes felt oft the sharp, salt wash of tears,
No guerdon blessed the tireless toil of years;
Fast in the snares my helpless feet were tied;
Yet in my woes Thou didst with me abide.
Lord, I give thanks!

Lord, I give thanks!

Last year my one lone ship came back to me
A ruined wreck of what she used to be,
No cargo in her hold, storm-stained and scarred.
O Lord, Thou knowest well 'twas hard,
To watch her drifting hulk with hopeless eyes;
Yet in my desolation Thou wert nigh.
Lord, I give thanks!

Lord, I give thanks!

Last year the one I loved the dearest died,
And like a desert waste became the wide
And weary world. Love's last sweet star
Went out;
Blackness of darkness wrapped me round
About.
Yet in the midst of my mad misery,
Thou lent'st Thy rod and staff to comfort me.

Lord, I give thanks!

In these beautiful lines, published several years ago in *Lippincott's Magazine*, a doctrine and practice are set forth that bespeak the serenest heights of Christian sanctity. Of the duty of gratitude we are reminded, in a significant manner, by the national celebration of Thanksgiving day. The maintenance of this spirit is one of the saving signs of the times. "Let us give thanks to the Lord our God, for it is meet and just."

The reading of the Bible in the public schools is a cause of ceaseless anxiety to American educators. Under our system of State laws controlling such matters, we find various methods of dealing with a problem that should be eliminated among

people who are such stout defenders of the doctrine of separation of Church and State. Of course, intelligent folk know, and the honest portion of them admit, that the bugbear of Church and State is vitalized only when there is question of recognizing Catholic rights. "Sectarian" is then the cry.

As the fountain of wisdom and religion the Bible is regarded by many. The reading of a Protestant version in the public schools has been general, despite frequent protests in deference to Jewish and Catholic sentiment. A change, however, is coming over the face of the land, and, while we regret its underlying cause—disregard of all revealed religion, and repudiation of the principle that without religion morality is impossible—we cannot but note the change as deserving of comment.

From the *San Francisco Chronicle*, October 10th, we reprint the following:

Lincoln (Neb.), October 9.—By an opinion rendered this evening by the Nebraska Supreme Court, the reading of the Bible and singing of sacred songs in public schools of the State are prohibited. The case is one appealed from the District Court of Gage county, and the lower court is reversed. The plaintiff in the original action is Daniel Freeman, who claims to be the first homesteader in the United States. He began proceedings four years ago against the directors of his home district school, but was beaten on every trial in the lower courts.

The syllabus of the opinion rendered to-day says: "The exercise by a teacher in school, in the school building, and in the presence of the pupils, consisting of the reading of passages from the Bible, and in singing songs and hymns and offering prayer to the Deity, in accordance with the doctrines, beliefs, customs or usages of sectarian churches or religious organizations, is forbidden by the Constitution of the State."

The decision of the three Judges is unanimous. They add that it is not in accord with their personal wishes, but it is the law of the State. Continuing, the opinion says: "To permit the use of the Bible would be to make a bid for the sectarian and parochial schools, and thereby aim a blow at the public school system."

The meat in the cocoanut is the closing sentence of this extract.

As an evidence of another spirit begotten of the higher criticism and the accommodating spirit of the age, which would smooth all difficulties of doctrine by ignoring them, we have the Missouri experiment. Carthage is the town chosen for its exhibition. The superintendent of public schools in that borough has decreed that a feature of its high school curriculum shall be the study of the Bible, "as the basis of all our moral life," and as "*a fine work of literature*." We italicize the second clause, while we ask, Could a more effective means be employed for destroying in the minds of children every notion of the divine character of the Bible, and for overthrowing it as "the basis of all our morality"?

The sapient superintendent has made an eclectic arrangement whereby certain portions of the Scriptures are designated for this "literary" and "moral" course. As he includes the Epistle of S. James, which was denounced by Luther as an epistle of straw, because it inculcates the necessity of good works, the Missouri schoolmaster will probably find that if the learned judges of his State do not "call him down," some of the parsons will "follow him up."

Some day, let us hope, the boasted and boastful spirit of American fair play will climb down from its lofty perch, and, in silence and retirement, learn to be as fair on this point as England is, as practical and efficient as is Canada.

Referring editorially to this matter, *The Independent*, New York, October 16, makes the following comments:

Our American doctrine of utter separation of Church and State is, however, now usually accepted, at least in theory, and it is generally agreed that reading of the Bible and religious exercises do not belong to the free public school. But some of those who with us would lead the Bible out by the front door with all honor, ask us to open the postern gate to let it creep in again unobserved. They tell us—and we hear it from college presidents and from teachers' conventions—that the Bible, banished as religion, must be brought back as literature. The Bible, they tell us, is the best and choicest of

literature, and that it will never do to let the children grow up ignorant of it; and before they have the word literature well out of their mouths they begin to talk about the importance of the Bible to teach the elements of religion and morals. The International Sunday School Convention at its last meeting in Denver passed this resolution:

"WHEREAS, The Bible is not only the inspired word of God, but also the world's greatest treasury of literature, and its reading is now excluded from most of the public schools of America.

"Resolved, That the Executive Committee is instructed to appoint a Standing Committee, whose duty it shall be to consider what means should be taken in the various States and provinces to secure the reading of the Bible, without comment, in the public schools of our land."

Here the religious purpose is confessed, while the literary pretense is put forward. It is only the latter which the National Educational Association presented in its Declaration of Principles at Minneapolis:

"We hope and ask for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the English Bible, now honored by name in many schools, laws, and State institutions, to be read and studied as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part formed."

Well, which is it, literature or religion? If it is religion, we will have none of it. There is a curse upon State religion. It makes men hate the Church. That is the persistent trouble in Italy, in Spain, in France, and now in England. Give us a free Church in a free State and let their scope be kept absolutely distinct. Trust no State to teach your children religion, and do not think to impose your New Testament Bible and your Lord's Prayer on Old Testament Jews.

Is it really literature and not religion that these gentlemen want? We do not believe it. It is not the literary charm, not the interesting stories, not the grandeur or the wit that they are thinking of, but the sacred character of the book, that is, its religiousness. Indeed, we do not hear of any such anxiety to have the "Iliad" read, or "Paradise Lost," or even Shakespeare, until we come into the higher schools in which literature is a special study.

But it is not as literature that we chiefly value the Bible. It is degrading it to lower it to that level and make it a lesson of style or story. It is not the Beautiful Bible but the Holy Bible. It is impossible to put it on any other basis. Call it literature if you will, but it will be considered and treated as a religious book, and that

will be the real reason for introducing and teaching it. We do not want to smuggle the Bible into the public schools under a false pretense. It is our one great book of religion and as such let it be treated, the Church's sacred Boo...

The Honorable Julius Kahn, a Representative in Congress from California, has sent us a copy of his speech delivered in the House on June 20, on the question of civil government for the Philippines. We have carefully read his address; we have been duly impressed with its partisan character, which, as politics are played in the United States, is often an euphemism for exaggeration, distortion, sophistry, untruth. To Mr. Kahn's address we could apply all these terms, were we concerned with mere politics. Our purpose, in making comment, is to quote from Mr. Kahn's own words, as given in the Congressional Record, the report of which has come to us under Mr. Kahn's frank, the following: "I boldly contend that future generations will applaud the patriotic endeavors of our countrymen in their noble efforts to bring peace and education, enlightenment and justice, to this poor, down-trodden people that, until we came, *had only known three hundred years of ignorance and superstition, tyranny and oppression.* For, I contend that it is one of the brightest pages that illumines and will continue to illumine the annals of any nation that has ever existed."

We call our readers' attention to the closing sentence of the quotation, as a specimen of Congressional scholarship. On its morality we express no judgment. But it is to the italicized portion of statesman (?) Kahn's remarks that we call special attention. His courage or his folly cannot be questioned.

Three hundred years of *ignorance and superstition* is this gentleman's refined (?) description of the splendid work which the Church has done for the Filipinos. Set Mr. Kahn's speech beside Mr. Bonsal's article in *The North American Review*, and any intelligent and impartial judge will decide that the former's slanderous utterances are a gross insult to historic truth and justice, to a friendly nation, and to millions of Americans

owing spiritual allegiance to the Catholic Church.

MAGAZINES.

The North American Review for October has rendered praiseworthy service in the cause of truth by the publication of Stephen Bonsal's fine article on "The Work of the Friars." While we earnestly advise our friends to read this well-written paper, teeming with facts, with quotations from official documents not intended for the public eye, we offer some excerpts from it. Remembering that Mr. Bonsal is not a Catholic, that he has travelled extensively in the Philippines, our readers will appreciate the value of his testimony, to which we add no comment:

As you travel in the Philippines and come to a village or a hamlet that is better built than most, if you ask by whom it was founded, the natives will answer that it was built by the Franciscan or by the Austin fathers. In your walks in the interior or along the coast, if you ask who built the great church that crowns the hill, the bridge of massive masonry that spans the river, who ballasted the road that is never washed out during the rains, or who designed the irrigation works that make the plantations possible, the invariable answer is, not Colonel A. or General B. or Don Fulano the layman, but Father A. or Father B., "*amay*" *sa culog*," "the father of the souls." Perhaps, in your travels, you may come to a village or a district where nearly every man, woman and child can speak Spanish with fluency and not a few read and write it. If you have seen the Dutch in Java and Cochin China under the French, you will be much astonished at this fact, unparalleled in the history of these Asiatic countries, which, according to the expression of M. Leroy Beaulieu, are in process of renovation by the colonizing Powers of Europe. Much that is contradictory and confusing has been said on the question of language in the islands. I shall here merely register my personal experience. I never entered a village in any of the islands, including savage Samar, where I did not find several of the head men speaking Spanish, and in many instances good Spanish. I also found that the fluency and the popularity of Spanish were always in direct proportion to the influence and numbers of the friars in the district. It was poor policy to teach the Tagals Spanish; but the fact that they did so to a very remarkable extent proves that

the influence of the clerical teachers was an uplifting one.

While the friars were not scientific cultivators, it can be said without fear of contradiction that, with the exception of tobacco, which was introduced by the Spanish Government, every staple crop that is now grown in the Philippines and adds to the wealth of their inhabitants was either introduced by the friars, or that its practical value was made known by them to the natives.

Within a very few months of the founding of Manila, the friars opened schools, and until 1863 there were none in the islands other than those over which they presided. As the natives were weaned from their migratory habits, and induced to cultivate the land, higher schools and colleges were founded, the most notable of which is the college of Santo Tomas, which exists to-day as the Manila University. This institution, founded by the Dominican friars, opened its doors in 1620, the year of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The college flourished, found favor with Philip the Fourth, and in the year 1644, by a Papal bull, it was raised to the university rank and styled Royal and Pontifical. Down to the present day, all the professors in this university have been Dominican friars, with the exception of the faculty of medicine and pharmacy. As far back as 1640, to fill the gap between the ordinary parish school and the university, the preparatory school of San Juan de Letran was instituted. Here, at a later day, Aguineldo and Lucban and Malvar studied. With the increase of population, the educational movement spread, largely through the inspiration of the friars and entirely under their supervision. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Dominicans presided over a flourishing high school in Dagupan, the Franciscans had a famous college in the Camarines, and the Austin friars had founded colleges in Negros and Iloilo. The refinement and intelligence of the Philippine women of the better class to-day would seem to be due to the educational advantages which were offered them by the Orders, a thing hitherto unknown under Asiatic conditions, and certainly far in advance of anything similar in Spain. The college of Santa Rosa, better known as the school of Mother Paula, in memory of its first Mother Superior, was founded in 1759. Shortly after this, at the suggestion of the Dominican fathers, the Sisters of Charity came out from Spain and founded ten high schools for women, of which the Luban and the Concordia school in Manila are the best known. Soon there were thousands of scholars, internes and ex-

ternes, studying in these schools. The young men of the country flocked to the city and matriculated at the University in hundreds. I did not look the matter up when the opportunity presented, but I have heard it stated and I believe it to be true, that more men have matriculated at Santo Tomas, the University of Manila, than at Harvard.

The Dominicans who presided over the destinies of the University were and are men of the very highest highest intellectual attainments.

There are two standing accusations against the friars—of exploiting the natives and of leading dissolute lives. The latter is based upon scandalous stories such as are, unhappily, in circulation in every community, and upon the fact that half-caste children are sometimes born in the inland parishes. This phenomenon was often ascribed to the presence of the friars, but it is difficult to say with what justice. It is certain, however, that, though for more than four years the friars have been withdrawn, these miserable Eurasian children continue to come into the world in ever-increasing numbers.

As to the charge of plunder, made so frequently and in such frantic terms, it is possible to be more explicit. The management of the Monastic Orders was careful and in some respects thrifty. They had to be self-supporting or their missions would collapse. Rarely a penny reached them from Spain, and their tithes seem to have been paid largely in chickens and eggs. Their property all remained in the Philippines, only an incredibly small sum being sent annually to Spain to bear a part of the expense of the young friars who were being educated for the Philippine missions, and to support the invalided and superannuated brethren who had gone back to Spain. For three hundred years, these great corporations have been exploiting a country of large resources, the extent of which is alone known to them, and the valuation placed upon their estates, their monasteries and all their possessions, by Judge Taft is considerably under \$10,000,000, which estimate is considered a just, if not a generous, one. There are half a dozen foreign firms in Manila without the knowledge of the people and the islands that the friars possess, who have made as much money as this out of the Philippines within the decade.

I believe the work of the friars is recorded in the golden book of those who have labored for their fellow men, and I am confident the credit of it, though dimmed to-day by partisanship and want of charity, will not escape history."

The deeper we go into the Friar ques-

tion, the clearer it becomes that bigotry, hatred of the Catholic Faith, and grasping greed are at the bottom.

The article entitled "France and the Associations Law," published in the same number of the *Review*, is notable for a calumny against the Catholic educators of France. The revival of the stale, oft-refuted slander that the Church teaches that the end justifies the means, proves that the author is ignorant and bigoted, if not malicious. The article is unworthy of the *Review*.

Lippincott's Magazine is notable for its excellent verse. From the October number, which contains a goodly store, we take the following pretty bit, with acknowledgments to the editor and compliments to the author, Kentucky's gifted son, Madison Cawein:

ENCHANTMENT.

With fall on fall, from wood to wood,
The brook pours mossy music down—
Or is it, in the solitude,
The murmur of a Faerie town?
Some town of Elfland filled with bells,
Or holiday of hurrying feet;
Or traffic now whose small sound swells,
Now sinks from busy street to street?

And oft its folks I recognize
In wingéd things that hover round,
Who for men's eyes assume disguise
When on some fairy errand bound.

The bee, that haunts the touch-me-not,
Big-bodied, making braggart din,
Is elfin brother to that sot,
Jack Falstaff, of the Boar's Head Inn.

The dragonfly, whose wings of black
Are mantle for his garb of green,
Is Ancient to this other Jack,
Another Pistol, long and lean.

The butterfly, in royal tints,
Is Hal, mad Hal, in cloth of gold,
Who passes these as once that Prince
Passed his companions boon of old.

The *Bookman* has been unusually interesting during the current year. We recall the issues for June and July, with their

reminiscent notices of Bret Harte, illustrated; the August number, with its fine series of portraits of the entire line of English poets laureate; the September number, with "French Men of Letters in Caricature," pictured and sketched; and the October number with its compliments, in portrait and notice, to Father H. T. Henry, the translator of the poems of Leo the Thirteenth.

From an animated letter addressed to *The Monitor*, San Francisco, October 4, in which Father Ramm of S. Mary's Cathedral gave a vivid description of his visit to Namur, on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress held in that ancient city of Belgium, we make an extract which we earnestly commend to the Catholic men of these parts:

"There were thirty thousand people in that wonderful procession; and they were all men, all animated by the Catholic faith in a Catholic country. Nor were these men of one class only. The Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs was in that procession. There were the Governors of the provinces of Namur and Luxembourg; there were Senators and Deputies, officers in uniform and functionaries of the municipality. There were the delegates to the Congress in dress suits, and there were peasants in blue blouses. There were the aged and the young, the well-to-do and the poor. It was a procession of the whole people; it was the faith of the whole people; it was a worship of the whole people.

The October number of *The Review of Reviews* should have a special interest for California Catholics because of the article on "The United States and Mexico at the Opening of the Hague Court." The portraits of Archbishop Riordan and the four judges of this international tribunal enliven the text which is by W. T. Stead, who discusses the celebrated "Pious Fund," which is the first case presented to the Hague Court.

The other contributions to this number of *The Review* are of its standard quality and variety.

We take from *The Irish World*, October 4th, the following, which we earnestly commend to our California Catholic men:

"Catholics to the number of twenty thousand, most of whom are members of the Holy Name Society, participated in the great rally in Brooklyn last Sunday, to protest against blasphemy. There were in reality fifteen separate parades, but the movement was spoken of as one demonstration, to publicly manifest veneration of God's name.

"Fifteen churches in the diocese were designated as central rallying points, and the different parades were in streets in the district in which the rallying church was located. Bishop McDonnell reviewed the parade in his district, and heartily sanctioned this great protest against blasphemy, which is held annually under the supervision of Very Rev. P. J. McNamara, V. G., the Vicar General, who, as part of the demonstration, delivered an address in the pro-cathedral. Mention of the rally was made in all the churches in Brooklyn Sunday morning, and the men in the various parishes were invited to join in the demonstration.

"In a letter sent by Vicar General McNamara to pastors, which was read in all the churches Sunday, Mgr. McNamara said:

"It is hoped that the demonstration this year will, more than ever before, by its magnitude, make an abiding impression upon the minds and hearts of Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and that the lively faith and united prayers of those who take part will, under Heaven, accomplish the most important results in stemming the tide of blasphemy and promoting veneration of the Holy Name."

Another New York paper, *The Freeman's Journal*, made editorial reference to the event as follows:

In Brooklyn last Sunday twenty thousand Catholics, most of whom are members of the Holy Name Society, made a public demonstration against blasphemy. There were fifteen separate parades, which were intended to be a protest against the horrible practice of cursing, which, unfortunately, has become so common in recent years. One cannot walk the streets without hearing oaths in which the name of our Lord plays a prominent part. It is frequently the case that the blasphemers are utterly unconscious of what they are doing. It is sad to think that among them are to be found persons who were born Catholics, and who from

childhood were taught to bow their heads at the mention of the name which they now blasphemously pronounce. The Holy Name Society, as its title implies, came into existence with the object of stemming the flood of profanity which has been spreading all over the country.

Demonstrations like the one which took place in Brooklyn last Sunday cannot fail to have a good effect. They are a public rebuke to blasphemers. They at the same time help to encourage those who are engaged in the good work of doing what they can to make reparation for the horrible insults flung at our Lord. The Very Rev. P. J. McNamara, Vicar General of the Diocese of Brooklyn, under whose supervision the public parades of the Holy Name Society take place every year, sent a letter this year to the pastors of the diocese requesting them to do what they could to make the anti-blasphemy demonstration as impressive as possible.

An army of twenty thousand marching through the streets of Brooklyn on last Sunday showed that Vicar General McNamara's appeal was not in vain. Who can measure the moral effect of this impressive public protest against the practice of dishonoring the name of our Lord? Many a poor fellow who, through habit rather than viciousness, has been accustomed to indulge in horrible blasphemies, must have been awakened last Sunday to a sense of the nature of the sin he committed by blaspheming against the Saviour of mankind."

When shall we witness so fine a demonstration of Catholic faith and manly piety in San Francisco?

Under the heading, "Inconsistent Constitutionalists," *The Freeman's Journal* gently expresses its estimate of a meddling Methodist Conference. The article is in Dr. Lambert's best style, and we are anxious to give it still further circulation, as a contribution to the "Church and State" business:

The Wisconsin Methodist Conference has called upon President Roosevelt to refute the report that he had asked the Vatican to create Archbishop Ireland a Cardinal. By unanimous vote they sent him the following letter:

His Excellency, President Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, N. Y.—Honored Sir: We see with pain in the press dispatches a rumor that the Vatican has received from President Roosevelt an intimation that he

would be personally pleased to see that Archbishop Ireland is created a Cardinal as a reward for the services he has rendered the Church and the State.

We strongly doubt the correctness of this rumor, for it does not seem possible that the President of the United States could thus violate the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, which requires the complete separation of the Church and the State, and we hope to see it authoritatively denied.

(Signed) By request of the Wisconsin Annual Conference of the Methodist Church,

D. A. GOODSSELL,
Bishop and President.

The President might reply in the words of Shakespeare:

Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant, wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

(Henry IV. Induction.)

He could also say that if the expression of a desire to see a personal and political friend honored by his ecclesiastical superior be interference of State with Church, the conference's demand on the President of the United States is equally an interference of Church with State. He might also reply that, as they did not object to interference with Church so far as to banish the friars, he did not think they would object to interference to honor an Archbishop; that if it were right to put a friar out of United States territory it could not be wrong to help put a Cardinal in; that as they approved the former they could not consistently disapprove the latter. He might also remind them, in the words of the Archbishop, that "they should trust the Government"; that not to do so is evidence of lack of patriotism.

He might still further tell them—if further reasoning is at all necessary—that if it be a violation of the spirit of the Constitution to have speaking relations with the head of the Catholic Church, it is equally a violation to have speaking relations with the Methodist Conference and with the head of the Methodist Church in Wisconsin, Bishop Goodsell. He might, therefore, in an indirect, informal and unofficial way, express his regrets that, while most willing to reply to the question of the Methodist Bishop and his Conference, he cannot, they being the judges, do so without violating "the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, which re-

quires complete separation of the Church and the State."

The October number of our Ritualistic neighbor, *The Catholic Witness*, raises a cry (we had almost said howl) over the presence of dogs in Trinity Church on the occasion of marriages among the elite. "Where does the prayer-book speak of little dogs attending church in state? When will our dear Bishop banish the little dogs from Trinity Church?"

"Such follies," we quote *The Witness*, "make the church ridiculous," and of such puerilities as characterize that journal we declare the same.

From this number we make an extract that is refreshing:

But perhaps, after all, the most shocking instance of degeneracy in the matter of renouncing the pious customs of the Holy Primitive Church is to be found in connection with the second marriage of our clergy—and especially our Bishops. The Primitive Church accepted S. Paul's statement that the clergy were to be the husband of but one wife. In these days the clergy, and the Bishops, too—alas!—not only may, but *do*, marry as often as they please. Now, what, then, are the humiliating things that we "do see and hear"? Elderly Bishops falling in love. Elderly Bishops as chivalrous beaux. Elderly Bishops as sweethearts and swains. Elderly Bishops shocking and wounding souls. Elderly Bishops damaging a church. Let the pale stars beat their funeral march, and let the days pass on and on. It is a sorry picture that presents itself. Indeed, we do not hesitate to say that the Primitive Church would have punished such Bishops with anathema and deposition. The early fathers understood the Pauline precept that the clergy were to be the husband of only one wife and forbade second marriages. The well-favored dignitaries of the American Church think otherwise. Be that as it may. We are making no comment upon the matter in dispute. We are only attempting to show to faithful souls that the ordinary respectable so-called conservative type of the twentieth century Protestant Episcopal religion is by no means the modern exponent of the pure and holy and undefiled religion of the Primitive and Apostolic Church.

Our only comment: How uncharitable and unkind would we have been consid-

ered had we said such things. O naughty *Witness*! How could you so disturb the episcopal honeymoon of that gay young groom of sixty-seven summers, Bishop Potter.

For an exhibition of pitiable distortion of fact, for a brazen denial of unimpeachable history, *The Witness*, in its sorry attempt to continue to blind its blind-led followers on the subject of the Mass, deserves a premium or—a spanking.

MUSIC.

The Boston Music Company has sent the following delightful songs: I. SWORDS OUT FOR CHARLIE; II. CAVALIER SONGS, and III. THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEWDROP, all by the well-known song writer, Frederic Field Bullard. No. I. is a spirited war song for baritone in B flat and tenor in D flat. The poem is an English Jacobite war song by Ralph Adams Crowe. It is a warm, vigorous composition, requiring robust voice of good cultivation and plenty of temperament to give it the rousing ring it calls for. The accompaniment is an able one, and is as full of fire as the vocal score. It gives good scope for dramatic instinct and is worthy of the attention of all good baritones and tenors. No. II. contains in one small sheet of music, splendidly gotten up, three CAVALIER SONGS of fine, robust type. The first is the above criticized song. No. II., THE RIDE OF THE CLANS, is also good; the text is in the Scottish dialect, and the accompaniment is out of the ordinary rut. No. III., NOTTINGHAM HUNT, is a bluff, hale, hearty song. One can easily picture the doughty clans ready for their merry sport. Both music and words are full of the freshness and vigor of early morn. We heartily recommend these stirring songs the gentlemen who are looking for such songs of good comradeship. The lovely song entitled THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEWDROP, is taken from Robert Browning's poem, "A Blot on the Escutcheon." The melody flows along, describing the beautiful sentiment of the noble words, and the accompani-

ment lovingly twines its arms around the melody and words. The climax is not disappointing, and the violin obligato is very beautiful. Two songs by Edward Broome: *OUT OF THE DARKNESS*, for soprano or tenor in B flat, alto or bass in E flat, is a strong, convincing sacred song, requiring breath in phrasing, good sustaining power, and working up to a broad, satisfying climax. *HE IS NOT HERE, FOR HE IS RISEN*, soprano or tenor in A flat, mezzo-soprano or baritone in D. A song for Easter-tide, full of the joyful vigor of the trumpet. Many good contrasts are to be found. The text is very fine, full of enthusiastic faith, which is well portrayed in the vocal score. The accompaniment is full and sonorous, being a good helpmate to the voice. *THE KING OF ETERNITY*, by Hartwell Jones, soprano or tenor in B flat (d flat-f), mezzo-soprano or baritone in A (c-e), alto or bass in G (b flat-d), has a deeply religious tone throughout and affords good opportunities to the vocalist. There are many climaxes and a prayerful refrain, which is repeated as the final climax. Orchestral parts can be obtained at the publishers.

THE HOLY TEMPLE, by Charles Gounod, for soprano or tenor in F (e flat-g) and E flat (d flat-g), mezzo-soprano or baritone in D (c-e), contralto in C (b flat-d). This is a very beautiful song, thoroughly Gounodesque. Full to overflowing with a reverential melody and loving cadences. The finale is a joyous, upward sweep of tone; proclaims the attainment of the heart's desire. There is an obligato, which is in fine contrast to the accompaniment. Full orchestra parts may be obtained. This is a grand song for concert use, sacred or otherwise. *ROSE OF MY LIFE*, by Fabian Rose, soprano or tenor in G (d-g), mezzo-soprano in F (c-f), baritone in D (a-d), contralto or bass in C (g-c), is a lovely, pathetic ballad, which when sung with intense feeling and clear enunciation, goes with convincing force to the heart of the listener. *MY DARLING*, by Hermann Voight,

a four-part song, for two tenors and two basses. It is light and graceful; prettily harmonized, and best of all, without accompaniment. These glee-form choruses, when good harmony, should command a ready recognition. *LOVE'S BLESSING*, by Heinrich Sickinger, for two tenors and two basses. A graceful quartette in close harmony with many good opportunities for expression. Without accompaniment.

BOOKS.

POEMS AND VERSES, by Edward Sandford Martin, comes in exquisite appropriateness of dress from Harper & Brothers, New York.

Delightfully varied in subject matter, the poet holds us, whether he is grave or gay. We quote a bit of exalted sentiment entitled "Gifts":

The imperial Child to whom the wise men brought
Their gifts, and worshipped in His lowly nest
Gave no gift back. It was Himself they sought,
And, finding Him, were sated in their quest.
Their gifts, not expectation, but their joy expressed.
Now was the world's long yearning satisfied!
Now was the prize long waited for possessed!
Their gift meant love, unmarred by lust or pride.
Be it so with ours: our aim, not debts to pay.
Nor any recompense save love to win.

THE WILL TO BE WELL, by Charles Brodie Patterson, is the title of a series of essays in which the author sets forth his views upon "the coming of a newer and brighter conception of life." An ardent advocate of "New thought"—more correctly speaking, old thought in new guise—the author lucidly expounds the principles thereof in their peculiar relation to the acquisition of perfect bodily health—the *summum bonum*, in his philosophy of earthly existence. Evidently he has mistaken the "husk for the kernel," and one must sincerely deplore that so earnest an apostle of "spiritual treatment" for earthly ills, were not nearer to the

Divine source of eternal life, so that he might not only see the light, but feel the vivifying warmth of its heaven-sent rays.

The Alliance Company, New York, are the publishers of this volume.

The Outlook Company, New York, have published in attractive form a series of papers entitled *SEEN BY THE SPECTATORS*. The spectator, in this case, sees through the magnifying lense of a broad geniality, and imparts his favorable impressions to the reader. "Uncle Sam's Big Guns," "One Kind of Mind Cure," "A Day in Oxford," and other interesting subjects, are delightfully treated.

Beautifully printed and illustrated by The Lothrop Company, Boston, is Robert Lloyd's stirring tale of adventure entitled *THE TREASURE OF SHAG ROCK*. The quest of treasure—particularly "treasure buried in an island in the South Pacific, the clew to which is a parchment made of human skin"—is certainly fascinating to young and old. The description of wonderful adventures of the boy hero of this story will captivate and instruct venturesome athletes, whose experiences usually prove that victory is to him who perfects himself in the "home run."

Mr. Lloyd has raised the boys' expectations to the highest pitch by hinting that he will later tell them the story of the hero's meeting with his father and Captain Norcross.

The best things in Mr. Harris Weinstock's peculiar volume entitled *JESUS THE JEW AND OTHER ADDRESSES* are his eulogy of the Confessional and his approval of the Church's stand regarding mixed marriages.

This volume is a re-print of a series of lectures delivered by Mr. Weinstock at Stanford University. David Starr Jordan's introductory remarks are in harmony with the "liberal" notions and broad claims of the author, who is clearly incompetent to grasp the meaning of the New Testament, while his knowledge of the Old Testament is likewise open to dispute, unless we question his moral honesty.

Intelligent readers of the book will read "The Jew in Commerce" with a smile, while the author's denial of the Church's benignity and mercy to the Jews in ages of persecution, will not set him in a favorable light. To the student of history, his claim that S. Paul is the founder of Christianity will appear duly absurd.

Vagueness pervades the volume, and an excessive use of superlatives manifests a depth of feeling altogether out of line with the facts, which the author does not detail, when he rhetorically records the sorrows of his people.

It is an interesting book, however, in the sense that it shows how freely a man may write or talk on a subject, of the principles of which he is ignorant. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, who are the publishers, present the volume in their usual good style of workmanship.

A beautiful collection of *NOVEMBER LEAVES*, an appropriate offering of devout thoughts awakening devotion to the holy souls in purgatory, has been compiled from the works of Father Faber by the Reverend John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.

Every page appeals to our charity for the suffering souls whose early liberation depends largely upon the prayers of the faithful on earth. The practices embodied in this admirable booklet are especially appropriate for the present month; the advantages accruing to those who offer their indulgences for the holy souls are clearly set forth. Consoling, indeed, is the knowledge that our prayers may bring joy to those prisoners of hope who are detained by the loving justice of Christ from immediate enjoyment of the Beatific Vision.

R. & T. Washbourne, whose American agents are Benziger Brothers, New York, publish this desirable little treatise.

THE PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY, by Sydney C. Grier, is a rather long-drawn-out story of court intrigue involving several noble families of Europe.

The "captivity" of the Prince occurs

so late in the order of events that the reader must needs occupy himself with the love romance of the young American girl who is "doing Europe."

Felicia Steinherz is of the insipid sort of American character, whose sole ambition is to exchange fabulous wealth for a regal coronet. "Heredity" may account for it in her case, however, as she proves to be the lawful descendant of royalty.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston, have printed the book in most excellent style.

FATHER MARQUETTE, one of America's early heroes, by Reuben G. Thwaites, is published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

No incident in the life of this holy missionary priest is without interest. His labors, his hardships, his successes with the Indians, his heroic death, are sympathetically described by the author.

The reminiscences of his journey in behalf of savage Indians over the vast plain where the populous city of Chicago now stands, are pathetically touching. A grateful American people have rendered to him the homage due to his high and noble priesthood.

Fifteen beautiful engravings illustrate the scenes of Father Marquette's arduous life-work. A fac-simile of the maps on which he recorded his routes of travel are also given; these furnish interesting studies for comparative geography.

Mr. John Corbin, as *AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD*, relates in a delightful manner his experiences of English life—particularly that phase of English University training that supposedly fits the student for the graceful discharge of the functions of polite society as recognized in established conventionalities.

For the seemingly undue indulgence in athletic sports by Englishmen, young and old, Mr. Corbin assigns the influence of climate, the very nature of which forces a man into active outdoor exercise; on this point the American is decidedly at a disadvantage.

Mr. Corbin lay particular stress upon development of the social life, familiarity

with the ways of the world and of men—a main feature of the English University—and concludes by saying: "When the American University combines the old social life with the new instruction, it will be the most perfect educational instruction in the history of civilization."

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, have printed the book in excellent style. Fifteen full-page illustrations display the outdoor glories of Oxford.

THE BOER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, by Michael Davitt, is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

This exhaustive narrative of the struggle of the patriotic Boers against their wanton English oppressors is characterized by the immortal excellence of historic truth.

Michael Davitt, whose life-long sufferings and manly sacrifices for his native land are an eloquent protest against political slavery, is eminently fitted to appreciate the situation of the burghers in the vindication of their independence under the valiant Generals Steyn, Botha, De la Rey, De Wet and others.

Mr. Davitt takes the reader back one hundred years, to the incipency of English aggression upon the Boer people; he follows the fortunes of this independence-loving race up to the death of Cecil Rhodes, whose gigantic schemes for the expansion of the British empire initiated the movement that has deluged South Africa with the blood alike of friend and foe.

Mr. Davitt's spirited style of narrative and gift of graphic delineation of circumstance places scenes of horror, engendered by uncivilized methods of warfare and their resulting human misery, immediately within view of the reader. His stern arraignment of England's methods of coercion of a free people is a just rebuke to those who have not actively opposed her arrogant claims and barbaric measures for self-aggrandizement.

This work has called forth the ardent encomiums of all champions of liberty. Dr. Reitz, Secretary of the South African Republic, says, in his testimonial to the

author: "Allow me to testify that, of all the books on the war I have hitherto read, yours is far away the best and most accurate."

We may add that in Michael Davitt's conception and application of the majestic principles that underlie the BOER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, the world may recognize the justice of a truly patriotic and noble resistance to the most gross form of modern tyranny—the flagrant violation of the divine rights of a people, the invasion of a nation's liberty by a "reforming" army of sordid hypocrites, whose fell design is invisible in the brilliant radiance of their inscribed banner—"human progress, civilization and enlightenment!"

One hundred fine illustrations and seven clear maps enhance the value of this authentic work. The publishers are to be congratulated upon the excellent quality of material used and upon the attractive finish of the book.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX AND OTHER PAPERS, by Charles Francis Adams, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This interesting collection of essays includes subjects of importance to the student of American history. The moral effect of Lee's surrender, the possible evils of a protracted resistance on the part of the South and some phases of Lee's personal and civic virtues are philosophically discussed. "The Treaty of Washington," "An Undeveloped Function," a "Plea for Military History" and other valuable papers bear the impress of the writer's strong personal convictions, and challenge intelligent argument *per contra*.

Silver, Burdett & Company, New York, have published in admirable style for the use of students in literature, JUDITH, PHOENIX AND OTHER ANGLO-SAXON POEMS, translated by J. Leslie Hall. The PHOENIX appears for the first time in English. Marginalia explanatory of the text and copious foot-notes are valuable aids to the reader.

To "The Silver Series of English Clas-

sics" has been added an excellent selection of LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON, with introductory notes by Joseph B. Seabury. These charming models of epistolary style include high-bred views on literature, history, law, politics, architecture, and furnish rules for the attainment of perfection of deportment on all occasions in the busy affairs of life. In the words of his biographer, "Chesterfield is held by critics of good literature, as a man whose epistolary writings are unrivalled for their ornate beauty of structure."

WANDERING HEROES, by Lillian L. Price, is the first volume of a series of supplementary readers in history. The present volume contains ten stories of the exploits of the world's great men—beginning with the stories of the patriarchs of old—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph.

Fifteen beautiful illustrations, some reproductions of Raphael's and of Michael Angelo's masterpieces, embellish this interesting volume.

THE PATH TO ROME, direct, solitary, but consoling to the devoted pilgrim, is marked out for us by the footprints of Hilaire Belloc, who, impelled by devotion, "footed it" from Toul to the Eternal City. Exhilarating tramps over mountains, weary plodding through dusty plains, welcome rests in pleasant valleys, all tend to stimulate reflection in the pilgrim and enhance his religious zeal. These are degenerate days, however, and few long resist the infatuations of modern diversions in the way of comfortable vehicles for the jaded body and a corresponding quietus for the questioning soul.

Bright bits of Nature's landscape have been sketched by the author, whose original effectiveness conveys vivid impressions of various localities.

Buoyant and brilliant in style of narrative Hilaire Belloc, while setting out for his own amusement on THE PATH TO ROME, has succeeded in entertaining and instructing the delighted follower in his footsteps.

Longmans, Green & Company, New York, are the publishers.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

1—Feast of All Saints. Holy Day of Obligation. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.)

2—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary Procession. Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Enrolling of new members in the Confraternity of the Rosary.

3—Commemoration of All Souls. Special devotion for the dead. Solemn High Mass of Requiem at 9 A. M. Those who desire special commemoration for relatives or friends will present their names in due time. Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

4—S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Cardinal. (Model of Pastors.)

5—B. Martin Porres, O. P., Lay Brother. (Mortification.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

6—S. Norbert, Bishop (from June 6). (Christian Courage.) Monthly High Mass of Requiem for deceased members of the Church Building Association at 9 A. M.

7—B. Peter Ruffa, O. P., Priest and Martyr. (Contemplation.) (Benediction.)

8—Octave of All Saints. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

9—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—The Patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of the Holy Name. Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Forty Hours' Devotion at S. Dominic's San Francisco.

10—S. Angela, Virgin. (Patience.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M. Anniversary of the deceased Brothers and Sisters of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries and Rosarians: C. C.; assist at the services for the dead; prayers. High Mass of Requiem at 9 A. M.

11—S. Martin, Bishop. (Charity to the Poor.) (Benediction.)

12—Anniversary of the dedication of the Basilica of S. John Lateran, which is the

Pope's Cathedral. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

13—B. Emily Bicchleri, O. P., Virgin. (Purity of Intention.)

14—B. John Licci, O. P., Priest. (Devotion to the Passion.) (Benediction.)

15—B. Albert the Great, O. P., Bishop. (Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

16—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—B. Lucy Narni, O. P., Virgin. (Resignation.) Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. (Beginning of Novena in honor of S. Catherine.)

17—S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, so called on account of his extraordinary miracles, Bishop. (Confidence in Prayer.)

18—Anniversary of the Consecration of the Basilica of S. Peter, Rome.

19—S. Elizabeth of Hungary, O. S. F., queen and widow. (Almsgiving.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

20—S. Felix Valois, Priest and Founder, with S. John of Matha, of the Order of Trinitarians for the Redemption of Captives. (Retirement.)

21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the temple. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Two Plenary Indulgences for members of the Confraternity: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers. (Benediction.)

22—S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, Heavenly Patroness of Music. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

23—FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Clement, Pope and Martyr. (Detachment from worldly goods.) Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

24—S. John of the Cross, Carmelite Priest. (Religious Discipline.)

25—S. Catherine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr. (Zeal for Souls.) Heavenly Protectress of the Dominican Order. (Benediction.)

26—S. Andrew Avellino, Priest of the Congregation of Regular Clerks. (Obedience.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

27—B. Margaret of Savoy, O. P., Widow. (Patience in Sickness.)

28—S. Stanislaus Kostka, S. J., Cleric. (Purity.) (Benediction.)

29—B. James de Benefactis, O. P., Bishop. (Attachment to the Holy See.) Beginning of Novena in honor of the Im-

maculate Conception. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

30—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—First Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are as follows: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Charles Borromeo,

Bishop; S. Gertrude, Abbess; S. Godfrey, Bishop; S. Felix, Priest; S. Hubert, Bishop. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Martin of Tours, Bishop; S. Clement, Pope; S. Elizabeth of Hungary, Widow; S. Theodore, Martyr; S. Catherine of Alexandria. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Andrew, Apostle; S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Hilda, Abbess; S. Flora, Virgin and Martyr; S. Edmund, Bishop.

Blessed Henry Suso, of the Order of S. Dominic, whilst pursuing his studies at the Cologne University, became very friendly with a young man of his own age, whom the same studies, a similar manner of life, and the like yearning after sanctity, had attracted to him.

Having completed their studies, as they were on the eve of separation, each returning to his own Monastery, they mutually promised that which ever of them was the first to die, he should be assisted by the other for a whole year, the survivor offering two Masses weekly, one on Monday, a requiem Mass, and the other on Friday, a votive Mass of the Passion, as far as the Rubrics permitted.

After a long and edifying life, Blessed Suso's friend was called to appear before God. Suso, however, had entirely forgotten his engagement, but on receiving the news of his friend's death, he prayed for him promptly, and performed many penitential acts for the relief of his soul, though never once did he remember the long-promised Masses. The poor deceased religious had not, however, forgotten them.

One day, as Blessed Suso was making his meditation in a retired part of the chapel, he saw before him his dear departed friend, who was much disfigured by suffering. "What!" exclaimed the apparition, "you have forgotten our agreements, I gave you my promise, you accepted it, and I had every right to trust in a mutual promise."

"Ah! my brother, this forgetfulness on my part was quite involuntary; but if the

remembrance of the Masses agreed on by both of us escaped me, I have, nevertheless, not been forgetful of you; how many prayers have I not offered to God for the repose of your soul, how many austerities have I not practised in order to hasten your deliverance! Your salvation is as precious to me as my own, and I continue daily to offer to God some good works for you. Is this not sufficient?" "Ah! no, no, my brother, that does not satisfy me. It is the blood of Jesus Christ I need to extinguish the flames which burn me; the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, alone, will deliver me from these terrible torments; I beg of you, therefore, to fulfill your promise; do not withhold from me, my brother, what, in justice, you owe me."

Blessed Suso, covered with shame, hastened to assure his suffering friend that he would lose no time in fulfilling his agreement to atone for his negligence, he would offer even more Masses than he had promised.

In fact, the very next morning, several priests, at Suso's earnest request, said Mass for the same intention, and for the space of many days they continued to celebrate Mass for the soul departed. Then the deceased appeared again to Blessed Suso, joy was depicted on his countenance, and a halo of light shone around his head.

"Oh! How much I thank you, my faithful friend; behold, through the Most Precious Blood of our Divine Redeemer, I am delivered from Purgatory; I now ascend to Heaven, where I shall never forget you."

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BALZAC, FLAUBERT, DE GONCOURT, ZOLA.

THE FRENCH REALISTIC AND NATURALISTIC ROMANCE.

I.

JOHN A. MOONEY, LL.D.

The death of Emile Zola will not excite the sentiment of regret in any decent or half-decent soul. Without him, the world can be no worse than he would have made it, if he could. Pity one will have; a pity, however, that should mislead no one into attributing to the most debased of an utterly debased school of writers, natural gifts that he did not possess, or qualities that he could not acquire.

Even among the many who, since his abrupt extinction, have been ashamed to commend his foul—we are tempted to say rotten—books, some of our own people have innocently ventured to pay a compliment to Zola's "great talent" as a writer. The man had no great literary talent. Any day of any week a talent similar to his may be discovered in the journalistic report of a prize fight, a horserace, a football match, or of a crime horrible enough to delight some other bestial Zola. The gentle French tongue he passed a life in misusing, in abusing. A man extremely ignorant, his language was not only incorrect, awkward, obscure, confused, but it was also rude, vulgar, coarse, when it was not filthy. Could Zola have destroyed the decent French language and supplanted it by a language wholly ribald, he would have done so gladly. No cultured man would turn to a book of Zola's for beauty of conception

or expression, for elegance, precision of style, for elevation of sentiment—honor, loyalty, friendship, true love, self-sacrifice, patriotism, womanly chastity—respect for any trait or virtue that civilized men have always cherished—and, still less, for veracious information upon any subject. How, then, did he succeed in gaining a world-wide notoriety? That, without a "great talent," one may win a world-wide notoriety, we shall make plain.

Honoré de Balzac might be called, ungraciously, the stepfather of the more modern brood of French writers of romance. Head and shoulders he stands above all the others. As a model of graceful, polished style he would deserve no mention. A man of a marvelous imagination; a keen observer of nature, of humanity; having a deep insight into the heart of men and women; capable of weaving artfully the most intricate plot and of portraying manifold character and every passion, he was eminently fitted to be a story teller. Working rapidly, he prepared himself with care, studying books as well as men. Though his death, at the age of fifty-one, prevented him from completing the extraordinary scheme he had conceived—nothing less than a complete panorama of the outside and inside of modern mankind—Balzac made it difficult for ambitious young romance writers to

gain a reputation for originality. And without such a reputation, how can the ambitious and the impecunious acquire the most valued of all fames—the fame that pays in cash?

Balzac sought to interest a reader by means of detail, plentiful and exact. Costumes he studied, furniture, jewelry, bric-a-brac, architecture, the technique of many arts, the mechanism of trades, the intricacies of business. As living beings environed by real things—thus would he portray men and women. In books as well as in shops and museums, he gathered his information, working hard and intelligently. Vanity, however, or perhaps a defect of taste or of judgment, led him often to insist on trifles, whose multiplicity tried the reader and impeded the action of the story.

Whatever his defects, Balzac's talent—for he had indeed a *great* talent, a talent amounting almost to genius—forced his novel method upon younger and older men who were seeking a market for their wares or the gratification of a small ambition. Unfortunately, when planning the "*Comédie Humaine*," Balzac neglected to consult prudence. A Christian, nay more, a professing Catholic, who justly claimed that his religion was "a complete system of repression of the depraved tendencies of mankind and the grandest element of social order," he did not escape, nor did he strenuously avoid, the influence of the immoral traditions of what is popularly called French Literature; traditions that, in every living literature, reach back to pagandom.

A Belgian is, just now, courting fame by a laboriously mean attempt to augment the number and enlarge the size of the hidden stains that may have sullied Balzac's moral character. By those who were intimately acquainted with him, he was regarded as a man exceptionally correct; and, always, his word and example favored purity of life. Before beginning his daily task, he used to put on a white flannel robe, held in at the waist by a cord. The color, as he explained to his associates, symbolized his ideal of the decency, the cleanliness, that should accom-

pany the work of the literary man. Carefully he kept this robe unspotted. To the young writers who gathered around him, he commended especially the virtue of chastity. Only by the chaste could the power of the soul be developed to the highest degree; indeed, he maintained that on the chaste are bestowed mental powers of which others know not at all.

From his public life and public utterances one might argue that, in his great "*Comedy of Human Life*," Balzac's intention was moral. Defending himself against those who reproached him because of some of his morbid studies, he could point to the many virtuous characters he had created. With Gautier, one must concede that Balzac ever defended authority, exalted religion, preached duty, reprehended evil passions, and exalted marriage and the happiness of the family life. And yet, giving him credit for a well-meaning motive, one must condemn several of his books. Unmentionable vices, that even moralists or physicians might modestly hesitate to discuss or expose in a dead language, he dared to treat inquisitively in the language of the people. His pen was less chaste than his doctrine. The end, even if it were wholly good, could not justify the means. Vicious as they were, the means were bound to be viciously effective.

Under Balzac's hand, the French romance took on a new form. A "*realist*" he has been called, and rightly so if one consider only certain peculiarities of his method. While he was working, like a slave—from 1829 until 1850—the Romantics, writers of veritable romances, fantastic tales of the fantastical adventures of grotesque heroes, were not out of fashion. Balzac won his way slowly. To be as "*realistic*" as this leader into new paths, others tried. All failed in being as artful or as human. No one among them dreamed of attempting to "*outbalzac*" Balzac until Gustave Flaubert appeared on the literary boards, six years after Balzac's death.

A native of Rouen, having had a good classical education, Flaubert traveled at leisure over Europe and in

His father was a medical surgeon; he might well be called a liter-surgeon. Though the author of several romances, whose titles differed and whose personages were named differently, moved in varied scenes, yet Flaubert, owing to a distinguished authority, whom one may safely agree, wrote one book—a book that a gentleman not have written. Perfection of style he drudged to attain, spending seven years in the writing of one paltry volume. In American magazines this labored style was infrequently praised, though it is serious, artificial, lifeless. The two reprehensible defects of Balzac—an innate love of detail and a revolting aversion of animalism—Flaubert cultivated with a cold-blooded passion. Having a habit of study and the home tradition of a physician and surgeon, he divided his romances into cyclopædias of medical learning, of physiological instruction and of professional, commercial and artistic information. Erudite, somewhat sentimental, he was none the less refined, gross, boorish. An egotist, he evinced no sympathy with humankind, except pity. To him this was a world of dull, diseased beasts; a world deserving only contempt from the illustrious poet and his cronies. Of virtue, natural or acquired, he took no account. Flaubert the romancist, there was no originality, no creative power. His work might be called novel; and notwithstanding the unthinking, the thoughtless the indolent, the uneducated, the vulgar, the worldly, the feeble-minded, the lewd—an innumerable public. To one of these distinct, if undistinguishable, classes, Flaubert appealed directly, because, under the cloak of fiction and of style, he dared to be suggestive, more minutely filthy, than his predecessor, and, we may say, his rival, Balzac. How well he succeeded in reaching his ideals may be guessed from the fact that, early in his career, he was rebuked by the government of Napoleon III as one guilty of an offence against public morality. Condemning his nasty style—the one book to which we have al-

ready referred—the judges let the author go unpunished, accepting his lawyer's plea that, doing ill, Flaubert had no intention to be legally immoral. In 1857, just as in our day, the author of a criminal book, escaping the heavy fine or the jail he deserved, invited the attention of appreciative readers. There is always a crowd of delicate souls awaiting an expert *litterateur* who will courteously instruct them, for a dollar or two, how to be sinful without being classed as malefactors.

A talent Flaubert had, but it was not the talent of a great writer of romances. An editor of a classical satirist—Juvenal perchance—he should have been, or a collaborator on a Universal Dictionary, or a compiler of a handbook of archæology, or a writer of monographs about mysterious diseases. Balzac was gifted with an imagination, superabundant, vital. In composition—the faculty and art of choosing and associating living beings, of a time actual or past and in a place real or probable, so that each personage and every circumstance shall assist in telling, directly, a lifelike story—he was a master. With painful effort, Flaubert could compose a series of little pictures, within a small frame. Of imagination, nature had favored him with a mean share.

Dying in 1880, Flaubert left no work assuring the fame he ploddingly toiled for; nor could he claim to have founded a school, though he gained admirers of one sort and pupils of another sort. To follow his method strictly, few dare pretend. Few apprentice-romancists, even had they his training and inclination, could afford to spend in research the time that this method exacted. And influence Flaubert did exert; and it was a bad influence. The notion of "realism" he had expanded, intensified; "naturalism"—an impudent, daring immodesty, microscopically painted—such was the realism for which he coined a new name. To write immodesties costs less, where the conscience is infirm, than to glean erudition. Shall we wonder then if the unlearned, the hungry, the greedy romancists who came after him were satisfied with convincing

the public that, in shamelessness at least, they could surpass the erudite "naturalist," Gustave Flaubert?

Before he began his heavy-footed pursuit of popularity, two natives of Nancy, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt had hired a plain apartment in Paris, bent on literary renown. The brothers were aristocratic fellows, who, inscribing the democratic Mr. before their names, could not help feeling as if they had put the whole of France under an obligation. Was there ever a time when an ancestor of theirs had not been in the army! And could they not name Counts, living Counts, who were allied with their family!

The elder brother, Edmond, born in 1822, was ten years older than Jules. Before settling in Paris they had wandered together, sketching, painting, etching. Happily or unhappily they determined to marry their art with literature. A poor romance, the first fruit of this wedding, the Parisians had no time to look at when it was exposed in a shop window on the second of December, 1851—the very day of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. This failure could only temporarily depress men who imagined, or pretended, that they came into the world with a mission. Putting aside romancing in romance, they essayed romancing in history. To the eighteenth century, the brothers turned for salable material—to the weak, frivolous, mincing, liberal and libertine society of the decaying French court; to Kings' mistresses, favorite actresses, frills, furbelows, a vapid art, feminine furniture and gewgaws. The artistic taste which they had cultivated in a random fashion adapted itself nicely to this new pursuit. They illustrated their books; and with the money gained from them purchased bits of eighteenth century brack-a-brack, engravings, samples of the little art of the period. With the strange art of Japan, Paris had just begun to be familiar. The De Goncourts were among the first to ride the Japanese hobby. Investing, as their income allowed, in paintings, prints, bronzes, and in China and Japanese curios of all kinds,

they were in time entitled to assume a position of superiority in the Parisian middle-class world of letters and of art; a superiority that was enhanced when the Princesse Mathilde, quondam wife of Prince Demidoff, daughter of Jerome Bonaparte and sister of the immortal "Plon-Plon," admitted them to her *salon*.

Meantime the brothers, knowing well that there was more chance for profit in romancing romances than in romancing history, had returned to their first love—returned with an ambition not unlike Flaubert's, but a greater ambition. He would have been satisfied could he have written in a way that should seem perfect to him. The brothers opined that, in France, all style had hitherto been imperfect; they were the men to invent true style; a style which they could describe only by calling it "artistic." Poor fellows! Worrying themselves over the confection of their style, many a doleful hour they passed. And how many willing or unwilling readers have they not made more than unhappy! Their natural style was none too good; the style they machinated was irritating—a language as heavy as their mind, as artificial as their taste, as incorrect as their thought, and as vulgar as their intimates.

Adorning the romance with this unique style, the De Goncourts were not satisfied; they would create a new kind of romance, surpassing all that had been hitherto essayed. Flaubert imagined that his realism equalled nature's. They aimed to exceed him in naturalism. And they did. Gross as Flaubert was, he confined his unwholesome dissections to the home of the *bourgeois* in the village or in the town, when he was not scrutinizing mouldy antiquities. The De Goncourts went into the Parisian slums, into the gutter, the brothel, taking their "artistic" style with them. The new romance could not exist without the new style. And now the precious style was further embellished by a jewelry of slang, rude, obscene; a vernacular of the pitifully degraded. The "naturalism" of these *dilettante* amateur historians, amateur artists, was drearier, more ignoble, more nauseous than that of

the police court. Edmond lived twenty-six years after Jules—twenty-six years of studied, obstinate indelicacy, of graceless depravity, always exculpated under the perverse if not disingenuous plea, that, in order to love truth artistically, one must seek it in the sewers.

Lest any one should question the deliberation of these purveyors of putridity, we need only refer to the preface of one of their so-called romances, where, slighting contemptuously books which "will not turn one's stomach," the De Goncourts notify the public that, in their volume will be found no more photographs, but in fact a clinic, of vice. A book of sadness, of violence. It shall be; a book antagonizing not only the manners and customs, but even the "hygiene" of decent society; a book to shock the public and to scandalize its taste; a book of terribly ignoble catastrophes. And this was an offering of the brothers at the altar of Art and Truth, of the religion of Humanity; an analytical book, a psychological book, a book of science, and therefore as liberal and free as Science itself. Alas! Have we been so long striving to civilize ourselves, only to find at last that Art and Truth, of the religion of Humanity, have conspired with psychology and Science to ruin, simultaneously, our morals and our digestion.

Regardless of his demerits as a writer, the elder brother, Edmond de Goncourt, may claim our attention as the "Master" of Zola. In public the latter conferred this unenviable title upon the former. Edmond was undoubtedly proud, in a measure, of this recognition; though he looked upon Zola as so much inferior to himself, intellectually, socially, and, perhaps, morally, that we imagine he would have preferred to coin, as he could, some adjective synonymous with both "peerless" and "supereminent," and then conjoin it with "Master."

Compared with either of the De Goncourts, the egotistic Flaubert was an altruist. "Literature mad"—so Ernest Daudet described the brothers—they were more insane over themselves than over literature. A diary begun by the two in 1851, and continued by Edmond after

the death of Jules, portrays both men to the life. "In order to be celebrated," thus they wrote and wrote again in 1859, "it is indispensable that one should inter two generations: that of one's professors and that of one's college friends—your own generation and the generation which preceded you." Can one imagine a more stupid, more heartless, cruel profession of egotism? Shall we be astonished, reading the following words written by Edmond de Goncourt in his sixty-seventh year: "I desire to make a book—not a romance—in which I could spit down on my times." High up as Jove at least, the aged De Goncourt, artist, humanitarian, has lifted himself. More than contempt, than scorn, he has for every being except Edmond, the Master of Zola. In the brutal sentence we have quoted he feebly expressed his crazy vanity, and his churlish resentment against the sane and decent folk who told the truth about his books and his patented style. Amateur of the artistic, serf of originality, he revealed elsewhere the fullness of his delicate soul in the choice phrase: "I vomit on my contemporaries." From no private letter do we quote these words, but from Edmond de Goncourt's printed diary.

This Master of Zola had an ideal in literature and in art: an ideal that he pursued indefatigably during his forty-five years of authorship, and one that he reduced to writing in these terms: "Of every picture that produces a moral impression, it can be said, in general, that it is a bad picture." A monstrous principle! A principle that could have been formulated only by a fool who dreamed of interring not only two generations, but indeed all the civilized generations that have existed since Almighty God revealed Himself—and with Himself, truth and beauty, and, therefore, the moral—to our first progenitor; a principle whose equivalent is that: "In art, only the moral can be immoral." With difficulty would a knowing detective discover a common sot, a strumpet, a murderous burglar, confessing, and still less professing, to hold an ideal so atrocious.

Greedy for notoriety; for money with

which to gratify sensual appetites; for a vain reputation as a connoisseur in the odds and ends of an eccentric art; for a half a page, after death, in a handbook of French literature, or a paragraph in a cyclopedia—and, perhaps, for an unveracious bronze statue in Nancy—such were the motives inspiring the De Goncourts. Unintellectual, miseducated, unoriginal because unimaginative, earthly minded, the brothers must, in their sane moments, have recognized that they could add nothing to the glory of decent French literature. Not a beautiful, enlivening, elevating, not a clean thought did either one of them utter. No wit, no humor, no drollery enlivens their morose pages, all sad with the sadness of pessimism. Good morals, they had personal reasons for belittling, even in youth. Their ailments, their yearnings, their diseased appetites, their cherished vices; their books, articles, plots, dramas; their fears, their hopes, their hates; their successes, their failures, their refined sensibilities, their phenomenal though unappreciated powers—the ignorance, meanness, ingratitude of the world that neither would nor could understand or sufficiently admire them—prating and scribbling of such things was their daily occupation and pleasure.

Alone, vanity would have sufficed to lead the brothers far astray; but hardly as far as they went. To compete with Balzac they could not, except where his defects invited competition. In erudite detail and in uncleanness Flaubert had far surpassed Balzac. Indeed, Flaubert boasted that, devising an antique romance, he had diligently studied books until he made sure of electing as the scene of his tale the most corrupt of corrupt places. Of classical learning the De Goncourts had no large store, so that Flaubert's rank as a popularizer of archeology they could not hope to contest. But they could be more realistically unclean, more corrupt and corrupting than he had been; and this they could be without going back centuries and to distant lands. The most revolting corruption of Paris would serve their purpose—and it did. In this purpose, and in a persistent effort to carry out this

purpose, we place the "talent" and the "originality" of Jules and Edmond de Goncourt. A publisher to whom they offered one of the abominable things they called romances—a thing they had to print at their own expense, and then to put upon the market at ten cents a copy—returned it to them, saying that it was "too lugubrious and horrible." When we state that, later in life, Edmond contrived and matured epitomes of iniquity still more lugubrious and more horrible, the progress of artistic and scientific "naturalism," under the impulse of the De Goncourts may be easily surmised.

The family from which the brothers issued was practical in its wordly aspirations. Military glory was not the ideal presented to the young men. A fixed income, with the added importance of a petty office under the government, would have satisfied them, had they followed their mother's advice; but they willed otherwise. Before we made their acquaintance, in their books, the two had been trying to get their names before the public by writing pot-a-boilers for impecunious journals, theatrical sketches that managers balked at, and literary articles indecent enough to bring them into court five years before Flaubert had gained this distinction. Thus advertising themselves, they were admitted to a boon companionship with the bohemian world of Parisian scribblers, poets, feuilletonists, pseudo critics; with editors, actors, actresses, ballet dancers, and, worse, with painters, engravers, caricaturists, with young physicians, chemists, engineers—all babblers and scoffers.

Accumulating money, they bought a country house. Their Parisian house, well, advertised, became known to all fanciers of *bibelots*. Neither one married. Into costly excesses they were not disposed to run. Balzac made fortunes, only to fling them away, but the men of Lorraine were cautious. When Edmond died he was reputed to be wealthy, and so be believed himself to be. For twenty years or more he had excited the interest of a certain world of art and letters by talking and writing about his will, and

about a mysterious academy, a rival of the French Academy. After his death, it was known that he had left the better part of his fortune to found the "De Goncourt Academy." The overweening vanity and the eager ambition of Zola's Master one could no longer doubt. However, up to this present day of this present year neither France nor the rest of humanity have profited by the provisions of Edmond de Goncourt's testament—a testament in which he showed, for the first time, a gleam of humor.

As he grew older, every year Edmond gained, besides wealth and a malodorous notoriety—something else that pleased his miserable little ambition. Most of the fleeting celebrities of Paris gave him a gloved or ungloved hand. Intellectually and morally, the greater number of those with whom he associated closely resembled himself, though he seems to have been unaware of the likeness. This modest, retiring, polished gentry, he photographed at one of the many dinners to which, with Jules, he was admitted. We quote from the after-dinner notes preserved in the diary: "Every political discussion amounts to this: I am better than you! Every literary discussion amounts to this: I have more taste than you! Every artistic discussion to this: I see better than you! Every musical discussion to this: I have a better ear than

you!" And then, more clearly to show forth the supremely ridiculous egotism of the two brothers, we must print here the lamentation which they added to this post-prandial elegy: "But it is frightful to think that, in every controversy, *we* are alone, and that *we* never make proselytes. Perhaps with this very end in view God made *two of us*." Every reader should, from these notes, be able to sketch, off-hand, Jules, Edmond and the celebrities who were not friends—because friendship withdraws when egotists assemble at a dinner table.

With the coveted rosette of the Legion of Honor, Emile Zola's "Master" was decorated by a discerning member of a French ministry. To Edmond de Goncourt the gift, however acceptable, seemed to be a tardy recognition of the transcendent ability of two brothers, who in his estimation, had been not only "the most virtuous," but also "the greatest romance writers of their times."

At Edmond's grave the infamous pupil, Zola, spoke the customary funeral oration. Of the pupil's relations with the Master, and of the pupil's career, we shall have a word to say, after we have introduced some other noted intimates of Edmond de Goncourt, and after we have pointed a moral, with the story of his deathbed.

BEATAE VIRGINI IMMACULATAE

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

Maria, Virgo candida,
Gestans coronam siderum,
Albis amicta vestibus,
Et luce fulgentissima!
Lætus tibi congratulor.
Apparuisti splendida,
Cunctis creatis pulchrior
Ut Mater esses Jesuli!
Stolam meam quam pollui
Absterge Jesu sanguine:

Clemens fac ut lucidam
In posterum custodiam!
Inter catervam virginum
Quæ semper Agnum concinunt,
Quis antels pulcherrima,
Admitte me lætissimum!
Jesu! Tibi laudatio,
Matrem tuam qui noxia,
Acerba propter vulnera,
Potens creasti liberam.

Amen.

BLESSED SEBASTIAN MAGGI, PRIEST.

Blessed Sebastian of the noble family of the Maggi, was born at Brescia in the north of Italy early in the fifteenth century. From boyhood he gave evident signs of future sanctity, and, in order more effectually to secure his own salvation and to labor for that of others, he entered the Dominican Order at an early age. He ever united great innocence of life with the practice of severe bodily penance, observed his rule with the minutest fidelity and made rapid progress in learning and sanctity.

His preaching was attended with wonderful success; he brought great multitudes of sinners to repentance, reconciled many who were at variance and established or strengthened solid piety in several Italian cities. He successively governed many converts of his order with great prudence and charity and built for his brethren a much larger and more conveniently situated church than they had hitherto possessed in Milan, in which work he was greatly assisted by the alms of the faithful, and especially of Duchess Beatrice, whose confessor he was. He twice held the office of Vicar of the reformed congregation of Lombardy, and was the contemporary and for a time the superior of another great servant of God; Father Jerome Savonarola, whom he appointed instructor of the novices at the early age of twenty-nine, within seven years of the commencement of his novitiate. Burlamacchi says that Blessed Sebastian heard the confession of Savonarola more than a hundred times and had for him all through his life the greatest possible esteem, as he regarded him as a man of pure and blameless life.

The virtues of Blessed Sebastian chiefly displayed themselves in his manner of governing. His authority was mingled with so much charity and humility that he seemed to be rather the servant than

the superior of his brethren. He loved with his own hands to wait upon them when they were in health and to minister to them when they were sick. It was commonly said of him that he went to visit the sick as joyfully as some would go to a wedding. In correction, his only thought was the glory of God and the amendment of his subject; and he always sought to persuade the offender to acknowledge his fault before receiving punishment. "When you have committed a fault," he would say, "come to me, not as Prior, but as your father. If you will not have me as a father, you will find me a severe judge." Hence, to those who openly and readily acknowledged their faults, he was very indulgent, giving them secret penances and concealing their weaknesses from others, that so they might not be discouraged.

He was of the most austere life and a rigid maintainer of religious observance. Never was he known to absent himself from the choir or the refectory and he was loved and revered by all his subjects for his own exact obedience to the rules he enforced on others. He labored long at the reformation of the convent of Lodi, where he and his brethren led a very hard life, supported only by the alms which they daily begged from door to door.

Blessed Sebastian's death was hastened by his holding a visitation of his province when he was suffering from grievous sickness and extreme old age. On arriving at the Convent of Santa Maria di Castello at Genoa, he turned to his companions and told them that this would be the place of his rest forever. Having received the last rites of the church, he peacefully departed to our Lord, in 1496. His holy body remains incorrupt even to our own day; he has worked many miracles and is held in great veneration. He was beatified by Clement XIII.

CATHOLIC FEDERATION—ITS MISSIONS AND RESULTS.

ANTHONY MATRE, NATIONAL SECRETARY.

What is Catholic Federation? This question is so frequently asked that an explanation is always timely. Federation is a banding together of the Catholic societies of the United States for the purpose of establishing a bond of close friendship among all; to work unitedly for the general welfare of Catholicity (apart from the object of each organization and leaving each society with its own government and officers) to vindicate the rights of Catholic citizens; to foster and protect Catholic interests, and to defend Catholic principles.

With these laudable objects in mind, and encouraged by prominent members of the Hierarchy, as well as championed by the Right Reverend James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, and the Right Reverend S. G. Messmer, Bishop of Green Bay, the great movement, after mature deliberation, was permanently founded in the city of Cincinnati on December 10, 11, 12, 1901 in the presence of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, Bishop Horstman of Cleveland, Bishop Maes of Covington, Bishop McFaul and Bishop Messmer, besides a large number of clergymen and prominent laymen hailing from all parts of the United States.

All the delegates in attendance were imbued with a spirit of determined earnestness; all felt that the time had come when the Catholic laity should arouse from a state of lethargy to one of activity, and that they should demonstrate to the world that the Catholic population has grown to be a powerful factor in shaping the destinies of this great republic. All felt that the power for good can best be promoted by concerted action in all matters affecting Catholic interests, constitutional rights and privileges.

After adopting a constitution and mapping out a plan for action the work of agitating began. The Catholic press, with

few exceptions, assisted this work with vigor and vim, and the good seed sown at Cincinnati reaped fruit beyond the sanguine expectation of the best friends of Federation, so that when the second Convention was called eight months later at Chicago, the movement had the approbation of thirty Bishops, the endorsement of the foremost organizations in the country and the blessing of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.

The Convention at Chicago was a notable one and will go down in the history of the Catholic Church of the United States as the greatest Catholic Congress of its kind ever held in America. Besides the presence of the Most Reverend W. H. Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, three Bishops and a large number of priests, there were in attendance the supreme officers of nearly all the national organizations in this country, as well as the representatives of the German, Irish, Polish, Bohemian and French associations.

No question of nationality was raised; all assembled as Catholic American citizens. To all it became apparent that Federation knows no nationality, but sees only one common Faith in all. Nationality is not to be distinguished in the eyes of Federation. "Catholicity is the one note necessary," says an eminent writer; "in all else the different societies may remain free and autonomous, local, individual, national or what not, so long as they are truly and completely Catholic, and are ready to work harmoniously for the common cause under the banner of Federation."

And what did the great Catholic Congress at Chicago do?

It was instrumental in creating in this country a Catholic opinion, and it has demonstrated that the Federation is a great school in which the leading questions of the day affecting Church and social interests can be elucidated, discussed.

And what questions did Federation elucidate?

The Friar question was carefully debated by Bishop McFaul, by Father O'Reilly, an Augustinian Friar, and by others; and resolutions were thereupon adopted, extending to the persecuted religious orders in the Philippines our fullest sympathy.

The Indian school question was carefully explained by the Reverend H. G. Ganns, the representative of the Catholic Indian School Bureau, and, as a result, the Federation pledged its moral support in remedying the existing adverse conditions. Since this question will be prominently brought to the fore within the next few months, it might be well briefly to record here the true condition of our Catholic Indian schools, as outlined by Father Ganns.

He said among other things: "The Indian question has at all times been a most vexatious one. It has been a problem full of perplexities. In our republic we have at the present day 270,000 Indians, the last remnant of a rapidly disappearing race. It is known to you what we did with the Indian and how we dealt with him; how we drove him from the Delaware to the Ohio, from the Ohio to the Mississippi, from the Mississippi we drove him on and on until to-day he stands on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, ready to be plunged into it. You remember that General Grant summoned the different representatives of the Episcopal, Methodist, Congregationalist, Unitarian and other denominations to Washington to inaugurate a new policy to civilize the Indians. He confessed that our national policy in dealing with the Indians during the past had been fruitless. He addressed the representatives in this respect: 'Gentlemen, we adopted the wrong policy; we have been unjust to the Indian. Now, you go out there and convert the Indian to Christianity, and, through Christianity, bring him into citizenship.'"

He then made a stipulation, a compact as sound and as sacred as any two right-minded men can enter upon. He told them: "You go out West, build your

schools, equip them, send there your teachers and I pledge the word of the United States Government that we will support those schools; that we will give you a pro rata payment for each child you educate."

"On the strength of that promise we went out West. We erected our schools. We sent there our most zealous Priests and consecrated Nuns. The work progressed successfully and triumphantly. Our success, however, was our crime. We worked until 1895. There was an epidemic that swept over the country then, an epidemic of devilish malignity, insane bigotry and satanic hatred. This undemocratic organization saw that it could no longer antagonize Catholics because the Catholic Church was no longer an unimportant factor.

"But on the frontier they saw the poor Indian ready to receive Catholic teaching—saw how he flocked to the Catholic schools. They saw the reverential awe with which he looked up to the Black Gown. They saw likewise the docility with which he listened to the meek and tender voice of the Nuns, and therefore they intruded themselves into Congress, and there they clamored that the appropriation given to the Catholic schools should be withdrawn. And, be it said to the eternal shame of the American Congress and Senate that they revoked the appropriations given to our Catholic Indian schools.

"We found ourselves in a most awkward and perplexing situation. What was to be done? Whence was the help to come? In that moment, when counsel was dear, when help was not in sight, there stepped into the midst of the Archbishops assembled in Washington a meek and modest woman, and in words breathing the very soul of humility, said: 'Fathers in Christ, if the Government will not support these schools, I, by the help of God, will support them until such a day when the Church can make provisions to support them.'

"This woman, whose name is enshrined in the heart of every Indian, whose name should be uttered in perpetual benedic-

DOMINICANA

by the lips of every one who claims a Catholic, was the Reverend Katherine Drexel. Since that day has been supporting our Catholicists. In one year she gave no less \$230 000. In another year she gave 50. Indeed, the amount is never 1 after.

appear before you," said Father, "as the spokesman of the incorers of the Catholic Indian schools missions to enlist your sympathy in work. And how is this to be done? turning to your homes, the reverend to their pulpits, and the Federamembers to their societies, to their ig halls and assembles, and there to stir up the true Catholic Faith, will perpetuate this work."

Federation also went on record, exing its strong disapproval of the so-treating habit, and urged its memo support the anti-treating moveis an efficient means of restricting l of intemperance. It further urged pport of Catholic high schools, mission is to advance the good accomplished by the parish schools. gratulated the Vatican and the an Government on the position atin the Philippine negotiations, and ow looking forward to an amicable n of affairs.

athy was likewise extended to the ited religious in France; bigoted uminous standard works were conl, and a strong plea was made to t the Catholic press.

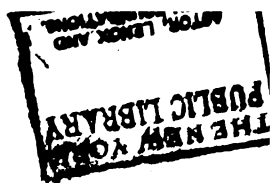
ght be asked what has all this agimounted to and what results have hieved? This agitation has formed strong public opinion, which has cused upon the religious and edu l interests of Catholics with an in heretofore unknown in the history rica. This public opinion had due in the repeal of the odious mar rder issued in Cuba by General and had a tremendous weight in lippine matter, where an investiga-affairs was at once instituted by vernment after being apprised of e of affairs.

And what has been gained by the Philippine agitation? Superintendent Atkinson, the Protestant head of the public school system in the Philippine Islands and Commissioner Moses have resigned (?), and General Smith a Catholic gentleman of San Francisco, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

The Catholic societies in Charlestown, Mass., brought about by constant agitation the granting of the celebration of Holy Mass on Sundays in the United States Navy Yards. Holy Mass may now be celebrated in various prisons. Crusades against vile, calumnious and bigoted publications and so-called standard works have been encouraged with successful results. Notorious slanderers of our clergy and sisterhoods have been excluded from our cities by the united action of the Catholic societies. (We chiefly allude to the Margaret Shepherd case in Columbus, Ohio, and elsewhere.) The corner-stone laying of public buildings, coupled with Freemasonry ceremonies, has been vigorously fought by the united Catholic societies of Covington, Ky., Bellaire, Ohio, and other centers.

It is needless to assert that since the inception of the Federation movement, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia and Mr. Bonaparte of Baltimore have been appointed the first Catholic members of the Board of Indian Commissioners; that a Catholic has been appointed for the office of Assistant Postmaster-General; that a graduate of the Georgetown Catholic University has been appointed one of the private secretaries of President Roosevelt; that several Catholic chaplains have been appointed in our army, and that other notable personages have deservedly received positions of trust.

Do not these results, speaking louder than words, tell us what united action—what a Federation of Catholic societies can accomplish? Is it not a holy and noble mission to be a crusader in this great apostleship of the laity? Are not all those who are engaged in this great work fulfilling a sacred duty—a duty so earnestly advocated in the encyclicals of Christ's vicar on earth—the teacher of Eternal Truth?



THE JEWS—THEIR PROPHETIC BEARING ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

II.

Before proceeding farther, and with a better understanding of our subject, it would be well to recite an historical fact intimately connected with our subject, as we opine, regarding the conversation of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine. We are told in history, that this Emperor, shortly after his conversion, made a division of the Roman Empire (The Beast of Daniel); the Eastern, which embraces the Grecian Empire, of which Constantinople became the seat of government, and the Western, which in the main, embraces Gallia, Hispania and Germania. No notice is here taken of Anglia, as it was abandoned shortly after its conquest by Julius Cæsar, but in the approaching great conflict will figure very conspicuously with its *Navy and Money*. The Eastern division has been absorbed by the Mahometans, which may be said to embrace seven horns or provinces of the *Beast of Daniel*, and which may be said (according to S. Paul) to be taken out of the way, leaving the three remaining horns—Hispania, Gallia and Germania—to be absorbed. This absorption will be the work of the Anti-Christ, the seventh and last head of the Beast, as we will endeavor to show. But it may be asked, what have all these quotations from the Fathers of the Church and S. Paul to do with the Jewish return to Judea, from their long captivity? It should be borne in mind that these quotations from our Saviour, from the Fathers of the Church, and from the Old and New Testaments, relate to the last days, specified for the return of the dispersed of Judea to their own country; and that they have material bearing upon the social, moral and political status of the world at this time (never so much disturbed before), we have only to read the newspapers pub-

lished in both hemispheres. We will summarize a few of these commotions.

The partial dismemberment of France, in the loss of her Eastern provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and subsequent disturbance of the political equilibrium of Europe, greater even than when Poland was absorbed.

The imprisonment, for a time, of the Holy Father, and wholesale spoliation of the Church of Rome by the Piedmontese robbers; the utter failure of this would-be concentration by the non-acquiescence of the Italian people, the unheard-of taxation making universal dissatisfaction, to end sooner or later in the overthrow of this bogus government. The resignation and flight of Dom Pedro from Brazil, thus making the western hemisphere republican; and the effect of this flight upon the Latin nations of Spain, Portugal and Italy, in conjunction with the example of republican France.

The Socialistic feeling in Germany, too, which is but another expression for popular government, which Bismarck the man of blood and iron, so much feared, and renders Kaiser William's nights sleepless ones. The immense military preparations already on hand, and daily increasing, thus rendering all Europe a military encampment, with its accompanying expense and heavy taxation—above all, Russia's designs of the Black Sea, and her determination to carry out the policy of her founder (Peter the Great) by the expulsion of the Turk from her Balkan Peninsula, are evidences of that unrest of the nations of the earth, in political and socialistic movements, and are without a previous parallel, and strictly illustrates our Saviour's predictions of "Nations rising against nations," "Wars and rumors of wars." They are truly all great signs

of the approaching great *Day of Judgment*.

But, to return from our digression to the prophecy of Daniel: when we shall see how this prophecy will figure in the impending great conflict, momentarily threatening the nations of Europe, and which, in our judgment, is one of the certainties of the near future, in consequence of Russia's attitude and designs in the Black Sea, more properly known as the Eastern Question.

This prophecy will enable us to understand more fully how the return of the Jews to Palestine from their long captivity will be accomplished. It is proper, therefore, to consult the *Eagle of the Apocalypse*, the Prophet Daniel. As the eagle soars higher than other birds, so this prophet is likened by S. John, in his vision of Patmos, to an eagle; he prophesied the rise and fall of all the great empires of the eastern hemisphere.

History informs us that the Chaldean, or Babylonian, Empire was absorbed by the Persians; that, in turn, by the Grecian; that by the Roman, and this last (still represented by the remaining horns of the beast) (Spain, France, and Germany) will be subverted by the Anti-Christ, who will have dominion over the whole earth. This man, we apprehend, will be sustained by the money of the Jews, after he has been accepted by them as their Messiah, according to our Saviour's prediction: "Another will come, and him you will receive." And this fact will enable him to carry on those wars and conquests which will place him above all other Emperors that have ever lived.

We hope that our readers will pardon us for making a quotation in extenso, from an article written some years ago by the writer on this same Eastern Question, which is again looming up, and in which this remarkable prophecy of Daniel was extensively used as a solution of the then and present belligerent attitude of the European governments.

Whatever difficulties may arise regarding the possession of Constantinople and the Balkan Peninsula on the part of Russia, with the connivance of some of the European Powers, the Turks on their ex-

pulsion from Europe, (the settled determination of Russia) it would seem, have settled that imbroglio for themselves.

There is a tradition among them, that, in case of their removal, the ruler of the little peninsula of Crimea, formerly Crim Tartary, and the ancient Taurica Chersonesus, on the north side of the Black Sea, shall succeed to the throne at Constantinople. The inhabitants of this small territory are intensely Mahometan; and Demetrius Cantemir, who has written an elaborate work (as we learn from the venerable and learned Dr. Charles Walmsley), assures us that the Mahometan family of this small Ruler, is, by descent, related to the same stock as that which sits at present upon the Ottoman, or Turkish, throne; and the Turks have often declared that, in the event of their expulsion or removal from Europe, the Crim branch shall succeed to the Turkish throne. This declaration and tradition reaches back to the destruction of the Grecian or Constantinopolitan Empire, whose last Emperor, Constantine Paleologus, fell at the siege of Constantinople in 1453. These facts bring us to the consideration of the Prophecy of Daniel regarding that remarkable man, the Anti-Christ; and if the quotations from this prophecy be deemed tedious by the reader, we must be excused, on the ground, according to our apprehension, that without it a proper understanding of the Eastern Question, and the difficulties threatening Europe, viewed in a prophetic sense cannot be reached.

Daniel (C. 7) in his vision saw four great beasts (i. e., empires) differing from one another, and in verses 4, 5, 6, proceeds to describe them by the typical animals of Lioness, Bear and Leopard, evidently referring to the Chaldean (or Babylonian), Persian and Grecian empires. After this (V. 7), in the same chapter, he continues: "I beheld in the vision of the night, and lo, a fourth Beast, terrible and wonderful, and exceeding strong; it had great iron teeth, eating and breaking into pieces, and treading down the rest with its feet, and it was unlike the other beast which I had seen before; it had ten horns, (V. 8; I considered the horns, and behold another

little horn sprung out in the midst of them, and three of the first horns were plucked out at the presence thereof, and, behold, eyes like the eyes of a man were in this horn, and a mouth speaking great things."

The prophet, as he narrates in V. 15, was frightened by these visions, and called an angel to instruct him and interpret them for him which he does. In V. 19 he diligently questions the angel concerning the fourth beast, and in V. 20, concerning the ten horns on his head, and the other that came up after, before which three horns fell, and of the same horn that had eyes and a mouth speaking great things, and was greater than the rest. The angel gives him the interpretation of his vision in V. 23 as follows: "The fourth beast shall be the fourth Kingdom upon the earth, which shall be greater than all the Kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and break it in pieces (V. 24), and the horns of the same kingdom shall be the ten kings and another shall rise up after them, and he shall be mightier than the former, and shall bring down three kings (V. 25). And he shall speak words against the Most High, and shall crush the Saints of the Most High, and shall think himself able to change times and laws; and they shall be delivered into his hands until a time, times and a half time" (i. e., three years and a half, the duration of the Anti-Christ's persecution). This last beast is evidently the Roman empire, for it absorbed and conquered the countries, which embraced those of the other beasts, or empires; and this fourth beast was divided into ten large provinces (i. e., horns), over which the emperors at Rome placed Governors to rule for them. Now, we have seen after the death of Diocletian, Constantine, upon his baptism and conversion to Christianity, by Pope Sylvester, divided the Empire into two great divisions, the Eastern and Western.

We likewise saw how the notable part of the Eastern Division fell into the hands of the Turks in 1453, making Constantinople their capital, and what little has been left of the dominion of the Turks by

the Turko-Russian War in 1878; and how the present disturbances of the provinces once forming the Balkan Peninsula, which constituted Turkey in Europe, must lead to their expulsion from European territory, and who shall be their successor to the throne of Constantinople. This man, we apprehend, will be the little horn spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, as he who will evidently pluck out the three horns of the beast, and become a universal Mahometan and Anti-Christian Emperor.

If we examine the map of the old Roman Empire, we discover that the little country of Crimea, formerly Crim Tartary, corresponds exactly to the middle of that empire; and if its ruler succeeds to the Turkish throne, as the Turks have declared, he can in the event of their removal, with propriety, according to the prophecy of Daniel, be styled the little horn, in the midst of the ten horns, but independent of them. But we are told by the prophet that he will pluck out or destroy three horns of the beast—i. e., three kingdoms—and of course incorporate into his empire three provinces that constituted three horns or provinces of the old Roman Empire; and these three must be Hispania, Gallia and Germania, which constitute mainly the western division of the old Roman Empire. But how can this be done? We have only the prophecies to direct us, and then left to our own conjectures, to form some idea of their accomplishment.

That there will be evidently a mighty commotion in the Mahometan mind, on their expulsion from Europe, requires no ken of a prophet to foresee; and that it will concentrate the whole Mahometan people, and precipitate the old battle-cry, "God is God, and Mahomet is his Prophet," accompanied by a maddening desire of revenge and hatred of the "Christian dog and name" is highly probable. But who are these infidels or Mahometans? According to Rand, McNally & Co.'s statistics of the different religions of the globe (see their Descriptive and Geographical Atlas), these people number 122,000,000, scattered for the most part in the dif-

ferent countries of Africa, Turkey, Arabia, Palestine, Persia, India, Afghanistan and Beloochistan. Their old enemy, Russia, we apprehend, will be the first country of their attack, and which, if successful, will be swift and brilliant. But just here Mr. Millionaire steps up, and, jeeringly flaunting his long and well-filled purse in our modest face, cries out: "Nonsense! How can your 'Bloody-Shirt Man,' your 'Man of Sin,' conquer our people without the sinews of war, Money? and how can such an obscure man, from such an obscure country, rise to such an importance as to be ruler of the whole world?"

We shall endeavor to solve both the obscurity and impecunious part of this objection. The founder of the Mahometan religion and nation was Mahomet, a man who could neither read nor write, and procured a person to write down his so-called inspired tenets in a book called the Alcoran, and which he pretended to have received from the Archangel Gabriel. This obscure man, joined by a few fugitive slaves and thieves, in less than ten years after he became prophet, had conquered the whole of Arabia; and Ottoman, third successor of Mahomet, and founder of the Ottoman Empire, twenty years after Mahomet's death, found himself in possession of an empire which embraced all Arabia, Persia, Egypt, and a greater part of Africa, as then known. And who has not heard of the obscure Corsican, not even a Frenchman proper, destroying the old hereditary monarchy of France, and substituting an empire in its place; and making himself the terror of Europe, Emperor of the French, deposing kings, creating new kingdoms, and destroying in twenty years the lives of two millions of people?

But Mr. Millionaire asks: "Where is your 'Man of Sin's' money to come from to sustain him in his conquests?" This supposed difficulty brings us to the consideration of the most interesting part of our new prophetic view of the all-absorbing Eastern Question, and, incidentally, of the Jewish return to Palestine. Who has not heard of the dispersed Judea, and seen them too? This singular people, first

chosen of God, were an enlightened and civilized people when the inhabitants of Europe and the British Isles, almost nude and naked or clad in skins of wild beasts, were gathering their precarious and scant supply of nuts and berries in the wild woods for winter consumption; and hardly yet emerged from the Neolithic, or Stone Age, as the cavern explorations of the geologists have disclosed. Whilst our nude ancestors knew not the God of Israel, they, the Jews, were singing psalms and canticles of praise; offering incense and sacrifice to the living God, in a temple unexcelled in beauty, all-shining with polished brass and gold, writing proverbs and parables and books of wisdom (maxims today), whilst all surrounding nations were buried in the grossest idolatry. They are still a remarkable people though scattered, because of infidelity and their self-pronounced curse, "His blood be upon us and our children."

They were never more prosperous, financially speaking, than now; are the largest owners of money in the world, whether represented by government securities, municipal bonds, bank stock, railroad bonds or stock, merchandise, etc.

Our little horn, as we have endeavored to show, will be a Mahometan, and, after the subjugation of Russia (the present great persecutor of the Jews), will be emboldened to take out the three remaining horns of the beast—i. e., of the old Roman Empire, represented by France, Spain and Germany; and then, according to S. Jerome, will formerly declare himself Anti-Christ. In one respect the Mahometans and Jews are alike, as both are monotheistic in belief, both denying the Trinity, practicing circumcision, and abstaining from pork. The Beloved Disciple, likewise, in his prophetic history of the Church (better known as Revelations), informs us that the "Man of Sin," spoken of by S. Paul in his Second Epistle to the Thessalonians (C. 2), will be a Mahometan.

He tells us in C. 13, last verse: "Here is wisdom, he that hath understanding let him count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man and his number is 666." Now as S. John, when exiled by

order of the tyrant Domitian, to Patmos, wrote his prophetic history of the Church in Greek (for such is the definition given it by both S. Jerome and S. Augustine) the Greek numerals for 666 are MAO-METIE.

The Jews are to return to Judea and become Christians, some reformed Rabbis, trying to reform themselves into Gentiles in a farcical assembly held a few years ago in Pittsburg, to the contrary notwithstanding. This fact of their return to Judea, we have learned partly from old prophets. We must not be told that these prophecies relate to their Babylonian captivity and return to Judea; for the prophets expressly state that this second return from their captivity and dispersion is to take place in the "Last Days" and from "All the countries of the world" into which they have dispersed, (see Ezekiel C. 36, v. 24; Micheas C. 4, vs. 1, 6, 7).

S. Luke (C. 21) tells us that Jerusalem will be trodden down, till the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled, i. e., until the Gospel shall have been preached throughout the world as it has been; and then the fugitives of Israel shall be re-assembled and will occupy their original country. S. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, is such an express voucher of the fact of their return to Palestine, that we cannot cite him too often. For in C. 11, v. 2 of his Epistle to the Romans we read,—“I say then have they (the Jews) so stumbled that they should fall? God forbid. But by their offense (crucifixion and Deicide) salvation has come to the Gentiles that they may be emulous of them, and in V. 24, for if thou (Gentile) wert cut off the wild Olive Tree, which is natural to thee and contrary to nature were ingrafted into the good Olive Tree (Christ), how much more shall they (the Jews) that are the natural branches, be grafted into their own Olive Tree? For I would not have you ignorant brethren of this mystery, lest you should be wise in your own conceits, that blindness has in part happened in Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in; and so all Israel shall be saved as it is written; there shall come out of Zion, Him that shall deliver and shall

turn away impiety from Jacob. And this is to them my covenant, when I shall take away their sins.”

These quotations from S. Paul are so explicit with regard to the second return of the Jews to Judea, that comment is simply unnecessary. But how is this return to be affected? By the Anti-Christ, we apprehend, and that they will accept him for the moment as their Messiah, we have already shown, where our Saviour complained of their treatment. “I am come in the name of my Father and you received me not; another will come in his own name and Him you will receive.” (John C. 5, v. 45). We have stated above that the first conquest of the little horn, would eventually rise to the magnitude of Universal Emperor, would be swift and brilliant.

The time having now arrived for the re-assembling of the dispersed of Judea in the designs of Divine Providence into their own land, from which they have been exiled (because of their sin of Deicide) for nearly two thousand years, the Jews, confounded and surprised by the brilliant career of this man, will debate among themselves, whether or not this man is really their Messiah so long expected; for every one knows that their Messiah and God was crucified by them because of his humble life which did not suit their carnal ideas, of a great conqueror, who was to place them at the head of the world, and make Jerusalem its capital. Knowing this, their carnal disposition, he will avail himself of it, in order to get their money to pursue his conquests still further, and so take out the three remaining horns of the Beast of Daniel or old Roman Empire, thus becoming the seventh or last head of the beast or Universal Emperor, according to S. John, C. 13 of the Apocalypse.

He will doubtless tell them that he is their Messiah, assigning as proof that he believes in one God only, is circumcised and abstains from pork, which may be true, as this is the belief and practice of the Mahometans. He will invite them to take possession of Palestine, and having accepted him as their Leader and Messiah,

he will have all the money he wants for the further prosecution of his wars. Touching this part of our subject of the Anti-Christ's dissimulation, and before concluding, we must be allowed to cite in corroboration of our position, a few of the Fathers of the Church.

S. Gregory the Great says, "Anti-Christ will be the chief of all hypocrites."

That seducer will pretend to sanctify, that he may draw others into iniquity (in Job, 1st, 25 C. 14)." S. Ambrose tells us (in Lac. C. 12) "That he will adduce the

Sacred Scriptures to prove to the Jews that he is their Messiah and The Christ." S. Cyril of Jerusalem assures us that before the end of the world, satan will raise up a man who will falsely assume the name of Christ, and by that means seduce the Jews. Indeed we are assured by those best conversant with the Doctors and Fathers of the Church, that nearly all of them have something to allege about this, the most remarkable man who will have ever appeared above the social and political horizon of our planet.

THE OLD MISSION BELLS.

KATHRYN WALLACE.

Up on the grand Sierras the shadows
come and go,
And the bells of old San Gabriel are ringing here below,
In the footsteps of the padres we pause,
and faintly trace
Their footprints in the valley, as they
went from place to place.
We see the saintly Serra, tired and worn
and pale,
Treading the narrow pathway, on the old
Mission trail.
Unmindful of the shadows, or of the
noonday heat,
He plods along the valley, oft wounding
weary feet.
And the mystic night comes stealing as
the padre wends his way,
A warm dusk hides the valley, the mountain
peaks are gray.
We pause to gaze for a little space over
this hallowed, sacred place;
And the bells ring out, as the sun goes
down, over the foothills, bare and
brown.

The crimson flush has faded from Sierra's
massive brow,
And the sweet tones of the Angelus are
softly ringing now.
We recall the days of romance, of Spanish
song and tale,
As the bells of old San Gabriel ring out
across the vale.
We see the gay señora and Spanish
maiden fair,
And the haughty señorita, with blossoms
in her hair,
And sweeping down the hillside comes a
stately cavalcade.
The air is filled with perfume, as the
orange blossoms fade,
And the bells' sweet, mystic music floats
in from the silent past,
And in the twilight shadows blends softly
with the blast.
The radiant light has vanished over the
mountains gray;
And the bells of old San Gabriel toll out
the parting day.

LONGINGS.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Oh, to be free from the chains that bind
To earth ev'ry passing thought;
Oh, but to claim a more noble mind
Than touch of the world has wrought;
Oh, to be strong, to make sacrifice
Of all that my life holds dear—
Oh, to relinquish, e'en though the price
Be paid with many a tear!

Oh, but to feel, when the end is near,
That all will be well for me;
Oh, but to know, in that hour, no fear—
No dread of the life to be.
Oh, but to find in a world of bliss,
With angels and spirits blest,
The love and the joy laid by in this,
And infinite peace and rest!

IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

A TRIP FROM SAN DIEGO TO SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

REV. BONAVENTURE HAMMER, O. F. M.

All over Southern California is written indelibly one name—that of the zealous, saintly Franciscan, Father Junipero Serra. It was at San Diego that the great work of his life began. Here, after a fatiguing overland journey from Mexico, he stood upon the shore of the bay and ministered to the scurvy-stricken crew of the ship which had come to assist him. Here many of the party were buried, but undeterred by so inauspicious an omen, he undertook the task which he so longed to see accomplished and for which he had come so far—the conversion and civilization of the Indians. The Indians, though not as savage as some other tribes in the interior, did not look upon the intruders with favor, and a month after the arrival of the missionaries and their protectors, the Spanish soldiers, attacked them with bows and arrows, killing one of their party, while the guns of the soldiers replied with deadly effect. The gentleness and forbearance of Father Serra and his co-workers soon restored peace, and for the first few years the little Spanish settlement by the sea was unmolested.

Mass was first celebrated in a rude inclosure of reeds, the mission bells being suspended from the overhanging limb of a tree. Father Junipero, by which name he was best known, founded the Mission of San Diego, July 16, 1769. Six years later he moved to a more favorable location a few miles inland, leaving the soldiers in charge of the presidio by the bay. In 1776 the Indians fell upon the Mission and burnt it, killing one of the Fathers, the blacksmith and the carpenter. Undismayed and unvengeful, Father Junipero and his fellow Franciscans commenced the task of rebuilding the Mission and pacifying the Indians.

With the secularization of the Missions the one of San Diego, like the rest in

California, began to decline, and now only ruins indicate its location. From the heights of Mission Cliff Park, in the northeastern part of the present city of San Diego, the eye can reach up and down the valley and take in the ruins of the Mission to the right, and to the left those of the presidio where Father Junipero built his first chapel, in what is now called Old Town.

About three miles beyond is situated modern San Diego, founded in 1868. The residence portion of the city lies upon the hills overlooking the beautiful sweep of bay and ocean, while the business section is located on the lower ground reaching down toward the water. This part of the town contains many substantial, well-built modern blocks, some of them in the mission style of architecture. Electric car lines afford transportation over the city, which extends over a surprisingly large area of country. Many fine residences line the heights, and the visitor is everywhere impressed by the profusion of flowers. Even the cottages have their rose gardens and blooming vines climbing up over the roofs.

The climate of San Diego is ideal. Here the sun continually shines. A tempered breeze sweeps inland from the ocean every morning, every night to return from the cool mountain tops. Between the first of May and the last of October rain seldom, if ever, falls. By the end of June the earth has evaporated most of its surface moisture, and vegetation unsustained by artificial watering begins to languish. The mid-day temperature now rises, but the same breeze swings like a pendulum between ocean and mountain, and night and early morning are no less invigorating. This is winter, generally misconceived by the tourist who visits California to escape the northern cold and

snows, and infers an unendurably torrid summer from a winter so mild and luxurious. With November the first showers generally begin, and soon the mountain tops whiten under falling snow. The rainy season is so called not because it is characterized by continuous rainfall, but to distinguish it from that portion of the year in which rain cannot be looked for. Bright days are still the rule, and showery days are marked by intervals of sunshine. They call this season winter. The temperature is so finely balanced that one is undecided whether to walk upon the sunny or shady side of the street. It is cool, not cold, just the proper temperature for continuous out-of-door life.

As the purpose of our visit to San Diego was the restoration of health, we made our home at S. Joseph's Sanitarium, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. This institution is incorporated under the laws of the State of California, and was established in 1890. It is picturesquely situated on University Heights, at an elevation of about five hundred feet above the sea level, and overlooks San Diego Bay and the ocean beyond. There seems to be a special fitness in the location of this well-known shrine of health. Less than a league from the buildings are the crumbling ruins of California's first Mission, mentioned above and founded amid persecutions and trials of which we of a later age can form no adequate conception. A short drive brings one from the mouldering relics of the past to the no less admirable triumphs of the present, of which S. Joseph's Sanitarium is, in this part of the country, perhaps the latest exemplification. The institution is located on the electric car line and is easily reached from any part of the city. The main building is situated on University Avenue, at the head of Sixth Street. It points to the south and is of pleasing architectural proportions, three stories high, with basement and attic. It has a substantial, comfortable appearance, most reassuring to the seeker after health who sees it for the first time. It is so constructed as to receive the sunlight in all the rooms most of the day, an advan-

tage which can be readily appreciated by those invalids who may have been obliged to live under less favorable conditions in this respect. Parlors, offices, private rooms and wards are kept spotlessly clean and neat, while no provision for the comfort of patients is neglected. Since its establishment, the Sanitarium has received the patronage of all San Diego's most prominent physicians, who pronounce its pharmacy, operating room and surgical appliances for the care and treatment of disease as of the latest and most perfect types.

The extensive grounds are most beautifully laid out in shrubbery, trees and flowers. The broad lawn is intersected by cement walks, and the result is a most inviting artistic park. In a more retired part of it is located the Sisters' Convent, a large, roomy and neat two-story building specially arranged for the purpose which it serves. It fronts to the east on the beautiful lawn, and to the north and south are beautiful flower gardens. On the west the ground slopes down into a deep cañon, which is terraced from top to bottom. Here rows and rows of fruit and shade trees, of vines and flowers, greet the eye and present a most fascinating view. On the summit, arbors and seats distributed here and there invite to rest and quiet contemplation.

The chapel to the west of the main building, with which it is connected by a covered passageway, is a veritable gem. The sanctuary, with its three graceful altars in white and gold, is unusually beautiful. Eight stained art-glass windows of appropriate design provide light. The walls are decorated in oil in a style befitting the simple yet graceful architecture. An artistic set of stations of the cross, in bas-relief, greatly enhances the devotional aspect of this lovely shrine.

At the rear of the park is situated the Old Men's Home, where about fifty old men and invalids spend their declining days in comfort and ease. Scattered about the grounds are several cottages, the old people's library, reading and smoking room.

One of our first outings was a drive to

the Old Mission mentioned in the opening paragraphs of this sketch. Blue sky above and golden sunlight all around us, we sped along behind our team of spirited, yet gentle, black horses, down the long Mission grade back of the Sanitarium, which winds round and round the hills and through the irregular cliffs, now banding like a horseshoe, now a long, ribbon-like line, where a step too far to one side would precipitate horses and carriage into the deep cañon adjoining the terraced roadway. Thence down into the valley and on level ground once more, past the county Poor Farm, with a group of old men smoking contentedly under the pepper trees; close to orange orchards set in countless rows, inhaling the sweetness of the balmy air, and so on through the valley, across the dry bed of the San Diego River, with other thriving orchards on our right—and at last we are at the Old Mission.

As mentioned before, the San Diego Mission is now a heap of ruins. It is a sad sight indeed to see the first fruits of Father Junipero Serra's religious zeal thus fallen into irreparable decay, but there is a redeeming feature about the place: it is now the site of a flourishing Indian school, conducted by the Sisters of S. Joseph. The buildings, of frame, erected in 1891, are of the simplest kind, but durable and substantial. There are two houses, one for boys, the other for girls. It seems fitting that the school should be established under the shadow of the crumbling walls that will soon be but a memory and a name, as it exists for the benefit and education of the descendants of the first Mission Indians, the children's children of those who were converted from paganism to the true faith on this very spot.

From the hillside one has a delightful view of the old olive grove, still in prime condition, although planted by the Franciscan Fathers more than a century and a half ago. Here also are two ancient palms, still flourishing and stately, while the hands that planted them have long since crumbled into dust. Parts of the old adobe walls of the orchard are still in

evidence, as are also the bristling cactus hedges, now as formerly formidable enemies to human and animal intruders.

The schools are situated midway between the valley and the highest point of land within the ancient boundaries of the Mission. Alighting from our conveyance, we beheld a picturesque group of Indian children standing on the hill-top, evidently watching our movements with great interest. They vary in age from four and five to sixteen and seventeen. They gathered around us with an easy, natural demeanor far removed from boldness or familiarity. Spanish being their mother tongue, they speak English with a slow, soft accent truly delightful. They are eager to learn, the Sisters informed us, docile and obedient. They excel in music and singing, and the girls soon become experts in needlework. The boys spend a portion of their time in agricultural employment under competent supervision; they also make and mend all the shoes that are worn in both houses, directed by a practical workman.

There is a resident priest, and a neat and pretty chapel, with quaint old pictures and statues dating from mission times. A shrine of our Lady of Sorrows crowns the highest point of the hill, in the construction of which most of the work was done by the boys.

We drove away amid a chorus of *adios* and a general waving of handkerchiefs from the upper porch, greatly edified and well satisfied with our outing.

Every visitor to San Diego is bound to see Coronado Beach. Connected by ferry and electric cars with the city, Coronado affords recreation, rest and pleasure to the weary business man or professional, where he can restore his shattered nerves in quiet retirement or brace them by indulging in the sports of the sea and shore. From the low ridge of the narrow peninsula may be seen, on the one side, a wide-sweeping range of mountains, the background of the beautiful city on the bay, whilst on the other the unobstructed ocean ceaselessly rolls its billows. On the ocean side stands the famous Hotel del Coronado. It is built around a quad-

angular court, laid out as a garden of rare plants, shrubs and trees, more than an acre in extent. Many rooms open upon this court by way of an immense balcony, besides fronting on the ocean and bay, and a glass-covered veranda, extending the length of the western frontage, looks over the sea toward the peaks of the distant Coronado Islands. On the north is Point Loma and the harbor entrance, on the east San Diego Bay and city, and on the south Glorietta Bay and the mountains of Mexico. The hotel stands in a broad half-circle of lawn dotted with semi-tropical trees and bright flower beds, bordered by hedges of cypress.

Quite a town has grown up on Coronado Beach; it boasts of a number of fine residences, an ostrich farm and a botanical garden. A little Catholic church, pointing its spire skyward through the tree tops, is regularly attended.

On the narrow strip of sand which connects Coronado Beach with the mainland there rises in summer the Tent City, where nearly a thousand people assemble from all parts of the country. They enjoy rowing, sailing and fishing, wheeling, horseback rides and carriage drives, bathing in tank and surf, golf links and strolls upon miles of sandy beach, watching the white combers coming in and breaking upon the shore. There are concerts and entertainments in the large theater and merrymaking in general.

A favorite excursion from San Diego is the one to Tia Juana in Old Mexico, just beyond the boundary of the United States. A granite monument marks the line between the two countries. There is not much to be seen, yet the place attracts many visitors, who come over for the sole purpose of enjoying the drive or railroad trip, which leads through the beautiful villages of National City, Chula Vista and Otay, with their fine orchards of oranges and lemons, and of an hour's residence in a foreign country, whence almost everybody writes a letter or postal card to the dear ones at home. This excursion is not complete without a passing glimpse of the Sweetwater Dam, a great pile of masonry to which a branch road brings us, and

where the genius of the engineer has enclosed a lake at the foot of Mount San Miguel, which furnishes the surrounding country with water for irrigation purposes. It is of great interest as an illustration of the immense obstacles which have been surmounted in bringing water to arid lands.

Point Loma is also well deserving of a visit. The way there, a bracing drive of about twelve miles, leads over the newly constructed road over the marshes near Old Town, and thence to the summit of the ridge past the school and temple of the Theosophists, who pretend to be seeking for the lost mysteries of antiquity, whatever that means. We pass on to the site of the former lighthouse, where we have a glorious view of sea and shore. We are not at a dizzy height, only a few hundred feet, but so aloof from the rest of the world that the outlook is most striking and impressive. Below, where the Point descends abruptly to the ocean, on a narrow ledge of rock, stands the present lighthouse. Its tower, sixty feet high, holds a lantern imported from France at a cost of \$10,000, which nightly throws its powerful rays out upon the rolling waves, a welcome beacon to the mariner who plows the deep to gain the shore. The change from the summit of the Point to its foot was made in order to avoid the heavy fogs which obscured the light on the height; now they rise above it.

Another marvelous bit of sea coast is at La Jolla, thirteen miles to the north of San Diego, and easily reached both by railroad and by carriage drive. There a plateau overlooks the ocean from a bluff that tumbles precipitously to a narrow strip of sand. The face of the cliff has been sculptured by the waves into the most curious forms. Some of the cavities are mere pockets lined with mussels and minute seaweeds, others are apartments of various size and proportions, which can be entered only at low tide. The cliff is gnawed by the action of the water into arches, columns and aisles, through which one cave after another may be seen. The water is as transparent as a mountain spring. The surf foams dazzling white

and pours through the intricacies of countless channels, tunnels and fissures, and in the brief interval between ebb and flood the bottom of the rock and clean sand gleams invitingly through a depth of many feet. Little crabs scamper in dis-

orderly procession through the crevices at our approach, and the variegated and ornamental abalone shell is abundant. Seaweeds trail in and out of the water in various shades of green and all kinds of fish flash in the rapid current.

Conclusion in January.

A sword of silver cuts the fields asunder—
A silver sword to-night, a lake in June—
And plains of snow reflect the maples under,
The silver arrows of a wintry moon.

The trees are white with moonlight and with ice-pearls;
The trees are white like ghosts we see in dreams;
The air is still: there are no moaning wind-whirls;
And one sees silence in the quivering beams.

December night, December night, how warming
In all thy coldness to the Christian soul:
Thy very peace at each true heart is storming
In potent waves of love that surging roll.

December night, December night, how glowing
Thy frozen rains upon our warm hearts lie;
Our God upon this vigil is bestowing
A thousand graces from the silver sky.

O moon, O symbol of our Lady's whiteness;
O snow, O symbol of our Lady's heart;
O night, chaste night, bedecked with argent brightness,
How sweet, how bright, how loving kind thou art.

O miracle: to-morrow and to-morrow,
In tender reverence shall no praise abate;
For from all seasons shall we new jewels borrow
To deck the Mother born Immaculate.

—*Maurice Francis Egan.*

Predestined second Eve: for this conceived
Immaculate—not lower than the first:
Chosen Beginner in the loss reversed,
And mediatrix in the gain achieved,
When the new angel, as the old, believed,
Thy hearkening should bless whom Eve's had curst.
And therefore we, whose bondage thou hast burst,
Grateful for our inheritance retrieved,

Must deem this jewel in thy diadem
The brightest—hailing thee alone "All-fair,"
Nor ever soiled with the original stain:
Alone, save Him whose Heart-blood bought the gem
With peerless grace preventive none might share—
Redemption's perfect end, all else though vain.

—*Father Edmund, C. P.*

EDITORIAL.

We commend to the special attention of our readers the scholarly article with which our present number opens. This is the first of a series by a gentleman who is eminently competent to deal with the important question under discussion. These papers will be of significant value. DOMINICANA is under great obligation to Dr. Mooney.

To the noble apostolate of the Tonquin Mission, enriched by the blood of many martyrs belonging to our Province of the Philippine Islands, the Fathers of the Province of Lyons, France, have recently been made welcome, as devoted co-operators in the field which has ever been considered a foremost place of danger and honor.

We are pleased to announce the early publication of an English translation, by one of our Fathers, of the masterly work written in French by Father Froget, O. P., of the Province of Lyons, on the "Indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the Souls of the Just." This volume is a very notable production, indeed, an epoch-making book in the field of higher ascetic literature.

The following extract concludes the encyclical of our Holy Father in exhortation to the faithful to pay due homage to the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar:

This august mystery, in its nature of sacrifice, supplies an abundance of saving grace not only to individuals but to all men; and for that reason it is constantly offered up "for the welfare of the whole world." It is proper, and in this age especially important, that pious souls should strive to increase honor and devotion to this sacrifice. We wish, therefore, its manifold efficacy to be more widely known and more attentively considered. Let us recall principles which the natural light of reason makes clear: that the rule of God, our Creator and Preserver, is supreme and absolute over men both in private and public affairs; that whatever we are and whatever we have of private

or of public weal comes from Divine bounty; that we are to render to God in return supreme reverence as to our Lord and Master and manifest the deepest gratitude for His benefits. How few there are in these times who sacredly observe as they ought these duties! If ever a rebellious spirit has been manifested against God it is in this age.

We hear again the impious cry, "We do not wish this one to reign over us," (Luke xix., 14), and the wicked proposal, "Let us cut him off," (Jeremiah xi., 19), and surely nothing is more ardently advocated and insisted upon by many than to set apart and drive, as it were, God from civil society and hence from all social life. Although this extreme of madness is not reached entirely, yet it is afflicting to behold so very many utterly unmindful of God, of His blessings and especially of the salvation brought to us by Christ. Now this great wickedness or indifference must be overcome by a general increase of ardent, pious homage to the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Nothing can bestow more honor on God or be more pleasing to Him. For the victim is Divine, and hence we give by means of it to the Blessed Trinity that honor which the ineffable majesty of the Triune God demands; we present to the Father a gift of infinite value and sweetness, His only-begotten Son; and thus not only render thanks for His kindness but actually make return. And there are two other signal blessings that can and ought to be derived from this sacrifice. It is painful to contemplate what a deluge of vice has come everywhere with the disregard and contempt for God. The human race in great part seems to call down all the wrath of heaven: though existing wickedness contains in itself its own just punishment. The faithful are, therefore, to be urged to appease the anger of God and to obtain needed help for an afflicted world. Let them understand that these things are to be sought by means of this sacrifice especially. For the justice of God can be satisfied, and His merciful gifts obtained only by virtue of the death of Christ. But this very virtue of atoning and obtaining Christ has willed should reside fully in the Eucharist, which is not a mere empty commemoration of His death, but a true and wonderful, though unbloody and mystic, renewal of it.

We are greatly pleased, and it gives us pleasure to say it, that during these last few years the faithful seem to have an in-

creased love and reverence for the Sacrament of the Eucharist; and this gives us hope of a better condition of affairs. A vigilant piety has, as we said above, brought about much to this purpose; societies to increase the splendor of Eucharistic ceremonies, associations for perpetual adoration or to make reparation for insults and wrongs done to the Sacrament. But, Venerable Brethren, we must not rest here; for there are still many things to be promoted or taken up in order that even among those who fulfill the duties of the religion of Christ this most Divine gift may be more clearly appreciated and honored, and so great a mystery may be worthily venerated. Let, therefore, whatever has been undertaken be more assiduously insisted upon, let practices that have gone into decline be given new life, as, for instance, Eucharistic associations, exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and accompanying prayers, solemn processions, pious visits to the tabernacle, and other holy and wholesome practices; everything that a prudent piety may suggest. But let it be an object of special attention to revive everywhere the custom of frequent Communion. We are urged to this by the example, as above noted, of the primitive Church, by the authority of the fathers, and of the holiest men at all times. As the body so the soul needs its food, and a most vital nourishment is supplied by the Blessed Eucharist. Let, therefore, prejudiced notions, idle fears, specious excuses for remaining away from the Sacrament be done away with; for it is a matter of the utmost moment to the effecting of detachment from perishable things, and to the revival and maintenance of Christian activity.

This purpose will be greatly served by the exhortation and example of those who are placed above others, and especially by the watchful industry of the clergy. For priests, to whom Christ has given the office of effecting and dispensing the mysteries of His Body and Blood, can surely make no better return for the supreme honor they have received than to promote His Eucharistic glory with all their power, and, following the behests of His Sacred Heart, to invite and draw men to the wholesome fountains of this great sacrament and sacrifice.

Thus it will happen, as we ardently desire, that the grand fruits of the Eucharist will become daily more abundant, with the happy increase of faith, hope, charity, every Christian virtue; and this also to the healing and advantage of the state; and thus, too, will shine forth more and more the designs of the watchful love of God who instituted this perpetual mystery "for the life of the world."

The old sayings: "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and "Murder will out," have been verified in the vexed and much-discussed Philippine question. Of late, increased light has been shed on the manner in which the natives of those distant possessions have been treated by our soldiers. And with this light comes vindication for those Catholic editors and societies who courageously and manfully lifted their voices in behalf of justice and fair play. There is no longer any doubt that looting and pilfering frequently took place, and that atrociously unjust and barbarous treatment was meted out to the Filipinos and even to some friars.

The fact that a Catholic priest was murdered in cold blood, by one of our officers, for the sake of the money he was supposed to have in his possession, is now admitted by the administration. When the accusations to this effect were first made they were vigorously denied; an investigation was refused. In fact, the military authorities were practically forced to take cognizance of the case by the untiring insistence of the Anti-Imperialistic Society of Boston. Evidence and names have been furnished and the crime can no longer be denied. The President has promised his best efforts to bring to justice the perpetrators of the outrage, but we fear that technicalities will save them. Nevertheless all good Americans owe to the Anti-Imperialistic Society a deep and lasting debt of gratitude, in the acknowledgment of which we desire to join.

Down-trodden truth is rising. We can afford to await in patience its full manifestation. Then we shall see that there is not, that there never was, any need of "whitewashing the old ruins"—the friars or religious orders—as one of our periodicals so discourteously, so untruthfully, in so un-Catholic a spirit, expressed itself. The editor of that periodical will yet do penance for his errors and his calumnious insinuations. This, at least, is our hope.

On October 26, the Bishop of Trenton laid the corner-stone of a new Dominican

Convent of the Perpetual Rosary, in Camden, N. J. This beautiful work in honor of our Lady and S. Dominic is growing rapidly in the United States.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother should be in special honor among the Catholics of the United States. Under this glorious title our Lady is the Patroness of the Church in our country. The children of the Rosary should be foremost in paying her loving devotion.

"Since the Friars have left their parishes thousands have died without the Sacraments, thousands are growing up in ignorance of the Faith, thousands are falling into excesses unheard of in these Islands before 1898! During the cholera epidemic this summer unnumbered people died without the last Sacraments—this, too, in parishes where native priests were supposed to minister to them. The Friars that are occupying parishes labored incessantly during the cholera. I am not reciting any of these facts to increase the glory of the Friars. We do not want any glory that does not come from the Cross of Christ. After all the self-abnegation necessary to build all the fine churches and other edifices dedicated to Religion in the Philippines, after the improvements the Religious Orders have made, all this property appears very desirable to the 'itching palms' of our enemies. History seems bent on repeating itself. The spirit of Henry the Eighth still flourishes."

The foregoing we take from a spirited letter addressed to the International Catholic Truth Society, and written by Father San Julian, of the Dominican University, Manila. The letter in its entirety is very interesting—it is an answer to one's worst enemies, those who are of the household of the faith. The truth will yet be made known; at least some of calumny's guns will be spiked.

The Catholics of the Pacific Coast and all our friends we cordially invite to a careful reading of Mr. Matre's very interesting paper on Catholic Federation. This work should be introduced in California, where its spirit is needed in many ways.

The realization of the divine promise,

as recorded in the thirtieth chapter of Deuteronomy, that the scattered tribes, though driven as far as the poles of heaven, would be brought back to the land which their fathers possessed, is dependent on the fulfillment by the Jews of the conditions prescribed by God—repentance of heart, obedience to His commands. And nineteen hundred years of perversity under the malediction which their guilty forefathers invoked in the Blood of Christ, gives, we regret to say, little promise of such repentance in the near future.

MAGAZINES.

The Critic for November is an unusually interesting number. Lovers of music will be pleased with the tribute to Pietro Mascagni, while the reader with a desire for the special literary features will have pleasurable instruction in "Views of Reviewers on Reviewing" and in Edmund Gosse's character sketch of Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus." "The Youngest Dramatic Author in the World" is the account of a phenomenal French girl, not yet eleven years of age, who has been admitted, on the introduction of Victorien Sardou, to the Society of Dramatic authors of France. Already the author of several plays, and an actress of great promise, Mademoiselle Chammoynat is assuredly an interesting object of study. "Fairy tale" might seem better adapted to her story than real biography and criticism. But *The Critic* is serious, and its article on this very precocious child is serious reading.

From the October number of *The International Catholic Truth Society Bulletin* (Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.), we make the following extract:

The International Catholic Truth Society is making arrangements with all the Catholic Truth Societies of the English-speaking world to circulate their valuable tracts and pamphlets, hitherto restricted to a comparatively small circulation in this country. The Societies of San Francisco and London have already entered heartily into the project, and the work of distributing the excellent pamphlets of those organizations whose specialty is such publications is now well under way.

Hitherto it has been difficult to obtain these cheap, timely publications, for the reason that there is not sufficient financial profit in their sale to attract publishers. Moreover, the individual Catholic Truth Societies have not found it convenient to keep on hand permanently a stock of one another's publications, the result being that it has not been practicable to obtain from a single source a choice of pamphlets published by the various societies. The new enterprise of the International Catholic Truth Society is designed to remedy this by establishing a central depot where these valuable tracts and pamphlets, doctrinal, historical and miscellaneous, may be easily procured. It should be unnecessary to state that this work looks solely to the good that will be accomplished by the wide circulation of a form of literature until now comparatively lacking in this country. The pamphlets will be sold at the lowest possible price that will save the Society from actual loss. It is desired to call attention to the fact that, by reason of the import customs duty of twenty-five per cent. and the freightage costs, the Society is obliged to dispose of the foreign pamphlets at a slight advance on the prices marked on the covers.

The need for this class of literature has been brought to the attention of the Society by bishops, priests and laymen in different parts of the country. It appeals to many various departments of religious work, and the wonder is that it has not in the past been exploited according to its deserts. The subjects treated are suited to missions, retreats and religious gatherings in general, and are of such a nature as to help considerably and lighten the work of those whose duty it is to instruct the ignorant in matters of religion. To priests engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics the pamphlets are invaluable, because they deal succinctly and very intelligently with those points which must be explained with the greatest care to this class of audiences.

It may be well to remark that while it is often charged with some justice that the Protestant missionary societies have overdone the tract idea, expending vast sums with slight results, it is very possible that Catholics have erred by going to the opposite extreme and practically ignoring a potent agency for the dissemination of truth.

Catholic tracts of high quality are singularly adapted to the uses of such organizations as the S. Vincent de Paul Society, the League of the Sacred Heart, the Knights of Columbus, etc., one of the aims of which is the spread of the Faith and the reclaiming of those who have

wandered from the Church. Members of these Societies in the course of their ministrations often find opportunities in which such tracts would be of great value, experience having shown that defections from the Church are often the result of a misconception of certain points of dogma which these little pamphlets are designed to set aright. Another profitable use to which the tracts could be put would be in the case of such societies as the Knights of Columbus and the young men's parish organizations at whose meetings literary exercises are held. Nothing could be more interesting at such gatherings than the public reading of some timely pamphlet treating one of the burning questions of the day—the Philippine question, for instance—in a masterly manner, by some noted scholar or expert.

This literature, it may be worth while remarking, will be a valuable addition to the library of a priest, since the little monographs are perfectly suited to the explanation of those points of Catholic doctrine and history which he is so often called upon to elucidate, and which sometimes require difficult and laborious research to deal justly with.

The great vogue of the publications of the London Catholic Truth Society in a country where the Catholic population is in such a minority would seem to augur well for the success of this literature in the United States and Canada, where the Catholics number at least fourteen millions. In this vast army there are certainly a very considerable number who will be interested in these copious samples of some of the choicest thought of modern times, and who will give it an eager welcome. Moreover, those who have observed the present trend of popular taste as shown even in the newspapers must be convinced that the time is auspicious for these historical and doctrinal studies put forth in attractive literary form, and brought within easy reach of the people.

With great pleasure we earnestly commend this work to all our friends. Like the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, this organization for the defence of the Church deserves generous help and hearty coöperation from Catholics in all parts of the world.

“The American school teachers,” says a writer in *The Army and Navy Journal*, “did not reach ‘the provinces’ (the Philippine Islands) before 1901; but centuries before ‘American sovereignty’ had been

heard of outside of a primary the Filipinos had been taught how to read and write, to make and to wear decent clothing, to build and to dwell in houses, and to worship God. Spanish priests were teaching these things in the Philippines while John Smith and Miles Standish were 'civilizing' the aborigines of the western continent," and the writer might have added, while they were civilizing them on the principle that 'the only good Indian is a dead Indian.'"

Appropos of this we quote from that eminent representative of New England culture. *The Atlantic Monthly* for November, the following lines:

THE ONLY GOOD INDIAN IS A DEAD INDIAN.

So there he lies, redeemed at last!

His knees drawn tense, just as he fell
And shrieked out his soul in a battle-yell;

One hand with the rifle still clutched fast;
One stretched straight out, the fingers clenched

In the knotted roots of the sun-bleached grass;

His head flung back on the tangled mass

Of raven mane, with war-plume wrenched
Awry and torn; the painted face

Still forwards turned, the white teeth bare

'Twixt the livid lips—the wide-eyed glare,

The bronze cheek gaped by battle-trace
In dying rage rent fresh apart—

A strange expression for one all good!—

On his naked breast a splotch of blood
Where the lead Evangel cleft his heart.

So there he lies, at last made whole,
Regenerate! Christ rest his soul!

The Outlook is publishing a series of articles on "The New American Navy." The author, former Secretary of the Navy Long, is well qualified for his interesting work.

From a recent number of *The Outlook* we take the following lines, written to an old Irish melody, by Moira O'Neill, and entitled:

THE BLACKBIRD.

There's a bird that sings in the Narrow Glen,

The brave blackbird with a golden bill,
He'll call me aafter him, an' then
He'll flit, an' lave me still.
A bird I had was one'st my own,
O dear my *Colleen Dhu* to me!
My nest is cold, my bird has flown—
An' the blackbird sings to me.

Oh, never think I'll tell her name,
I'll only sing that her heart was true:
My blackbird! ne'er a thing's the same
Since I was losin' you.
'Tis lonesome in the Narrow Glen,
An' rain drops heavy from the tree;
But whiles I'll think I hear her when
The blackbird sings to me.

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Her image all its child shall be,
My throbbin' heart shall rock to rest
The care that's wasting me.
A Night of Sleep shall end my pain,
A sunny Morn shall set me free,
An' when I wake I'll hear again
My blackbird sing to me.

The withdrawal of Mr. William Dillon from the editorial direction of *The New World*, Chicago, was an occasion for sincere regret. But his work is continued in a very gratifying manner by Mr. Charles J. O'Malley, who made *The Midland Review*, since dead, of Louisville, a journal of power and influence. Comparisons are odious. We are not unmindful of Mr. Dillon's talents when we congratulate *The New World* on its new editorial chief, while we as heartily wish our esteemed friend, Mr. O'Malley, the abundant success which his talents, industry and Catholic loyalty deserve. Of the result we have no doubt, judging from the numbers he has already issued of *The New World*.

The October issue of *The University Chronicle*, Berkeley, a quarterly of unusual literary merit, opens with a masterly discourse upon "Philosophy and Science," by G. H. Howison. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in his address at the University opening meeting, feelingly refers to the services rendered to the institution by two late members of the governing board—Arthur Rodgers and General W. H. L. Barnes. The president gives sound advice in vigorous terms to the students on their obligations as men and citizens.

The record of the University marks a steady increase in the number of students and a prodigious advance in each of its departments.

MUSIC.

From the John Church Company, Cincinnati, we have received some superior teaching pieces for piano, by Edward M. Read. There are several sets in modern dance form, Grades I. and II., built on tonic, dominant and sub-dominant harmonies. All are carefully fingered and edited in clear type. *THE MERRY MAY DAY*, consists of six dances: Two-Step, York, March, Polka, Galop and Waltz. No. 1 is a pleasant melody in the usual double rhythm. No. 2, good study for little fingers on the dotted eighth rhythm. Nos. 3 and 4 are well named, for they are in joyous vein. No. 5 is again in dotted-rhythm with some rests interspersed. No. 6 is gay and sprightly. *BRIGHT EYES*, six easy dances for little players. Each number is written with an object in view. Pleasing and attractive. *THE CHILDREN'S TEA PARTY*, Grade II., is an extremely pleasing group of marches, waltzes, mazurkas and galops. The melodies are flowing and attractive, accompanied by either single or double notes. Throughout this set one finds something new introduced to the young mind, the turn, triplet, grace-note, varied rhythms, etc. Especially grateful to teachers will be this set of melodious dances. The last number is a nocturne, which introduces double notes (sixths and thirds), but in very easy form. This set is also arranged for four hands. *LITTLE LIGHTFOOT'S FAVORITE DANCES*, a series of eight dances, Grade II. is pleasingly written; short scales and arpeggio passages, stretches of sixths, constitute the main ingredients. *PUSSY'S MUSIC LESSON*, six dances in Grade I., scales of four notes, dotted rhythm. Little ones will find these particularly attractive. *THE HAPPY HOLIDAY*, six popular little pieces for the piano. No. 1 contains a pretty melody, besides being a study on staccato touch. No. 2 is bright, catchy, with strong accentua-

tion. No. 3 is in merry mood, with splendid swing to the rhythm. The fifteenth measure of first part is especially unique. There is a sprightly triplet rhythm, which forms good, interesting study for the young student. No. 4 is a pleasing study. The second part contains double notes with the melody carried on the lower note, forming good material for different variations of touch in one hand. This is always difficult for the beginner, but this problem is attractively and easily exemplified in this little piece. Series of short scales are scattered about. No. 5, a good study, with varied legato and staccato touches. No. 6, a fine march for boys. Plenty of swing and melody. *VACATION DAYS*, eight instructive and entertaining pieces for young players. Each number describes, in a happy manner, the smiling vacation period of a child's life. They are redolent of the fresh, sweet air of the mountain-top, of the odorous valleys, and the salt, inspiring breezes of the seashore. Throughout is the merry "Tally-Ho" of a good time present. Each describes some pleasant reminiscence of that all too short joyous time, and are altogether pleasing and refreshing. *SWEET MEMORY BELLS*, a reverie for piano, Grade II., is a fine study piece, besides containing a sweet, flowing melody. The melody begins in sixths, with the sound of the bell brought in here and there. In the second part are some pretty distant motives over a steady, broad melody. Short octave rotations are sprinkled throughout and a theme to which is attached a grace-note. *THE MAGIC SLIPPER* (shadow dance) is in graceful triplet rhythm, brisk and full of vivacity. *LAUGHING EYES* (caprice for piano) is well named, for the eyes must be bright indeed that twinkle in such merry time. It is pleasantly varied, and ends in a pretty, soft, coaxing way. *THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL* (reverie) is a dreamy composition with a taking melody. The song is sometimes carried in the left hand, which forms a pretty complement to the right hand. Arpeggio chords abound, and it is well paralleled.

BOOKS.

We have received from the press "Amigos del Pais," Manila, a compilation entitled *THE KATIPUNAN—AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY OF THE SOCIETY WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT THE INSURRECTION OF 1896, 1898 AND 1899, TAKEN FROM SPANISH STATE DOCUMENTS*, by Francis St. Clair.

As an important contribution to the inner history of the Filipino question, this little volume deserves and will receive careful and detailed notice. Meantime we would advise our readers to obtain a copy of Mr. St. Clair's book.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received *A ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS* a collection of short stories which are of good quality, with excellent moral suggestions for young and old. They are well translated.

Preceding each story are a portrait and short biographical sketch of the author. We compliment Benziger Brothers because of the general appearance of this volume, an excellent specimen of their good workmanship.

Benziger Brothers are the American agents for R. & T. Washbourne, London, who have published *A MANUAL OF ASCETICAL THEOLOGY, OR THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE OF THE SOUL ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN*, by the Reverend Arthur Devine, C. P.

This latest work of the learned English Passionist is a departure from the usual "Manual of Theology" offered to the English-speaking Catholic. It is a book of theology properly so called, partaking more of the nature of a text-book than a merely devotional manual. Belonging to the heavier class of works which presuppose a more than cursory acquaintance with the principles of theology, it will find most appreciative readers among the clergy, religious and the cultured laity. It will prove a welcome addition to the library of any priest, furnishing excellent spiritual reading during the Advent season.

The book is well made, the print being clear-cut, the paper good and the binding neat and durable, as becomes a book of this character.

IN THE EAST OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW, by Dr. H. C. Potter we have an unpleasant demonstration, in untrue statement, in lame logic, in wretched taste, of a regrettable fact, namely, that the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York does not seem to be amenable to the ordinary laws which bind honorable men when they engage in the work of writing history or of dealing with nations that are Catholic. Dr. Potter made "a flying trip" to the Philippines, by favor, we judge, of J. P. Morgan, to whom he dutifully and in servile spirit worthy of Crub street's best (?) eighteenth century days, dedicates the volume which he compiled as a result of his hasty observations in the Orient.

That such books pass for "history" is a sad proof that De Maistre's powerful indictment still holds: that history, as usually written has been for three centuries (now almost four) a conspiracy against truth.

The Century Company, New York, are the publishers.

CONDENSED NOVELS, just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, represent the last literary labors of Bret Harte. The lugubrious character of the writings of some of our present-day authors have furnished themes for the exercise of Bret Harte's rare talent of amusing burlesque.

Harte's presentation of Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," in "Rupert the Resembler"; Hall Caine's "Christian," in "Golly Christian," and Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes," in his "Stolen Cigar Case," are enjoyably ludicrous. Several other tales complete this interesting collection.

Beautifully bound in red and gold, this little volume is an appreciable souvenir of its lamented author.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR OF REVISED WISDOM, a profusely illustrated booklet, published by Elder & Shepard, San Fran-

cisco, possesses peculiar attractions for the æsthetic distributor of keepsakes during the coming holidays. Trite proverbs, so grandiloquently expounded by our elders, are humorously interpreted by Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford and Addison Mizner.

"Money shall cover a multitude of sins" and "Fools rush in and win—where angels fear to tread," are apt, up-to-date renditions of ancient wisdom. The calendar is arranged to serve the purpose of a pocket memorandum.

Under the very appropriate title of *EARTH TO HEAVEN*, Monsignor John S. Vaughan has published his latest volume, consisting of eleven chapters, each of which answers a vital question of humanity, or deals with a problem touching our everlasting lot.

Those who have read this gifted author's *THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES* know how agreeable is his style, how happy his illustration, how new his method of treatment. In *EARTH TO HEAVEN* he sustains his reputation. He has produced, in this work, a volume of practical excellence, of marked merit; he has made a contribution to the cause of Catholic truth, which will be appreciated by those who wish to see the spread of the kingdom of God among men. Therefore, we greet Monsignor Vaughan's new book with hearty good will, and while we hope that it will have a large sale, we compliment the publisher, Mr. B. Herder of Saint Louis, for his part in the enterprise.

It is again our pleasant privilege to announce a volume of poetry by Dr. Conde B. Pallen, one of the few really eminent Catholic writers of this country. Verse good, bad and indifferent abounds, and of "poetry" there is, like the making of books, no end. But in the productions which form the slender volume before us, we recognize the divine spark and the art of the skilled workman, a worthy disciple of Tennyson and Wordsworth, especially in that difficult form, the sonnet.

As a specimen of Dr. Pallen's style, we quote the following:

How do poets play?
Of their own souls
Making psalteries,
Whose music rolls
Toned to the vibrant ray
Of interstellar harmonies;
There lightnings involute
With lightnings' shoot
Athwart the fragrant spaces of the day,
Till sound ensheathed in sound,
Music on music drowned,
Flooding the still depths round,
Swoon in fainting silences away.

His sonnets on the Sonnet are examples of finished art:

Within the sonnet's glittering limit lies
The diamond's royal fire, Wordsworthian verse
Wedding high thought with noble music, terse
With wisdom; there the opalescent dyes
Of love-light from a Petrarch's brimming eyes;
The luted plaint that chastened Dante's curse;
Miltonic echoes organ pealed, the nurse
Of solemn sounds brought down from midnight skies.

It measures with the royal tread of kings,
And treasures wealth too precious to be hid
In wanton rhymes and idly footed lines;
Or upward soaring, as an eagle, wings
Its way to empyrean calms amid
The tuneful silence of the topmost Apennines.

* * * * *
They say the sonnet is a narrow pale,
A little garden strictly hedged around
Where only slender flowers may be found,
But no brave blossom lusty with the gale
And the untempered sun; and in its bound
Pale poets gently pipe in plaintive sound
The sifted sweetness of love's distant bale
On reeds all murmurous of the underground.

Yet trumpet tongues have found swift utterance here
And freedom loosed her fiery-hearted levin,
And earth has trembled with the solemn fear
Of harmonies breathed from the stooping heaven:
E'en in this slender compass closely pent

A master's voice may shake the firmament.

And from his sonnets we choose one of marked delicacy, tenderness and strength:

What is to love? Let Love the answer give:

It is to lose thyself, thyself to die,
And yet in dying find that thou dost live;
To spend thy being's breath upon a sigh,
And draw all joy where mostly thou dost grieve:

Yet in the breathing of thy life away
New life, more life the fond soul seems to gain;

And though each hope that comes, refuse to stay,

For all that go, a budding host remain.
To love is both to die and live again;
Unto thine other self thyself to give,
Surrendering all the good that thou mayst hold,
Losing thyself to find a hundred-fold,
The lesser yielding that the greater learn to live.

From the title poem we take a few lines cut and polished, graceful and of forceful vigor:

And so Sir Launcelot waxed in holiness;
And from the ashes of his sinful past
Stirred the ceaseless breath of penitence,
Blew, first, the fainting spark of higher love,
And last, the glowing fire, whose lambent flame
Eat out the grossness of the carnal will,
And, then, with ardent tongue aspiring leaped
To union with celestial fires, whence came
The heat and quickening of its swift desire.

And how strikingly portrayed is

* * * * the winter of his grief,
Where all was barrenness, and found no place
Of solace for the bitterness of joys
Long past, remembered sweets but present pangs.
And all the glamour of his fame died out
Within his heart and lay in dust and ashes,
Like fires gone out within a wasted land,
And making lamentation for his sin,
His soul grew black as death with gathering pain
At seeing the vast emptiness of life
Wrought in the vanity of things long passed;

And all the shadows of his vanished days
Trooped mockingly before him as to say:
"Behold the wraiths of thine own deeds
misdone,
And all the hollowness of time misspent."
And pointing ghostly fingers at him,
jeered
Accusingly, and bent him down in shame.
And what of good and pure he once had wrought
Drew back affrighted, waiting at the strength
Of evil deeds grown old with years of custom.

This poem abounds in passages of much beauty and strength. The poet's tenderness is happily expressed in the quatrains, entitled "Heaven;" the first the voice of the mother, the second that of the father, on their dead child:

A little child, a little child
With childish prattle at my knee;
I did not know how near was Heaven,
And now how far is Heaven from me.

Nay, nearer now, since Heaven holds,
As hostage of our plighted love,
The child that Heaven gave, and took
To show true Heaven is all above.

The author's fine American spirit flames out in his noble lines, "Arise, America," and in his beautiful tribute to "the red, white and blue," our beloved "old Glory."

We congratulate Dr. Pallen, and for their share in a worthy setting of such goodly gems, we also congratulate Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, who are the publishers of THE DEATH OF SIR LAUNCELOT.

IN FIRST LESSONS IN THE SCIENCE OF THE SAINTS, by Father R. J. Meyers, S. J., a new book on an old subject, the theme is agreeably treated, so interestingly told, so happily illustrated, that we are pleased to announce the work, while we emphasize its merit. So general are the excellencies of this volume, both of matter and of arrangement, that we confine our comment to an equally general commendation.

B. Herder, Saint Louis, the publisher, offers this book in the solid and substantial style of make-up for which his house is notable.

Mr. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco,

has brought out, in the form of a very neat brochure, Cardinal Newman's famous definition of a gentleman. We compliment this publisher, who loves good books, and we say to our readers: Send ten cents in postage to Mr. Robertson, and secure a copy of this booklet. To a growing boy no better present could be made than a copy of the gentle Cardinal's admirable little essay, as we may name it, *A GENTLEMAN*.

In view of recent happenings across the Bay, we are disposed to suggest to Mr. Robertson that a special edition of this booklet might be distributed among certain Berkeley students.

Father Charles Coppens, of the Society of Jesus, has condensed into thirty pages of delightful reading a description of *THE LIVING CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD*, a pamphlet that we cordially announce. Benziger Brothers, New York, are the publishers.

The Catholic Truth Society of London presents to American readers, through Benziger Brothers, New York, a valuable addition to controversial literature, in *THE FAITH OF OLD ENGLAND*, by Father Vincent Hornyold, S. J. A manual, at once dogmatic and historical, within its special field, and set forth in pleasant style, we feel satisfied that its careful reading should dissipate error, and lead the honest enquirer back to the old Faith of England. It is a useful book for all converts, but to the followers of ritualism and the mock "Catholic" church of the Episcopalian Protestants, it should be especially helpful.

Books of sermons do not usually appeal to us, but occasionally we find exceptions. It is so in the case of Father James McKernan's *FORTY-FIVE SERMONS WRITTEN TO MEET OBJECTIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY*, which F. Pustet & Co., New York, have published in style appropriate to the subject.

The Reverend author has done well. Indeed, these sermons show care and finish; they are the work of a well-stored mind and a trained writer. For these

reasons, and because of their up-to-date character, in choice of theme and manner of treatment, we earnestly recommend the volume.

The heretofore UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON, AND HIS FATHER, CHARLES CARROLL OF DOUGHOREGAN, are issued by The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York.

This delightful compilation is the work of Thomas Meagher Field, whose appreciative memoir, which prefaces the correspondence, throws considerable light upon the circumstances that forced the ancestors of the distinguished member of an ancient and noble family to seek their fortunes in the new world.

The letters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton to the various members of his family reveal noble sentiments of an exalted morality and the practice of rare domestic virtues.

In the quaint language of his day the writer touches upon the passing events of his century, both in the old and the new world. He notes, with philosophical foresight, the outcome of the encroachments of the Crown upon the rights of the American Colonies, and emphatically denounces all attempted violation of public liberty. He says: "There are certain fundamental laws essential to, and interwoven with ye English Constitution which even a Parliament itself cannot abrogate. Such I take it to be that allowed maxim of the Constitution, that invaluable privilege, the birthright of Englishmen, of being taxed with their own consent; the definition of freedom is the being governed by laws to which we have given our consent, as the definition of slavery is the very reverse."

A vote of thanks is due to Thomas Meagher Field for his interesting presentation of Colonial history through the letters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton—the staunch advocate of national independence—our revered American patriot.

TERRORS OF THE LAW, by Francis Watt,

is published by John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, in good form.

In his biographical studies of three prominent Scotch advocates, Jeffreys, Braxfield and Mackenzie, the author eloquently portrays some individual characteristic virtues. That the public and private virtues of these lawyers were hidden from their contemporaries is evident in the odium attached to their names and in the execration invoked on these merciless—and oftentimes conscienceless—prosecutors of the law's offenders.

THE DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM, by a member of the Society for Psychical Research, is published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

The author, as a scientific student of, and firm believer in the reality and objectivity of abnormal phenomena, publishes his personal experiences with a view to warn inexperienced and unscientific persons of the grave character of the dangers that exist for them in their application of superficial knowledge of spiritistic philosophy to subjects peculiar to the supernatural order.

The writer says: "It is a fact universally acknowledged even by experienced spiritualists that the influence of the seance room is on the whole debasing, and that it tends to banish all true devotional feeling and true religion. It certainly creates a most grotesque conception of the other world in the thoughtful mind. What a world, such a mind can scarcely fail to ask itself, that must be in which the fixed, mistaken ideas of this present life are not removed or cleared away, but continue to operate for an indefinite time; in which there is nothing approaching objective truth, but in which any view, right or wrong, may perpetuate itself—what effect is the prospect of life in such a world likely to have on the moral character?"

JESUS LIVING IN THE PRIEST is the title of an admirable work by Father Millet, S. J. Done into English by Bishop Byrne of Nashville, and published in excellent style by Benziger Brothers of New York,

these considerations on the greatness and holiness of the priesthood rank high among the books which treat exclusively of the sacerdotal life. Indeed, there are few volumes of the kind so solid, so exhaustive, so masterly. Recognizing, therefore, the eminent merit of Father Millet's fine work, which came from the press early in the year, we are very pleased for the opportunity of reminding our readers of its publication.

Paul Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco, have issued an edition, rare in beauty of design and style of execution, of George Eli Hall's personal experiences and emotions during A BALLOON ASCENSION AT MIDNIGHT. This most daring aerial voyage far above the never-sleeping city of Paris is most cleverly and humorously described by the author. Fascinating, indeed, is his "promenade on the crest of a forest," alternating with skyward bolts to regions beyond the clouds. But Mr. Hall must be heard in his own delightful style.

A limited edition, on old Stratford deckle-edge paper, with silhouettes in color by Gordon Ross, has just been issued to the delectation of lovers of balloon journeys—on paper.

Albert S. Cook, Professor of English Literature at Yale, has paid a delicate compliment to the teachers of English in California by dedicating to them his estimable work, THE BIBLE AND ENGLISH PROSE.

The author, disregarding the question of "inspiration," accords to the "Book of Books" all the merit of its wonderfully exalted tone and unparalleled clearness of style.

Admiring especially what he terms the "noble naturalness," of expression of the Sacred Scriptures, Professor Cook shows by numerous examples the adaptability of Biblical expressions to various languages, particularly the English, without loss either of beauty of figure or of simplicity of idea.

From a purely literary point of view,

the author proves that the Bible is still the "Book of Books," which will serve as a model of a perfect literary style. The aspirant, therefore, for literary perfection, as revealed in the eloquent language of the Sacred Scriptures, may gain something more—"inspiration" to perfect himself in the details of its holy law of heavenly charity.

Heath and Company, Boston, are the publishers of this welcome volume.

NOVENA OF SERMONS ON THE HOLY GHOST IN HIS RELATIONSHIP TO THE WORLD is the title of a series of nine discourses written by a New York diocesan priest, and published in a neat volume by the Cathedral Library Association of New York. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, introduces the book in his usual happy manner.

Recalling the recent Encyclical of our Holy Father Leo the Thirteenth, in which he pleaded with the Catholic world for a renewal and increase of devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, and mindful that a spirit of tender, loving piety towards the Holy Ghost should be cultivated in every soul, we welcome this little volume, assured that its earnest reading will encourage and strengthen such love and devotion. With pleasure, therefore, we recommend these sermons to all our friends.

Books Four, Five, Six and Seven of the McBride LITERATURE AND ART series of readers are now added to the elementary numbers, published some time ago. Unique in points of classic selection, range of topics, and masterly illustration these books form a compendium of ancient and modern literature and art. Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, the cultured and indefatigable editor, has gleaned the noblest thoughts of noble minds for the benefit of our Catholic youth.

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The usefulness of these books cannot be questioned, their refining influence cannot be too highly extolled. Parents and guardians, upon examination of the books, should strongly urge their adoption in our schools.

The publishers, D. H. McBride & Co., New York, have combined beauty and durability in the make up of these useful textbooks.

THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN are delightfully related by F. Hopkinson Smith. The romantic episodes in love and war, which are interspersed throughout the young man's career, develop the genius that marks the conquering hero.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published the book in excellent style, beautifully reproducing the effective sketches of Walter Appleton Clark.

In THE SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK, Willard Chamberlain Selleck takes a survey of the religious life of our times as related to progress. This young author means well; he writes well, in so far as style is concerned. He has thought earnestly and honestly, and to his thoughts he gives candid expression. To a consideration of "Roman Catholicism as a Factor in Modern Civilization" he gives the place of honor in his volume, and to the Church he pays a manly tribute. At another time we may review this work at greater length.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, the publishers, have brought out Mr. Selleck's volume in excellent style.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have sent to us a volume by William De Witt Hyde, the President of Bowdoin College, Maine entitled JESUS' WAY, being an appreciation of the teaching in the synoptic Gospels. We reserve this work for fuller treatment.

PRAYERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, is a collection of rare religious aspirations of deeply religious thinkers—irrespective of denominational discrimination. This little book furnishes uplifting thoughts for daily needs.

A BRIEF FOR THE SPANISH INQUISITION, by Eliza Atkins Stone, also from the Ave Maria Press, is a reprint of an able essay which appeared recently in *The Ave Maria*. The writer, a non-Catholic, is a vigorous champion of historic truth; she impartially presents data concerning the origin and progress of the political tribunal known as the Inquisition.

Particular attention is given to the "Spanish Inquisition"—the bogey of centuries—the exaggeration of whose unlawful proceedings has raised up apologists in the camps both of friend and foe.

Viewing the situation which demanded extreme measures, Count de Maistre says: "Never can great political evils—never, above all, violent attacks upon the body politic—be prevented or suppressed but by means equally violent. If you think of the severities of Torquemada, without dreaming of those they prevented, you cease to be reasonable." And, in the words of a distinguished Protestant theologian, commenting upon methods of procedure during Inquisitorial times, we have a most satisfactory summing up of the case: "The Inquisition applied methods that we have rejected to the detection and punishment of what we have ceased to consider crimes."

This interesting pamphlet should be widely circulated.

TIMOTHY; OR LETTERS TO A YOUNG THEOLOGIAN, translated from the German of Doctor Franz Hettinger, by the Reverend Victor Stepka, has been brought out in a

clear, well-printed and appropriately bound volume of more than five hundred pages, by B. Herder of Saint Louis.

For the clerical student, for the young priest, this work has an undoubted value. The translator has omitted some portions of the original, but in its substantial fullness, his adaptation does not seriously detract from the merit of the treatise. Beginning with the question of vocation, and concluding with a letter on the Liturgy, the author carries his reader through twenty-seven chapters on philosophy, theology, the Scriptures, Christian art, canon law, the work of the ministry, in a luminous and eminently practical manner. Despite its explicitly clerical character, a cultivated layman would find delight and edification in the study of TIMOTHY.

SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS WITH THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH, by the Reverend D. G. Hubert, is a series of homilies translated from the commentaries, by the Holy Fathers on the Gospels for all the Sundays and chief feast days of the ecclesiastical year.

This compilation is worthy of a place in every Catholic family library, and while we earnestly commend the volume to our readers, we congratulate the publishers, R. & T. Washburne, London, and their American representatives, Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, because of their Catholic enterprise in bringing out, in excellent form, so admirable a work.

We are obliged to hold till our holiday number notices of various other works received from Harper & Brothers, R. H. Russell, The Alliance Publishing Company, John Lane, The Macmillan Company, Benziger Brothers, Ginn & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., Longmans, Green & Co., the Christian Press Association, The Abbey Press, The Century Company, the Apostleship of Prayer, Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, McClure, Phillips & Co., all of New York; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Small, Maynard & Co., the Lothrop Company, Little, Brown & Co., L. C. Page & Co., all of Boston; A. C. McClurg & Co. and Callaghan & Co., Chicago; J. B. Lippincott Company, Henry T. Coates & Co. and H. L. Kilmer & Co., all of Philadelphia; the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; W. S. Lord, Evanston; B. Herder, Saint Louis; A. M. Robertson and Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; Sands & Co., London.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

- 1—S. Andrew, Apostle (from November 30), Patron of Scotland, was crucified on a cross formed in the shape of the letter X. (Benediction.)
 - 2—Most Holy Name of Mary (from September.) Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers.
 - 3—S. Francis Xavier, S. J., Priest, Apostle of India. (Zeal for souls.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
 - 4—S. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr. (Forbearance.)
 - 5—B. Raymond of Capua, O. P., Priest (from October 5). (Obedience to Confessors.) (Benediction.)
 - 6—S. Nicholas (Santa Claus), Archbishop, Patron of Children. (Innocence.) Fifty-second anniversary of the arrival in California of Archbishop Alemany, Father Vilarassa and Mother Mary Goemaere, our pioneer Dominicans.
 - 7—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Second Sunday of Advent. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
 - 8—Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, Patroness of the United States. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.) Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.
 - 9—B. James of Ulm, O. P., Lay Brother. (Cheerful obedience.)
 - 10—Translation to Loretto of the House of the Blessed Virgin in which the Annunciation took place. (Benediction.)
 - 11—B. Simon Ballachi, Lay Tertiary of the Dominican Order. (Humility.)
 - 12—Our Lady of Guadalupe, Patroness of Mexico. (Benediction.)
 - 13—S. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr. (Constancy.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
 - 14—THE SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Third Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting, 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
 - 15—Octave of the Immaculate Conception. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.
 - 16—B. Sebastian, O. P., Priest. (Regular observance.) Commencement of Christmas Novena. Ember day. (Fast.)
 - 17—All Saints of the Dominican Order. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
 - 18—Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (Benediction.)
 - 19—Ember day. (Fast.) Ordination of S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor. (Benediction.)
 - 20—Ember day. (Fast.) S. Dominic, Abbot. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
 - 21—THE THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Fourth Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
 - 22—B. Mary Mancini, O. P., Widow. (Care of the sick.)
 - 23—S. Thomas, Apostle (from December 21.) (Lively faith.) (Benediction.)
 - 24—Vigil of Christmas. (Fast day for all the faithful, including workmen and their families.)
 - 25—Nativity of our Lord. Two Plenary Indulgences may be gained by Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Church; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. A Plenary Indulgence may also be gained by Tertiaries and members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.
 - 26—S. Stephen, Deacon and Protomartyr. (Forgiveness of injuries.) (Benediction.)
 - 27—S. John, Apostle and Evangelist (Surnamed the Beloved.) (Benediction.)
 - 28—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Holy Innocents, Martyrs. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
 - 29—S. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.
 - 30—Fifth day of the octave of Christmas.
 - 31—S. Sylvester, Pope. (Punctuality.)
- The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Daniel the Stylite, Confessor; S. Melania the Younger, Virgin; S. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr; S. Sarah, Virgin and Martyr; S. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Sylvester, Pope; S. Nicholas, Bishop; S. Stephen, Protomartyr; S. Anastasia, Martyr; S. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Thomas, Apostle; S. Alice, Empress; S. Francis Xavier, Confessor; S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor; S. John the Evangelist.

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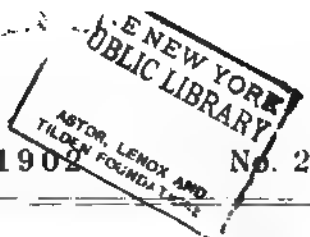
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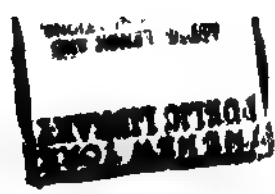
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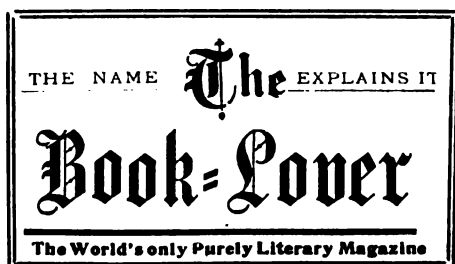
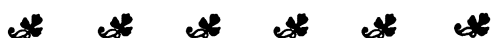
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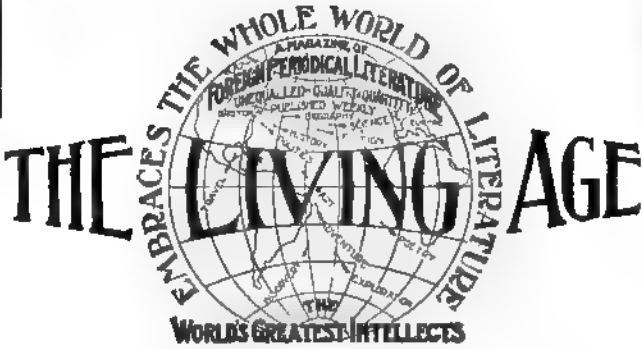
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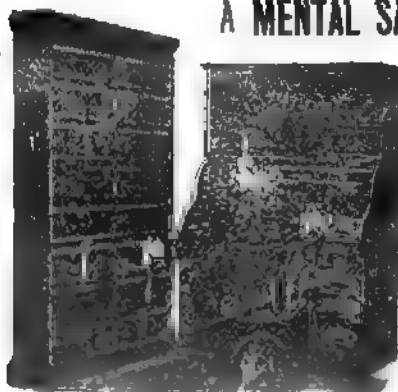
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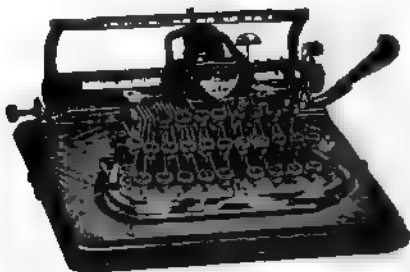
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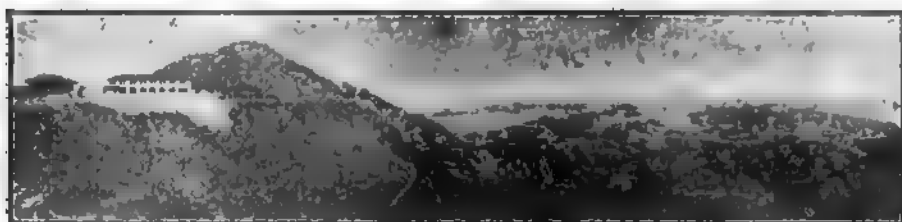
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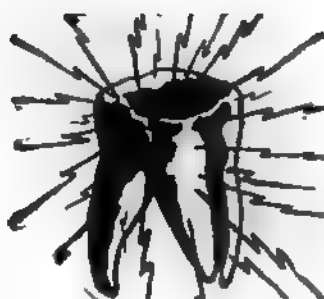
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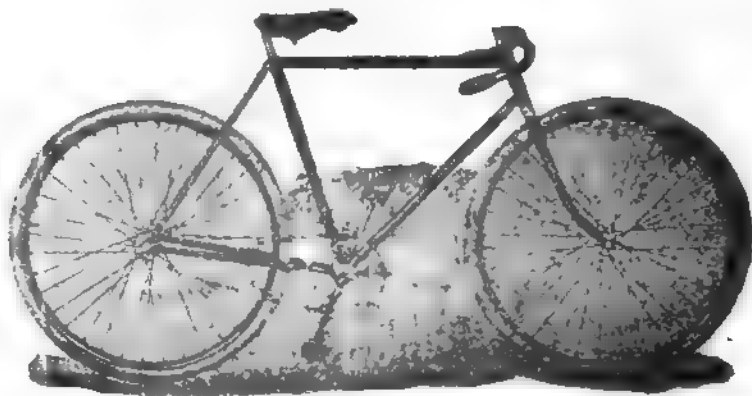
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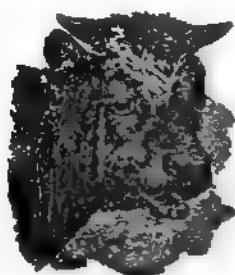
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